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WITH

PREFACES,
HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

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1803.

THE WORLD.

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N° 157——209,

AND EXTRA WORLD.

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THE

WORLD.

No. 157. THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1756.

One can scarce pass an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently asserted, that the present generation of servants in this country are the proudest, and the laziest, the most profligate, insolent, and extravagant set of mortals any where to be found on the face of the globe: to which indisputable truth I always readily give my assent, with but one single exception, which is that of their masters and ladies. Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous smiles of many a wise face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I shall here venture to shew, that the pride and laziness of our servants, from whence their profligacy, insolence, and extravagance must unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural productions of the same imperfections in ourselves.

In the first place then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is most honourable to be waited on by gentlemen and ladies: and all, who are really such by birth or education, having also too much of the same pride, however necessitous, to submit to any servitude, however easy, we are obliged to take the lowest of the people, and convert them by our own ingenuity into the genteel personages we think proper should attend us. Hence our very

footmen are adorned with gold and silver, with bags, toupees, and ruffles: the valet de chambre cannot be distinguished from his master, but by being better drest; and Joan, who used to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the day-light. In great families I have frequently entreated the *maitre d'hotel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the butler, imagining them to be part, and not the least genteel part of the company. Their diversions too are no less polite than their appearance: in the country they are sportsmen; in town they frequent plays, operas, and taverns; and at home have their routes and their gaming-tables.

But lest thus exalting our servants to an equality with ourselves should not sufficiently augment their pride, and destroy all subordination, we take another method more effectually to complete the work, which is, debasing ourselves to their meanness by a ridiculous imitation of their dresses and occupations. Hence were derived the flapped hat, and cropped hair, the green frock, the long staff, and buckskin breeches: hence, among the ladies, the round-eared cap, the stuff night-gown, white apron, and black leather shoe: and hence many persons of the highest rank daily employ themselves in riding matches, driving coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince their domestics how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of these honourable offices. Since then we make use of so much art to corrupt our servants, have we reason to be angry with their concurrence? Since we take so much pains to inform them of their superiority, and our weakness, can we be surprized that they despise us, or be displeased with their insolence and impertinence?

As the pride of servants thus proceeds from the

pride, so does their laziness from the laziness of their masters: and indeed, if there is any characteristic peculiar to the young people of fashion of the present age, it is their laziness, or an extreme unwillingness to attend to any thing that can give them the least trouble or disquietude; without any degree of which they would fain enjoy all the luxuries of life, in contradiction to the dispositions of providence, and the nature of things. They would have great estates without any management, great expences without any accounts, and great families without any discipline or œconomy: in short, they are fit only to be inhabitants of *Lubberland*, where, as the child's geography informs us, men lie upon their backs with their mouths open, and it rains fat pigs ready roasted. From this principle, when the pride they have infused into their servants has produced a proportionable degree of laziness, their own laziness is too prevalent to suffer them to struggle with that of their servants; and they rather chuse that all business should be neglected, than to enforce the performance of it; and to give up all authority, rather than take the pains to support it: from whence it happens, that in great and noble families, where the domestics are very numerous, they will not so much as wait upon themselves; and was it not for the friendly assistance of chairwomen, porters, chairmen, and shoe-blacks, procured by a generous distribution of coals, candles, and provisions, the common offices of life could never be executed. In such it is often as difficult to procure conveniencies, as in a desart island: and one frequently wants necessaries in the midst of profuseness and extravagance. In such families I have sometimes been shut up in a cold room, and interdicted from the use of fire and water for half a day; and, though during my impriso-

ment I have seen numberless servants continually passing by, the utmost I could procure of them was, that they would send somebody to relieve my necessities, which they never performed. In such I have seen, when a favourite dog has discharged a too plentiful dinner in the drawing-room, at the frequent ringing of the bell numerous attendants make their appearance, all entreated to depute some one to remove the nuisance with the utmost expedition, but no one has been found in such a house mean enough to undertake such an employment; and so it has lain smoaking under the noses of the illustrious company during the whole evening.

I could produce innumerable instances, minute indeed and unobserved, but well worthy observation, of the encroachments of our servants on our easiness and indolence, in the introduction of most of the fashions that have prevailed for several years past, in our equipages and domestic œconomy; all which are entirely calculated for their pleasure, ease, or advantage, in direct contradiction to our own. To mention but a few: our coaches are made uneasy, but light, that they may whirl us along with the utmost rapidity, for their own amusement. Glasses before are laid aside, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inspection, but be drunk or asleep without any observation. Family liveries are discarded, because badges of servility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom complaints might be addressed for their enormities. By their carelessness and idleness they have obliged us to hire all our horses, and so have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impositions on the road they have forced us into post-chaises, by which means they are at liberty to travel by themselves as it best suits their

own ease and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor resolution to repress, they have reduced us to dumb-waiters, that is, to wait upon ourselves; by which means they have shaken off the trouble and condescension of attending us. By their profusion and mismanagement in house-keeping, they have compelled us to allow them board-wages; by which means they have obtained a constant excuse to loiter at public-houses, and money in their pockets to squander there in gaming, drunkenness and extravagance. The last of these is an evil of so gigantic a size, so conducive to the universal corruption of the lower part of this nation, and so entirely destructive of all family order, decency, and œconomy, that it well deserves the consideration of a legislature, who are not themselves under the influence of their servants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

From what has been said it plainly appears, that every man in this country is ill-served, in proportion to the number and dignity of his servants: the parson, or the tradesman, who keeps but two maids and a boy not exceeding twelve years old, is usually very well waited on; the private gentleman infinitely worse; but persons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idols of their own setting up, are neglected, abused, and impoverished by their dependents; the king himself, as is due to his exalted station, is more imposed on, and worse attended than any one of his subjects.

No. 158. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1756.

DURING the course of these my labours, there is nothing that I have applied myself to with more diligence and attention, or that I have hoped for with greater pleasure and delight, than the reformation of the fair sex. Their dressing, gaming, and painting have been from time to time the subjects of my animadversions. Happy indeed should I have been, if my success had borne any proportion to my zeal: but as my philosophy has taught me to bear with patience those evils which I cannot redress, I am contented, under certain limitations, to wink at those enormities which I wanted to have removed. In regard to dress, I consent that the fashion shall continue as it now is, but I enter my protest against absolute nakedness; for while I am conniving at low stays and short petticoats, I will permit no lady whatsoever (as a brother essayist very wittily has it) *to make both ends meet.* I consent also to the present fashion of curling the hair, so that it may stand a month without combing; though I must confess (and I believe most husbands and lovers are of my opinion) that I think a fortnight or three weeks might be a sufficient time: but I bar any application to those foreign artists, who advertise in the public papers that they have the secret of making up a lady's head for a compleat quarter of a year. As to gaming, I permit it to go on as it does, provided that the ladies will content themselves with injuring their husbands in no other respect than by ruining their fortunes. Painting likewise I submit to: and indeed as cards and late hours have so totally destroyed the natural com-

plexion, it is not altogether unreasonable that a little art should be introduced to repair it. But to make this art as little hurtful as possible to the health, the breath, the teeth, and the skin of those who practise it, I have consulted almost every author, both ancient and modern, who has written on the subject. The most satisfactory of these is Jo. Paul Lomatius, a painter of Milan. His works were translated by Richard Haydock, of New College, Oxford, in the year 1598. In the third book of which are the following observations, which the author calls *a discourse of the artificial beauty of women*.

'Having treated of so many and divers thinges, I could not but say something of such matters as women use ordinarily in beautifying and embellishing their faces; a thing well worth the knowledge: insomuch as many women are so possessed with a desire of helping their complexions by some artificial meanes, that they will by no meanes be dissuaded from the same.

'Now the things which they use are these, viz. ointments of divers sorts, powders, fatts, waters, and the like: whereof Jo. Modonese, doctor of physic, hath written at large, in his book intitled the ornaments of women, wherein he teacheth the whole order of beautifying the face.

'Now my intent in this treatise is only to discover the natures of certain things which are in daily use for this purpose; because it often falleth out, that instead of beautifying, they do most vilely disfigure themselves. The reason whereof is, because they are ignorant of the natures and qualities of the ingredients. Howbeit, partly by my directions, and partly by Modonese's book, I hope to content and satisfy them in all such sort, that they shall have just cause to thank us both: and in truth, for

their sakes have I specially undertaken this paines, by teaching them to understand the natures of the minerals, vegetables, and animals which are most applied to this use. So that if any shall henceforth fall into the inconveniencie after specified, their own peril be it. And first, concerning sublimate.

'*Of* SUBLIMATE, *and the bad effects thereof.*

'Divers women use sublimate diversly prepared for increase of their beauty. Some bray it with quicksilver in a marble mortar with a wooden pestle, and this they call *argentatum;* others boyl it in water, and therewith wash their face; some grind it with pomatum, and sundry other waies; but this is sure, that which way soever it be used, it is very offensive to man's flesh, and that not only to the face, but unto all the other parts of the body besides; for proof whereof, sublimate is called *dead fier*, because of its malignant and biting nature: the composition whereof is of *salte, quicksilver*, and *vitriol*, distilled together in a glassen vessell.

'This the chirurgions call a corrosive, because if it be put upon man's flesh, it burneth it in a short space, mortifying the place, not without great pain to the patient. Wherefore such women as use it about their face, have always black teeth standing far out of their gums like a Spanish mule, an offensive breath, with a face half scorched, and an unclean complexion: all which proceed from the nature of sublimate: so that simple women, thinking to grow more beautiful, become disfigured, hastening old age before the time, and giving occasion to their husbands to seek strangers instead of their wives, with divers other inconveniencies.

‘ *Of* CERUSSE, *and the effects thereof.*

‘ The cerusse, or white lead, which women use to better their complexion, is made of lead and vinegar, which mixture is naturally a great drier; so that those women which use it about their faces, doe quickly become withered and grey-headed, because this doth so mightily dry up the natural moysture of their flesh: and if any give not credit to my report, let them but observe such as have used it, and I doubt not but they will easyly be satisfied.

‘ *Of* PLUME ALUME.

‘ This alume is a kind of stone, which seemeth as it were made of tow, and is of so hot and dry a nature, that if you make the wicke of a candle therewith, it is thought it will burn continually without going out; a very strange matter, and beyond credit. With this some use to rub the skin off their face, to make it seem red by reason of the inflammation it procureth; but questionlesse it hath divers inconveniencies, and therefore to be avoided.

‘ *Of the* JUICE *of* LEMONS.

‘ Some use the juice of lemons about their face, not knowing the evil qualities thereof: for it is so forcible, that it dissolveth the hardest stones into water, and there is nothing which sooner dissolveth pearl than it. Now if it can dissolve stones in this manner, what think you will it do upon man's flesh? Wherefore I exhort all women to eschewe this and the like fretting and wearing medicines.

'*Of the* OYL *of* TARTARIE.

'There is no greater fretter and eater than the oyl of tartarie, which in a very short time mortifieth a wound, as well as any other caustic or corrosive; and being so strong a fretter, it will take any stain or spot out of linen or woollen cloth: wherefore we may easily think, that if it be used about the face, it will work the like effects on the same, by scorching and hardening it so, that in many days it will not return to the former state.

'*Of the* ROCKE ALUME.

'Rocke alume doth likewise hurt the face, insomuch as it is a very piercing and drying mineral, and is used in strong water for the dissolving of metals, which water is made only of rocke alume and sal nitrum distilled, and is found to be of that strength, that one drop thereof being put on the skin, burneth, shriveleth, and parcheth it, with divers other inconveniencies, as loosing the teeth, &c.

'*Of* CAMPHIRE.

'Camphire is so hot and drie, that coming anything neere the fier, it suddenly taketh fier, and burneth most vehemently. This being applied to the face, scaldeth it exceedingly, causing a great alteration, by parching of the skinne, and procuring a flushing in the face; and in this the women are very much deceaved.

'*Of all such things as are enemies to the health, and hurtful to the complexion.*

'All those paintings and embellishings which are made with minerals and corrosives, are very dan-

gerous; for being laid upon the flesh, especially upon the face of a woman, which is very tender and delicate by nature (besides the harm they doe to the natural beauty) doe much prejudice the health of the body: for it is very certain that all paintings and colourings made of minerals or half minerals, as iron, brass, lead, tinn, sublimate, cerusse, camphire, juice of lemons, plume alume, salt peeter, vitriol, and all manner of saltes, and sortes of alumes (as hath bin declared) are very offensive to the complexion of the face; wherefore if there be no remedy, but women will be meddling with this arte of polishing, let them insteede of those mineral stuffes, use the remedies following:

'*Of suche helpes of beauty as may safely be used without danger.*

'There is nothing in the world which doth more beautifie and adorne a woman, than cheerefulness and contentment: for it is not the red and white which giveth the gratious perfection of beauty, but certain sparkling notes and touches of amiable cheerfulnesse accompanying the same; the trueth whereof may appear in a discontented woman, otherwise exceeding faire, who at that instant will seem yl favoured and unlovely: as contrariewise, an hard-favoured and browne woman, being merry, pleasant, and jocond, will seem sufficient beautiful.

'Secondly honesty: because though a woman be fair and merry, and yet be dishonest, she must needs seem most ougly to an ingenuous and honest mind.

'Thirdly wisdome: for a foolish, vain, giggling dame cannot be reputed fair, insomuch as she hath an impure and polluted mind.

'But hereof sufficient, till a further opportunitie be ministered. Mean while, if any be desirous to be more satisfied in this point, I referre them to an oration or treatise of Nazianzen's concerning this matter.'

Thus far Lomatius; and as I have not been able to procure the treatise he refers to, I could wish with all my heart that the ladies would lay aside their paint for a few weeks, and make trial of his receipt. It will indeed cost them some trouble, and may possibly require a little alteration in their manner of living: but I will venture to assert, that the united toilettes of a hundred women of fashion cannot furnish a composition that will be half so efficacious.

No. 159 THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1756.

Old as I am, my curiosity carried me the other night to see the new dramatic satire, called The Apprentice, which, considering the present epidemic madness for theatrical employments raging through the lower ranks of people, will I hope be as serviceable to cure the English mob of that idle disorder, as the immortal work of Cervantes was to exorcise from the breasts of the Spanish nobility the demon of knight-errantry. The piece is new and entertaining, and has received no inconsiderable advantages from the masterly performance of a principal comedian, who, with a true genius for the stage, has very naturally represented the contemptible insufficiency of a pert pretension to it. At my

return to my lodgings I found the following letter on my table:

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

Among the many benevolent designs which have adorned the present well-disposed age, I remember to have read one a few years ago, in a periodical pamphlet, intitled, 'A proposal for building an hospital for *decayed authors*,' which gave me, and many other charitable people, much satisfaction. If the aged, the lame, and the blind are proper objects of compassion, how much more so are those, who (if I may use the expression) have mutilated their understandings by an application to an art which incapacitates its professors for all other pursuits! How many sublime geniuses have we daily seen, who, scorning the mechanic drudgeries to which they have been destined by their muck-worm parents, have so feasted their minds with Pierian delicacies, as to leave their bodies to perish through nakedness and hunger!

Having heard that the author of that essay made an impression not only upon those who shed often the tears of pity, but even upon usurers, attornies, and sober tradesmen, I have ventured, by the conveyance of your paper, to lay my thoughts before the public, in compassion to the distresses of another order of men, who, in a subordinate degree, are connected with the sublime race of authors, and, as retainers to the muses, claim mine and your assistance. The persons I mean are such as, either from the want of ambition or capacity, are prevented from soaring high enough to oblige mankind with their own conceptions, and yet having a taste or inclination above handling a yard, or engrossing parchment, entertain and instruct the rest of their

species by retailing the thoughts of others, and animating their own carcases with the everliving sentiments of heroes, heroines, wits, and legislators. These gentlemen and ladies, whilst they are resident in London, are called in plain English, ACTORS; but when they condescend to exhibit their illustrious personages in the country, the common people distinguish them by the name of STAGE-PLAYERS, the rural gentry by the uncivil appellation of STROLLERS, and a more unmannerly act of parliament by the names of VAGRANTS and VAGABONDS. Such, sir, is the present ill-bred dialect of our common statute law.

I must confess it has grieved me not a little, when I have beheld a theatrical veteran, who has served all the campaigns of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Henry the fifth, cast off by cruel fate, or the caprice of a manager, and condemned (in the tragic words of a celebrated poet)

> ——— *to beg his bitter bread*
> *Through realms his valour sav'd:*

but judge, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what must have been my anxiety, when I have heard that a truly christian actor (which is no small miracle in our days) who has inoffensively trod the stage many years without ever molesting our passions, or breaking the commandment by representing *the likeness of any thing upon the earth*, should be discarded merely upon the account of this his quiet deportment, and sent to eat the unmuse-like bread of industry, behind the entrenchment of a counter! Shall a man, born with a soul aspiring to imitate the rapine of a Bajazet, or a woman with a heart burning to emulate the whoredoms of a Cleopatra, be sent, the one to weigh out sugar and spices to dirty mechanics, and the other to be cruelly fettered in the bonds of matri-

mony, among a phlegmatic race of creatures, where chastity is reckoned a virtue? Indeed, sir, when you come seriously to think of these things, I dare say you will lament with me, that in all this hospital-erecting town there is no charitable asylum yet founded for these unfortunate representatives of the greatest personages that ever trod the stage of earth.

We are told by Hamlet, that it is not impossible to trace Alexander's carcase, after his world-conquering spirit had left it, to the stopping of a bung-hole: but methinks it would not be decent for so civilized a nation as our own, to suffer any *living* hero to be so reduced by fortune, as to stop that place which the *dead* Macedonian monarch was supposed to perform the office of clay to. In plain English, would it not be shocking to see a fine perriwig-pated emperor, whom we have beheld ascend the capitol as Julius Cæsar, degraded to fill small-beer barrels at Hockley-in-the-Hole?

To what base uses may we turn?

But that such heart-breaking anticipations may not weigh upon the spirits of these theatrical geniuses, while they are bringing the stately personages of antiquity before our eyes; and that our Pyrrhuses, Tamerlanes, and Marc Antonies, even though itinerant, may not sneak into the sheepish look of taylors, by foreboding that the cruel lot of fate may ere long destine those legs, which are now adorned with the regal buskin, to cross one another again upon an obscure shop-board in a garret; I say, that we may drive misery from the minds of these worthies, when she puts on such horrid shapes, I would propose to the nobility and gentry of this metropolis a subscription for raising an hospital for decayed actors and actresses, that our performers may con-

stantly be cherished with the assurance that meagre want shall never grin at their royal heels, and that whenever age, accident, or the caprice of the town deprives those of their heroic callings, who fortunately have escaped violent deaths (for these representatives of heroes are sometimes known to imitate their originals, and as the poet sings,

> ———————— *ere nature bids them die,*
> *Fate takes them early to the pitying sky)*

they will be supported whilst alive; and, *when the sisters three shall slit the fatal thread*, they may be enabled to make an exit as they have lived, in mimetic grandeur, and have the insignia of their honours carried before them *to the grave's lightless mansion*.

If I find the generality of your readers are inclined to encourage this useful charity, I will take the liberty to offer to them a plan for the building such an hospital, a scheme for the raising a fund for its support, to point out what qualifications are necessary to entitle a candidate to a place in it, and, last of all, to recapitulate the many advantages that must necessarily be derived to society from so laudable an undertaking.

But that no well-disposed persons may be influenced by the uncharitable insinuation that I have some selfish views in the erecting this hospital, I think it absolutely necessary to declare, that I am neither an unemployed physician, an unpractised surgeon, nor a drugless apothecary; nor do I any other way expect either emolument or pleasure from the institution, than in that sweetest of sensations which the heart feels in having contributed to the relief of others, which always rises in proportion to the object. What then, and how great must be

mine, to have contributed to the comfort of so illustrious a race of worthies!

I am, with very sincere esteem,

SIR,

Your most humble faithful servant,

A. Z.

No. 160. THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

I THINK, sir, more than three years are past, since you began to bestow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great success that has attended your endeavours; but surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you deceive yourself. Which of your papers has effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to, or returned from France, since you commenced author? or have fewer French follies been purchased or propagated by those who never were in France? Do not women, dressed French, still issue from houses dressed Chinese, to theatres dressed Italian, in spite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear less claret, or the beauties less *rouge*, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of fashion, who used to fling for a thousand pounds a throw, now cast only for five hundred? or if they should, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, sir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: in point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the discourses of the divine Socrates, or the sermons of the affecting Tillotson. I really

believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis, Alcibiades, as soon as his philosophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocose, satyric, severe, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners, by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the simplicity of manners of our ancestors, while there are no sumptuary laws to restrain luxury, no ecclesiastical censures to castigate vice. I shall offer to your readers an instance or two, to elucidate the monstrous disproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then produce some of the wholesome censures and penalties, which the elders of the church were empowered to impose on persons of the first rank, who contravened the established rules of sobriety and decorum.

How would our progenitors have been astonished at reading the very first article in the late will of a grocer! Imprimis, I give to my dear wife *one hundred thousand pounds.* A sum exceeding a benevolence, or two subsidies, some ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the personal estate of the above-mentioned tradesman, on whom I am far from designing to reflect: he raised his fortune honestly and industriously: but I hope some future antiquarian, struck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much sugar and plumbs have been wasted weekly in one inconsiderable parish in London, or even in one or two streets in that parish, before a single shop-keeper could have raised four hundred thousand pounds by retailing those and such-like commodities. Now let us turn our

eyes back to the year 1385, and we shall find no less a person than the incomparable and virtuous lady Joan, princess dowager of Wales, by her last will and testament bequeathing the following simple moveables; and we may well believe they were the most valuable of her possessions, as she divided them between her son the king, and her other children. To her son king Richard, she gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Also to her son Thomas, earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other son, one bed of red camak. These particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale, vol. 2, p. 94, an instance of simplicity and moderation in so great and illustrious a princess, which I fear I should in vain recommend to my contemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated, as all her other virtues are, by the true representative of her fortune and excellence.

I come now, sir, to those proper checks upon licentiousness, which, though calculated to serve the views of a popish clergy, were undoubtedly great restraints upon immorality and indecency, and we may lament that such sober institutions were abolished with the real abuses of popery. Our ecclesiastic superiors had power to lay such fines and mulcts upon wantonness, as might raise a revenue to the church and poor, and at the same time leave the lordly transgressors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkenness, and the other amusements of people of fashion, it would have been in vain to subject to corporeal punishments. To ridicule those vices, and laugh them out of date by Tatlers, Spectators, and Worlds, was not the ta-

lent of monks and confessors, who at best only knew how to wrap up very coarse terms in very bald Latin and jingling verses. The clergy steered a third course, and assumed a province, which I could wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your censorial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almost wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent supplement to your paper of May the 24th, 1753. The wisest exercise that I meet recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the same grave author, from whom I copied the will above-mentioned: it happened in the year 1360, in the case of a very exalted personage, and shews how little the highest birth could exempt from the severe inspection of those judges of manners. The lady Elizabeth, daughter of the marquis of Juliers, and widow of John Plantagenet earl of Kent, uncle of the princess Joan above-mentioned, having on the death of the earl her husband retired to the monastery of Waverley, did (I suppose immediately) make a vow of chastity, and was solemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, bishop of Winchester. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, sister Elizabeth of Waverley became enamoured of a goodly knight, called sir Eustace Dawbridgcourt, smitten (as tradition says she affirmed) by his extreme resemblance to her late lord; though, as other credible writers affirm, he was considerably younger: and notwithstanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conscience, and, in spite of her confinement, which was not strong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, she was clandestinely married to her paramour in a certain chapel of the mansion-house of Robert de Brome, a canon of the collegiate church of Wyngham, without any licence

from the archbishop of Canterbury, by one sir John Ireland, a priest, before the sun-rising, upon Michaelmas-day, in the 34th of Edward the third.

Notwithstanding the great scandal such an indecorum must have given, it is evident from the subservience of two priests to her desires, that her rank of princess of the blood set her above all apprehension of punishment for the breach of her monastic vows: yet it is evident from the sequel of the story, that her dignity could not exempt her from such proper censures and penalties, as might deter others from commission of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expose the lady herself to blushes for her miscarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inordinate gratification of the appetites of their superiors: a sort of comfort, which, to do them justice, the poor are apt to take as kindly, as the relief of their own wants.

My author says, vol. 2, page 95, that the lady dowager and her young husband being personally convened before the Archbishop of Canterbury for the said transgression, at his manor-house of Haghfeld, upon the seventh ides of April, the Archbishop for their penance enjoined them to find a priest to celebrate divine service daily for Them, the said sir Eustace and Elizabeth, and for Him, the archbishop; besides a large quantity of penitential psalms, pater-nosters, and aves, which were to be be daily repeated by the priests and the transgressors. His grace moreover ordered the lady Elizabeth (whom for some reasons, best known to himself, I suppose he regarded as the seducer) to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to fast on bread and drink, and a mess of pottage, wearing no smock, especially in

the absence of her husband; a penance that must appear whimsical to us, and not a little partial to sir Eustace, whom the archbishop seems in more respects than one to have considered rather as disobedient to the canons, than guilty of much voluptuousness by his wedlock. But the most remarkable articles of the penance were the two following. The archbishop appointed the said sir Eustace and the lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their transgression had passed between them, they should competently relieve six poor people, and both of them that day to abstain from some dish of flesh or fish, whereof they did most desire to eat.

Such was the simplicity of our ancestors. Such were the wholesome severities to which the greatest dames and most licentious young lords were subject in those well-meaning times. But though I approve the morality of such corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of such power might be safely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not so bigotted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and customs. Pater-nosters and aves might be supplied by prayers and litanies of a more protestant complexion. Instead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be severe enough for the delicacy of modern constitutions. For the article of leaving off a shift, considering that the upper half is already laid aside, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole shift, might be thought a sufficient punishment; for wise legislators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition

of times and seasons. What most offends me, and which is by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that prescribes charity to the poor, and restriction from eating of a favourite dish, after the performance of certain mysteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the lady Elizabeth ashamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wise one; for as devotion and charity are observed to increase with increase of years, the bishop's injunction tended to nothing but to lessen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largess.

One can scarce reflect without a smile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at sir Eustace's gate, till he and his lady arose, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One must not word, but one cannot help imagining the stile of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfast by his master and lady to go and send away the beggars, for they were to have nothing that morning. One might even suppose the good lady pouting a little, as she gave him the message. But were such a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of fashion, invited to dine with two illustrious penitents under this circumstance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as the subject is inexhaustible; and as the ideas on such an occasion must be a little corporeal, what *bon mots*, wrapped up indeed, but still intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French dish, which sir Eustace or my lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taste!—But I fear I have transgressed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who sway the censorial rod with the greatest lenity, and who

would blush to put your fair penitents to the blush, might be safely trusted with the powers I recommend. Human weaknesses, and human follies, are very different: continue to attack the latter; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might resist wearing pink; a matron who cannot resist the prowess of sir Eustace Dawbridgcourt, is not a topic for satire but compassion; as you, who are the best-natured writer of the age, will I am sure agree to think, with, sir,

Your constant reader and humble servant,

THOMAS HEARNE, *jun.*

No. 161. THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

BY a very tender letter, in one of your papers, from an officer's wife, we have seen the distresses of a father and mother, and the misconduct of a daughter, whose meekness and gentleness of temper have drawn upon herself and family the utmost misery and distress. Give me leave to lay before you a character of another kind, the too great gentleness and weakness of a son.

In the forty-second year of my age, I was left a widower, with an only son of seven years old, who was so exact a likeness of his mother, both in person and disposition, that from that circumstance alone I could never prevail upon myself to marry again. The image of the excellent woman I had lost was perpetually before my eyes, and recalled to my memory the many endearing scenes of love

and affection that had past between us. I heard her voice, I saw her mien, and I beheld her smiles in my son. I resolved therefore to cultivate this tender plant with more than common care; and I endeavoured to take such proper advantages of his puerile age and hopeful temper, as might engage him to me, not more from moral duty, than from real inclination and attachment. My point was to make him my friend: and I so far succeeded in that point, that till he was seventeen years old, he constantly chose my company preferable to any other.

I should have told you, that I placed him early at a great school: and to avoid the mischiefs that sometimes arise from boarding at a distance from parents, I took a house near the school, and kept him under my own eye, inviting constantly such of his school-fellows to amuse him, as were pointed out to me by the master, or were chosen by my own discernment, in consequence of my son's recommendation. All things went on in the most promising train; but still I saw in him a certain easiness of temper, and an excess of what is falsely called *good-nature*, but is real *weakness*, which I feared must prove of dreadful consequence to him, whenever he should tread the stage of the great world. However, it now grew time to advance him to the university: and he went thither, I can with truth say it, as free from vice, and as full of virtue, as the fondest parent could desire. What added farther to my hopes was his strength of body, and the natural abhorrence which he had to wine, even almost to a degree of loathing.

When he was settled at college, I insisted upon his writing to me once a week; and I constantly answered his letters in the style and manner which I thought most conducible to the improvement of

his knowledge, and the extension and freedom of his thoughts. During some time our mutual correspondence was kept up with great punctuality and chearfulness; but in less than two months it drooped and grew languid on his side; and the letters I received from him contained seldom more than three lines, telling me, 'that he was much engaged in his studies, and that the departing post-boy hindered him from adding more than that he was my dutiful son.'

Not to trouble you with too many particulars, in six months after he had been at the university I made him a visit; but I cannot find words to express the astonishment I felt, in discovering my gentle, easy, sweet-natured son, not only turned into a BUCK, but a POLITICIAN. Never was any young man less fitted for either of those characters; never any young man entered deeper into both. He was a BUCK without spirit or ill-nature, and a POLITICIAN without the least knowledge of our laws, history, or constitution. His only pretence to BUCKISM was his affected love of wine; his only skill in POLITICS was the art of jumbling a parcel of words together, and applying them, as he imagined, very properly to the times. By this means he became distinguished among his associates as the jolliest, honestest toast-master in the university. But, alas! this was a part assumed by my son, from a desire of pleasing, mixed with a dread of offending the persons into whose clubs and bumper-ceremonies he had unhappily enlisted himself. Poor miserable youth! he was acting in opposition to his own nature, of which had he followed the dictates, he would neither have meddled with party, politics, nor wine; but would have fulfilled, or at least have aimed at, that beautiful character of

Pamphilus in Terence, so well delineated in the Bevil of sir Richard Steele's Conscious Lovers.

To preserve his health, I withdrew him from the university as expeditiously and with as little noise as I could, and brought him home, perfectly restored, as I vainly imagined, to himself. But I was mistaken. The last person who was with him, always commanded him. The companions of his midnight hours obliterated his duty to his father, and, notwithstanding his good sense, made him, like the beast in the fable, fancy himself a lion, because he had put on the lion's skin. With the same disposition, had he been a woman, he must have been a prostitute; not so much from evil desires, as from the impossibility of denying a request. He worshipped vice, as the Indians do the devil, not from inclination, but timidity. He bought intemperance at the price of his life; his health paid the interest-money during many months of a miserable decay; at length his death, little more than two years ago, discharged the debt entirely, and left me with the sad consolation of having performed my duty to him, from the time I lost his mother till the time he expired in my arms.

I have borne my loss like a man; but I have often lamented the untowardness of my fate, which snatched from me an only child, whose disposition was most amiable, but whose virtues had not sufficient strength to support themselves. He was too modest to be resolute; too sincere to be wary; too gentle to oppose; too humble to keep up his dignity. This perhaps was the singular part of his character; but he had other faults in common with his contemporaries; he mistook prejudices for principles; he thought the retraction of an error a deviation from honour; his aversions arose rather from names than persons; he called obstinacy steadiness; and

he imagined that no friendship ought ever to be broken, which had been begun, like the orgies of Bacchus, amidst the frantic revels of wine.

Thus, sir, I have set before you, I hope without any acrimony, the source and progress of my irreparable misfortune. It will be your part to warn the rising generation, in what manner to avoid the terrible rocks of mistaken honour, and too pliant good-nature.

In the last century, the false notions of honour destroyed our youth by fashionable duels; and they were induced to murder each other by visionary crowns of applause. The false notions of honour in the present age, destroy our youth by the force of bumpers, and the mad consequences arising from every kind of liquor that can intoxicate and overturn sense, reason, and reflection. Why are not healths to be eaten as well as drank? Why may not the spells and magic arising from mouthfuls of beef and mutton, be as efficacious towards the accomplishment of our wishes, as gallons of port, or overflowing bowls of punch? Certainly they might. I hope therefore that by your public admonition, the young men of our days, who eat much less than they drink, may drink much less than they eat: and I must farther add, that as it may be dangerous to abolish customs so long established, I humbly advise that you permit them to *eat as many healths* as they please.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader

and most humble servant,

L. M.

No. 162. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1756.

It has been my weekly endeavour, for some years, to entertain and instruct the public to the best of my abilities. That I am thought entertaining is beyond dispute; for as no one peruses a periodical paper for conscience sake, or by way of penance, it is evident, that, since I am read, I please.

How far I may have attained the other purpose of my papers, that of instructing, is another question, and which cannot easily be resolved. The pen of a writer, like the hand of time, works imperceptibly; and perhaps the reformation, which may be occasioned by these my labours, will not be completed in less than a century. Thus much however I may venture to affirm, that I have done no harm. All my contemporaries may not, perhaps, be able to say as much for their writings. People of fashion have not more abounded in thoughtlessness and prodigality since the publication of the World. Legal debts are no worse paid than they were formerly; nor have the weekly bills of adultery considerably increased. Though I may not have been able to hew off the *marble*, and bring out the *man*, I have spoilt the *block*; and some happier artist may yet exercise his chizel upon it.

It has always been my particular endeavour to avoid blame; for to please every body is a vain attempt: and yet to meet with censure where applause was due, is affecting to a generous spirit: such has been my lot. Many of my readers will hardly believe me when I tell them, that I have been censured for not writing in a serious manner. The accusation is indeed severe; for it implies that I have mistaken the genius of the people. Seriousness is

not, I think, the present disposition of Britons, however they may have been celebrated for that quality in former times. Why then should I be serious, who write for the youthful, the well-dressed, and *for every body one knows?* The very word *seriousness* is expelled from polite life; it is never mentioned at all, but in *some account of the author*, or in funeral panegyrics; and even then it is only applied to writers of good books, or to ancient maiden gentlewomen. What then has poor Adam Fitz-Adam done, that he should be obliged to turn parson, and write *seriously?*

But there are certain seasons and occasions, that call upon me for real seriousness; occasions where humour and ridicule would be ill-applied, and justly censurable. Such is the present; when on the morrow of this day a general humiliation is appointed, to deprecate the Divine displeasure, and to implore deliverance from those dreadful devastations which have so lately alarmed or destroyed a neighbouring people, and laid their metropolis in ruins. For an occasion so solemn, I have reserved a letter which I received some time since from a very valuable correspondent, and which I shall here lay before my readers, as the properest preparation that I am able to present them with.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam,

Sir,

I shall make no apology for addressing the public, by the channel of your paper, on an occurrence that has so lately and justly alarmed us; I mean the desolation of Lisbon and the adjacent country. The terror we express, on the bare hearing of that distant calamity, strongly implies the relation we bear

as men to the unhappy sufferers; and the pity and support we give them, shew how readily we suppose the case might have been our own. Nor are we indeed wholly exempted from a share in the event: we are not destroyed, but we are admonished. In this sense the shock was general; and though the blow was partial, the warning is universal.

Among the many hints of improvements suggested by so awful a devastation, the necessity of a general reformation seems a very obvious one. A small acquaintance with mankind will shew us how vice and immorality prevail, under the specious names of custom and politeness; while virtue, if not ridiculed, is too often and generally neglected. Irreligion and profaneness furnish constant matter of reproof for the pulpit: and the enormities that attend them, employment for the hand of justice. If then the Divine displeasure is to be dreaded for the impieties of a nation, how small is our security!

We join in our concern for a people or city, ruined by so fatal and sudden a stroke as an earthquake, and image to ourselves the horrors of the scene; but how faintly! for who can fully describe a distress which guilt can only aggravate, and the testimony of a good conscience only alleviate?

The instability of all earthly good, is a truth so well known both from precept and experience, that it may be thought unnecessary to consider it here, as another lesson contained in so melancholy a providence: but to me there appears something more striking in the ruins of an earthquake, than the usual vicissitudes of life subject us to. In the ordinary changes of life, the loss of wealth, honour, and friends, is often gradual and expected; and our resignation in proportion less painful: we are (if I may be allowed the expression) weaned from enjoyments we know are so precarious; but to be robbed at once

of all we have, and all we love, and perhaps survive the sad spectators of our own ruin, is to be attacked when we are least on our guard, and to feel the evils of a whole life in a moment. If we look round us, we shall see what unwearied application and prudent circumspection are necessary to obviate the misfortunes we daily encounter; but what application can befriend, what circumspection warn, when rocks fail us, and seas overwhelm us?

Another lesson we may learn from this calamity, is humility. What weak pretensions to pre-eminence are riches, honour, and applause, when a moment can efface them? Death, in his usual progress, shews us their insufficiency; but by slower approaches. The trophy out-lives the hero, and the monument the patriot; wealth and titles descend to future generations; and though the prince and the peasant meet the same fate, the eulogy of the one survives, and distinguishes him from the other. but here all characters are blended, distinctions lost, the rich levelled, and the ambitious humbled. Such a general confusion may well alarm us, and make us look with indifference on the objects of our present envy: for what is treasure but a security against want! and what is important, that is not permanent?

But not to dwell any longer on particulars, which every one's reflections will naturally enlarge on, we have here a faint picture of that awful day, 'when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise.' The reader will, I doubt not, be pleased with a description of this scene, as given us by a celebrated genius of the present age:

———————— *At the destin'd hour,*
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,

See all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
AMAZING PERIOD! *when each mountain height*
Out-burns VESUVIUS! *rocks eternal pour*
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush, and final RUIN *fiercely drives*
Her plough-share o'er creation! ———

The recital of such sudden and universal desolation fills us with terror, and we shudder at the prospect of a catastrophe, in which each of us shall be so immediately concerned. But our interest in it will appear in a stronger light, if we consider this change of things as the prelude of an unchangeable and eternal state of happiness or misery. Our best efforts here are mixed with many imperfections, and our best enjoyments liable to frequent disappointments; but when life's drama is completed, the applause or censure of an unerring Judge shall determine how far we have acted the different characters allotted us with propriety: the dissolution of earthly felicity shall be succeeded by the more substantial joys of heaven; and even those joys shall be heightened by their duration.

C. B.

No. 163. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1756.

THERE was an ancient sect of philosophers, the disciples of Pythagoras, who held, that the souls of men and all other animals existed in a state of perpetual transmigration, and that when by death they

were dislodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinstated in another, happier or more miserable, according to their behaviour in the former: so that when any person made his exit from the stage of this world, he was supposed only to retire behind the scenes to be new dressed, and to have a new part assigned him, more or less agreeable, in proportion to the merit of his performance in the last.

This doctrine of transmigration, I must own, was always a very favourite tenet of mine, and always appeared to me one of the most rational guesses of the human mind into a future state. I shall here therefore endeavour to shew the great probability of its truth from the following considerations. First, from its justice; secondly, from its utility; and, lastly, from the difficulties we lie under to account for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it.

First then, the justice of this system exceeds that of all others; because, by it, the great law of retaliation may be more strictly adhered to: for, by means of this metamorphosis, men may suffer in one life the very same injuries which they have inflicted in another; and that too in the very same persons, by a change only in situation. Thus, for instance, the cruel tyrant who in one life has sported with the miseries of his slaves, may in the next feel all the miseries of slavery under a master as unmerciful as himself. The relentless and unjust judge may be imprisoned, condemned, and hanged in his turn. Divines may be compelled by fire and faggot to believe the creeds and articles they have composed for the edification of others; and soldiers may be plundered and ravished in the persons of defenceless peasants and innocent virgins. The lawyer, reviving in the character of a client, may be tor-

mented with delay, expence, uncertainty, and disappointment; and the physician, who in one life has taken exorbitant fees, may be obliged to take physic in another. All those who under the honourable denomination of sportsmen, have entertained themselves with the miseries and destruction of innocent animals, may be terrified and murdered in the shape of hares, partridges, and woodcocks; and all those who under the more illustrious title of heroes, have delighted in the devastation of their own species, may be massacred by each other in the forms of invincible game-cocks, and pertinacious bull-dogs. As for statesmen, ministers, and all great men devoted to great business, they, however guilty, cannot be more properly, nor more severely punished, than by being obliged to reassume their former characters, and to live the very same lives over again.

In the next place, the utility of this system is equal to its justice, and happily coincides with it: for by means of this transmigration, all the necessary inconveniencies and all the burthensome offices of life being imposed on those only, who by their misbehaviour in a former state have deserved them, become at once just punishments to Them, and at the same time benefits to society; and so all those who have injured the public in one life by their vices, are obliged in another to make reparation by their sufferings. Thus the tyrant, who by his power has oppressed his country in the situation of a prince, in that of a slave may be compelled to do it some service by his labour. The highwayman who has stopped and plundered travellers, may expedite and assist them in the shape of a post-horse. The metaphorical buck, who has terrified sober citizens by his exploits, converted into a real one, may make them some compensation by his haunches; and

mighty conquerors, who have laid waste the world by their swords, may be obliged, by a small alteration in sex and situation, to contribute to its re-peopling, by the qualms of breeding, and the pains of child-birth.

For my own part, I verily believe this to be the case. I make no doubt but that Lewis the fourteenth is now chained to an oar in the galleys of France, and that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico. That Turpin, the highwayman, is several times a day spurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping; and that lord *** and sir Harry **** are now actually roasting for a city feast. I question not but that Alexander the great, and Julius Cæsar, have died many times in child-bed since their appearance in those illustrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the twelfth is at this instant a curate's wife in some remote village with a numerous and increasing family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from parish to parish, in the person of a big-bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

Lastly, the probability of this system appears from the difficulty of accounting for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it: for if we look round us, we cannot but observe a great and wretched variety of this kind; numberless animals subjected, by their own natures, to many miseries, and by our cruelties to many more; incapable of crimes, and consequently incapable of deserving them; called into being, as far as we can discover, only to be miserable for the service or diversion of others less meritorious than themselves; without any possibility of preventing, deserving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole existence is comprehended in the narrow and

wretched circle of their present life. But the theory here inculcated, removes all these difficulties, and reconciles these seemingly unjust dispensations with the strictest justice: it informs us, that these their sufferings may be by no means undeserved, but the just punishments of their former misbehaviour in a state, where, by means of their very vices, they may have escaped them. It teaches us that the pursued and persecuted fox was once probably some crafty and rapacious minister, who had purchased by his ill-acquired wealth that safety, which he cannot now procure by his flight: that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity, or human malevolence can invent, was once some relentless tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures: that the poor bird, blinded, imprisoned, and at last starved to death in a cage, may have been some unforgiving creditor: and the widowed turtle, pining away life for the loss of her mate, some fashionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her husband, which her own ill usage had occasioned.

Never can the delicious repast of roasted lobsters excite my appetite, whilst the ideas of the tortures in which those innocent creatures have expired, present themselves to my imagination. But when I consider that they must have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good stomach and a good conscience, and please myself with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a sacrifice acceptable to the manes of many millions of massacred Indians. Never can I repose myself with satisfaction in a post-chaise, whilst I look upon the starved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horses, condemned to such exquisite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once must undoubtedly have

existed in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquisition, I gallop on with as much ease as expedition; and am perfectly satisfied, that in pursuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the strictest justice.

I very well know that these sentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imagination; but I know likewise, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and false notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themselves both just and serious, and carry with them the strongest probability of their truth: so strong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have some good effect on the conduct of those polite people, who are too sagacious, learned, and courageous to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to consider how wretched will be her condition, if, after twenty or thirty years spent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and soft carpets, she should at last be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horses; and every fine gentleman to reflect how much more wretched would be his, if after wasting his estate, his health, and his life in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he should again revive in the situation of one of his creditors.

No. 164. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1756.

I HAVE set apart this day's paper for the miscellaneous productions of various correspondents.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a citizen of no mean city; however, in respect to the metropolis, we are deemed the coun-

try, and must therefore be prescribed to by London, from whence, as I am told, we receive all our fashions. But surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, some things which I have seen of late are too absurd to have come from thence for our imitation, and can only have been unhappy *necessities* in some person of vogue, which others have mistaken for choice and fashion.

A few days ago, I saw a young lady in our neighbourhood, who after some considerable absence from home, returned with her hair all off, except as much as might grow in a fortnight after close ſhaving; and that too standing thin and staring. I asked my wife when I came home, if she knew where Miss Giddycrown had been; for that I was sadly afraid she had been confined in some mad-house; for her head had been shaved and blistered, her hair was but just coming on to grow again, and she had, I observed, a particular shy and wild look. As this was the first instance of the kind ever seen here, my wife knew no more than myself what to make of it: she hoped indeed that it might possibly not be so bad; that it might only be some external disorder of her head: or, had Miss been married, she should have thought that her hair might possibly have fallen off in a lying-in.

But alas, Sir! this disorder of the head has proved contagious; and being given out as the fashion, is prodigiously spread. Now if this be only a hum (as I suppose it is) upon our country apes, it being blown in the World will put an end to it: but if it be a real fashion, pray be so good as to set the World against it. I am sure I should be rejoiced to find any remedy in the World for this falling off of the hair; for indeed it is a very unseemly and frightful disorder.

I am, Sir,

Yours, T. L.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

I am infested by a swarm of country cousins, that are come up to town for the winter, as they call it, a whole family of them. They ferret me out from every place I go to, and it is impossible to stand the ridicule of being seen in their company.

At their first coming to town, I was in a manner obliged to gallant them to the play; where having seated the mother with much ado, I offered my hand to the eldest of my five young cousins; but as she was not dextrous enough to manage a great hoop with one hand only, she refused my offer, and at the first step fell all along. It was with great difficulty I got her up again; but imagine, sir, my situation: I sat like a mope all the night, not daring to look up, for fear of catching the eyes of my acquaintance, who would have laughed me out of countenance.

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I contrived all manner of means to get off from any future engagements with my cousins; but it has unfortunately so happened, that we have met almost every where. No longer ago than last night, as I was going into a rout, and moving towards the lady of the house, to pay my devoirs to her, what should I hear, but one of the hoydens, who had not seen me for two or three days, bawling out, 'O law! there's my cousin!' I advised the mother to take the young lady immediately back into the country; for that I feared the same violence of joy which discovered itself in her voice and looks at only seeing me as a relation, might carry her greater lengths where the affection was stronger.

My acquaintance see how I am mortified at all public places, and it is a standing jest with them, wherever they meet me, to put on the appearance of the profoundest respect, and to ask, 'Pray, sir, how do your cousins do?'

This leads me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to propose some-

thing for the relief of all those, whose country cousins, like mine, expect they should introduce them into the world; by which means we shall avoid appearing in a very ridiculous light: for whoever sees the dancing bears, must include the man who shews them in the subject for laughter. I would therefore set up a person, who should be known by the name of TOWN-USHER. His business should be to attend closely all young ladies who never were in town before, to teach them to walk into the playhouse without falling over the benches, to shew them the tombs, and the lions, and the wax-work, and the giant, and instruct them how to wonder, and shut their mouths at the same time: for I really meet with so many gapers every day in the streets, that I am continually yawning all the way I walk.

I shall only detain you to make one reflection upon these journies to London. It appears very odd to me that people should chuse to leave their home for two or three months, to make themselves unhappy in it the rest of their lives. My good cousin, the mother, thinks she has acted right in shewing her children the world: and fully convinced that they have a thorough knowledge of it, carries them back into the country, where they despise those with whom they formerly lived in intimacy and friendship, because they have not seen London. Miss walks with less pleasure about the fields since her fall in the play-house, and her sisters are pouting all day long, because the country can afford them no such sights as they saw in town.

I am, SIR,

Your great admirer,

A. W.

SIR.

I HAVE the honour to be a member of a certain club in this city, where it is a standing order, 'That

the paper called the WORLD be constantly brought upon the table, with clean glasses, pipes, and tobacco, every Thursday after dinner.' In consequence of this order, a letter, or rather a petition, from one of your correspondents, was lately read, praying that you would establish it as a law, that healths should be *eaten*, as well as *drank*. There appeared something so new and national in *eating the prosperity of our king and country*, that the whole club, with a vivacity unknown in that place before, rose up to applaud it: and after many wise and learned debates upon the subject, agreed to the following orders and resolutions:

ORDERED,

That in this club, the word TOAST in drinking be changed to MOUTHFUL in eating; and that every member, after naming the MOUTHFUL he proposes, do fill his mouth as full as possible, in honour of the person or cause so named.

ORDERED,

That the chairman be always MOUTHFUL-MASTER.

ORDERED,

That, the MOUTHFUL-MASTER do demand the MOUTHFULS regularly from the members over the right thumb, and do cause them to be eaten regularly over his left.

RESOLVED,

That all the members of the club be obliged upon every club day to eat a large slice of roast beef, as a bumper health to old England.

RESOLVED,

That the city of London, and the trade thereof, be eaten in turtle.

RESOLVED,

Always to eat prosperity to Ireland in boiled beef, and to North Britain in Scotch collops.

RESOLVED,

To eat the administration in British herrings.

RESOLVED,

To eat success to our fleet in pork and pease.

RESOLVED,

As the greatest instance that this club can possibly shew of their respect and devotion, that the healths of lady ***, and the duchess of ***, be eaten by every member in mouthfuls of minced chicken.

RESOLVED,

That Mr. Fitz-Adam, or any of his friends, be permitted to eat the members of this club as often as they please, provided that they do not knowingly and wittingly suffer any Frenchman whatsoever, to eat the said members dead or alive.

Thus, sir, you see that you are continually in our thoughts; and therefore, as a member of a society so warmly attached to you, you will believe me, when I assure you that I am

Your most faithful
humble servant,
E. P.

No. 165. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1756.

THERE are few things by which a man discovers the weakness of his judgment more, than by retailing scraps of common-place sentiment on that trite and thread-bare topic, the degeneracy of the times. We are told very seriously in almost every company, that the courage we received from our ancestors is evaporated; that our trade is ruined; that religion is but a badge to distinguish parties; and that the muses, kicked out of doors, have carried off with them truth, honour, justice, and all the moral virtues.

But to our comfort, this reflection is not confined

to the present age; it extends itself equally to all. A touch on the times is a piece of satire, that almost runs parallel with the foundation of every state. How many authors do we hear bewailing the degeneracy of their contemporaries, and prognosticating the farther corruption of their posterity! Our very stature is diminished. Even in Homer's time, men were strangely decreased in their size since the Trojan war. Virgil says, that Turnus threw a stone at Æneas, which a dozen Romans could not have lifted; so that had men decreased since the days of Virgil, in the same proportion, we ſhould long before now have dwindled into a race of atoms.

Livy, who flourished in the golden age of Augustus, tells us, that above three hundred years before, a spirit of equity and moderation animated the whole body of the people, which was not to be found then in one individual. Cicero is for ever declaiming against the degeneracy of his own times; and Juvenal says, that in his, vice was arrived to such a height, that posterity, however willing, would not be able to add any thing to it. Yet consult the authors who have written since, and you will imagine that every former age was an age of virtue.

From all these passages, and many others, it is evident that this complaint is by no means applicable to our times only. And really it is a great breach of good-manners, that modern fine gentlemen cannot put a little *rouge* on their faces, but the saucy quill of some impertinent author immediately rubs it off: but neither is it their own invention, nor imported from France; for Juvenal informs us, that the Roman beaux did the same.

There is but one reason that I know of, why a man may declaim with impunity against the dege-

neracy of the times; it is, because the reflection is only general. and that he is as much the object of his own satire, as any other man. But let a foreigner, in a company of Englishmen, presume to say, that they have degenerated from their forefathers, and not a Briton amongst them but will resent the indignity; or let the reflection become more particular still, and one man lay an act of degeneracy to the charge of another, and the consequence is too obvious.

To lament the loss of religion, and abuse its profeſſors; to censure the constitution of a state, and its constituents, are quite different things. And though a man may prefer the army, with which Henry the fifth beat the French at Agincourt, to our present soldiery, yet examine them one by one, and there is scarce a serjeant in the service that does not think himself equal to the most valiant commander, from Alexander the great, king of Macedonia, down to brave old Hendrick, Sachem of the Mohawk Indians. So that if considered separately, we are more wise, more valiant, and more religious than our ancestors; if collectively, we are a set of fools, cowards, and infidels.

An ingenious correspondent of mine has carried his compliments on the present times farther than I have done. I shall conclude this paper with his letter and verses.

SIR,

A CONQUEST over the affections and passions has been the highest boast of the philosophers of every age; and in proportion as they have attained this victory, future writers have celebrated their characters as the most exalted patterns of wisdom and prudence. But though a veneration for the rust of antiquity, or a fondness for every thing which hap-

pened before the memory of our grandfathers, may lead some to celebrate former ages, yet we may boast it among the felicities of the times in which we live, that the most important concerns of life are entered into only under the directions of reason and philosophy. To instance only in one particular; marriage is the effect of mere prudence and forecast, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion, which has now no being but in play-books and romances.

In former ages, love was supposed to keep the door of Hymen's temple; but now, as the knowledge of the world may have been somewhat expensive in acquiring, and as our modern philosophers have spent that fortune on their youth, which it had been ridiculous to have reserved for the debility of old age, just before the last spark of vigour is extinguished, some rich heiress is won, who conduces both to the perpetuating a name, and to the providing a fortune for that posterity, which is to continue the family honours. Happy expedient! by which the weight of numerous younger children, the almost constant burthen of former times, is most judiciously avoided.

That I may present your readers with a striking contrast between the follies of our ancestors, and the solid prudence of the present generation, I shall here subjoin a couple of short odes, which are written in the character of an old Englishman, and a modern one, on the day before their marriage.

The Old Englishman.

I.

I'll tell you why I love my love;
Because her thousand graces prove
Her worth is very high:

She's very fair, and very good,
And not unwilling to be woo'd
By one so plain as I.

II.

Wherever muse has fir'd the ſtrain,
On British or on Tuscan plain,
Delighted has she rov'd;
Has glow'd with all the gen'rous rage
That animates the ſtory'd page,
By British bosoms lov'd.

III.

Oft has she sought, with careful feet,
The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,
And trac'd with thought profound
Each precept of the wise and good;
That ev'ry wish has she subdu'd
To wisdom's narrow bound.

IV.

Has learn'd the flatt'ring paths to shun,
Where folly's fickle vot'ries run,
Deceiv'd by fortune's glare;
Has learn'd that food, and clothes, and fire,
Are only nature's plain desire,
Nor forms for more her pray'r.

V.

Content with these, my GERALDINE
Has promis'd to be ever mine,
For well she knows my heart;
She knows it honeſt and sincere,
And much too open to appear
Beneath the veil of art.

VI.

She knows it pants for her alone,
That not the splendor of a throne
From her my ſteps could lure;
To-morrow gives to these fond arms
My GERALDINE *in all her charms,*
And makes my bliss secure.

The Modern Englishman.

I.

No, no; by all the pow'rs above,
My heart's as little touch'd by love
As ever in my life.
Full well, dear HAL, *to thee is known*
Whom fortune to my lot has thrown,
To be my wedded wife.

II.

But why I wed? should any ask,
To answer is an easy task,
Want, want! my honest HARRY:
What can a man, whose fortune's spent,
Who's mortgag'd to his utmost rent,
But drown, or shoot, or marry?

III.

Of these the best is sure the bride;
For when once plung'd beneath the tide,
Adieu to all our figure.
Full sudden is the pistol's fate;
When once 'tis touch'd alas! too late
We wish undrawn the trigger,

IV.

'Tis thus resolv'd then, honest boy,
To-morrow thou may'st wish me joy,
Joy will I buy by wiving:
Soon to her mansion, far from town,
Six rapid Bays shall whirl us down,
As if the dev'l were driving.

V.

There shall the brisk capacious bowl
Drown ev'ry care that haunts the soul,
And rouse me to new life:

And, HAL, *for all that she can say*,
Some blooming village queen of May
Shall—wait upon my wife.

VI.

When all the tedious farce is o'er,
And spouse has crown'd me with her dow'r,
Should sudden ruin meet her,
Ev'n though her coachman broke her neck,
Unmov'd I'd stand amidst the wreck,
Nor swear at heedless PETER.

No. 166. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1756.

Falsus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret,
Quem, nisi mendacem, & mendosum?

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the prostitutions of language, so justly observed by many celebrated writers, I know of none more to be lamented, than those which rob virtue of her true title, and usurp her name and character.

It may be observed, that in all countries and states, the farther they have gone from their original purity and simplicity, the greater have their advances been in this respect. The Romans, whose poverty only kept them within the bounds of virtue, when they had quitted their humble station for scenes of ambition and glory, not only changed their manners, but lost the sense of those words, which were in high estimation with their ancestors. The words *frugal*, *temperate*, and *modest*, were no longer held in any degree of reverence, when riches,

and a licentious enjoyment of them, were the only things in vogue.

We have gone beyond them in this respect, and quite reversed the meaning of words. *Knave* and *villain*, formerly the denominations of laudable induſtry, are now the marks of the greateſt reproach. Our manners have adulterated our words; and for fear they should reproach us with our conduct, we disfranchise and condemn them to infamy, that their testimony may be invalid, and their evidence of no credit.

There are many instances in modern times, where a false and blind zeal has heightened the signification of words of very little meaning, to an unaccountable degree of veneration; as on the contrary, a loose and libertine way of thinking has debased and sullied those of the higheſt dignity.

I am not a little pleased with a saying of king Theodorick, who being advised by his courtiers to debase the coin, declared, 'That nothing which bore his image, should ever lie.' Are we not all accessary to the propagation of falsehood, when we suffer any thing that carries the image and representation of our minds, to be guilty of an untruth, and when we enter into a combination to support words in a signification foreign to their meaning, and quite different from the ideas those sounds ought to form in our minds?

Custom is the tyrant of the language; it can alter, adjust, and new model, but it cannot annihilate. It can settle new phrases, introduce a whole colony of fashionable nonsense from foreign parts, and render old words obsolete; but it cannot erase idea from language. It can do more than an absolute prince; because it can create new words; a privilege which was not allowed to the Roman emperor Tiberius, who having coined a word in the senate,

his flatterers desired it might be adopted into their language, as a compliment to the emperor; but an old senator, not quite degenerated from the honest sincerity of his ancestors, made this memorable reply, 'You may give, sir, the freedom of the city to *men*, but not to *words*.'

There is no word of greater import and dignity than HONOUR. It is virtue adorned with every decoration, that can make it amiable and useful in society. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourse, by which the business of life is transacted with safety and pleasure. It is of universal extent, and can be confined to no particular station of life, because it is every man's secnrity, and every man's interest. But to its great misfortune, its own virtues have undone it. Its excellent character has of late years recommended it so much to the patronage of the Great, that they have entirely appropriated it to their own use, and communicated to it a part of their own privileges, that of being accessible only to a few. It now no longer retains its former good qualities; its real dignity is lost, and it is become rather the ornament, than the foundation of a character: it is a kind of polish, that implies a finished character, and too often conceals a very imperfect one.

Thus has HONOUR got an imaginary title, instead of a real one. It has lost by its acquisitions; and by being the particular idol of a few, is no longer of use to the many. Its new-acquired trophies are the spoils of its former greatness; and the remembrance of what it was, serves only to heighten the melancholy idea of what it now is. It formerly constantly attended merit, as a friend and guardian; it now accompanies greatness, as a flatterer and parasite.

It is a compliment to the taste of the present age,

to allege that HONOUR is its darling attribute. It is in itself a composition of every thing that is valuable and worthy of commendation; and even in its degenerate ſtate, it is, in a degree, the picture of VIRTUE: it is finely drawn, but the lines are not just, and the colours too glaring. The endeavours of the artists to set it off to advantage, have made it more like a piece of gaudy pageantry, than a true copy of nature.

To justify the truth of what I assert, I appeal to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and beg leave to ask you, what are your ideas of a man, when you hear him particularly recommended as a man of HONOUR? Are your notions at all enlarged, in respect to his moral character? Would you give him the preference in your vote, as a representative in parliament? Or should you conceive him to have a more than ordinary zeal for the true religion of his country? Would you trust him the sooner were you a tradesman? Or could you with more safety admit him into your family, to an intimacy with your wife and daughters? You would undoubtedly rather game with him, because he will not cheat; and you would be sure to receive your money, if you gained any advantage, however his more juſt creditors might suffer. You would certainly shew him more respect, because you dare not affront him; HONOUR, being a thing of so very delicate a nature, that the least indignity endangers its destruction: having lost its true essence, it can only be supported by the courage and zeal of those, who will not suffer its title to be disputed.

What is become of poor HONESTY? Is she confined to the habitations of Mark and Mincing-lane? Dare she not appear in the polite world? I make no doubt she is as frequent in her visits there, as in any other place; but for want of a proper dress,

she is obliged to be incog. She is not a little afraid of the pert raillery of HONOUR, whom she would be sure to meet in her travels to those parts of the town; and as the latter is a burlesque on her character, she chuses always to avoid her.

Her name seems to be quite banished to the unbred world, and is so much out of vogue at present, that an HONEST MAN as certainly means a tradesman, as a MAN of HONOUR does a gentleman.

The word is fairly worn out: it has been so long in mercantile hands, that it is no longer fit for gentlemen. They have laid it aside by universal consent, and bestowed it, with their old cloaths, on their servants and dependents.

The ladies, who form the most considerable part of the fashionable world, have a peculiar sort of HONOUR of their own. They entrench not upon that, already appropriated to the other sex, but take it where the men leave it. Conscious of their own frailties and infirmities, they are not ashamed to invoke its aid and assistance, to guard them in a part, where they are moſt liable to surprize. No other branch of their conduct comes within the jurisdiction of HONOUR; for HONOUR, at present, is no more than what the world expects from you; they are at free liberty in every other article; and, like our original parents, have but one thing prohibited.

The different value and credit of particular virtues, at several periods of time, would form a very entertaining and useful history; and by looking back into former times, and observing the different faces and changes that virtue has appeared in, we might reduce it to a degree of calculation, and form a tolerable conjecture when any particular species of it would again come into fashion. The present rage for liberty will not easily admit of many arti-

cles of belief; they are a degree of servitude of the mind, which we disdain: but as it is very proper to observe some appearance of religion, we voluntarily give up the freedom of the body, to preserve that of the mind; and admit of some regulations and restrictions, which custom has established, as indispensibly necessary to maintain the connections of social life.

But the body is full as rebellious as the mind, and has as ſtrong an aversion to restraint; for which reason it has been found expedient to grant some degree of indulgence, to moderate between pleasure and strict virtue, and to make a compromise between the severer duties, and moſt prevailing passions.

To form this alliance, and strengthen it by the firmest tie, the word HONOUR was introduced; a word very much the favourite of virtue, and so enchanting in its sound, that vice could make no objection. She consented; but on these conditions, that she should have a due proportion of advantage; and if it was allowed to heighten many virtues, it should likewise be permitted to cover almost an equal degree of vice. Thus it is made to serve both as a cordial and palliative; it exalts the character of virtue, and takes off from the deformity of vice. But the mixture is so unnatural, that the poison gets the better of the medicine; and if some strong antidote is not speedily applied, all the humours will be vitiated, and the whole mass corrupted.

No person who is any ways conversant in antiquity can be ignorant of the allegorical situation of the temples of VIRTUE and HONOUR at Rome. They were so placed, that there was no entrance into the latter, but through the former; which has given rise to a very beautiful thought in Cicero's

first oration against Verres. Both these temples were built by Marcellus, whose original design was to have placed the two goddesses in one temple: but the priests, who are always for extending the plan of ceremonial religion, would not permit it; which obliged him to alter his first intention. But he pursued the meaning of it, by building two temples contiguous to each other, and in such a situation, that the only avenue to the temple of HONOUR should be through the temple of VIRTUE; leaving by this emblem a very elegant and useful lesson to posterity, that virtue is the only direct road to HONOUR.

It is impossible to have too great a regard and esteem for a man of strict HONOUR; but then let him prove his right to this title, by the whole tenor of his actions. Let him not hold some doctrines in high estimation, and reject others of equal importance: let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct from fashion or the opinion of others: let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions; and a just praise and approbation will be their due reward.

No. 167. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE want of happiness has been the perpetual complaint of all ranks and conditions of men, from the beginning of the world to the present times: and at the rate they still go on, it is absolutely impossible that the complaint should cease. Happiness is a fruit always within their reach, but they will not give themselves the trouble to gather it,

It is hourly at their doors as a friend, but they will not let it in. It solicits them in every shape, yet they reject its offers. Ignorance and indolence are its constant enemies.

Most people have parts and application sufficient to learn the easy rules of Whist, Cribbage, and Chess; and as soon as they are informed (what they little suspect, and will be delighted to hear) that Happiness is a GAME, and a much greater and deeper one than even Pharo or Hazard, I make no doubt that men, women, and children will immediately set themselves to learn the rules and finesses of this important PLAY.

When they are satisfied it is a game that will be universally used in all companies in town and country, what mortal will be so stupid as not to learn it in some degree of perfection? For who, without the greatest gratitude, can reflect upon the benevolence of nature, that has introduced felicity into the world, in the welcome and ever-fashionable guise of deep play, and high gaming?

This divine attainment could not have been annexed to books and learning; head-achs, perpetual reasonings, and fierce disputations, would have embarrassed every step: neither could it have been coupled to riches, which are ever attended with care and anxiety. If poverty and contentment had been the vehicles appropriated to convey it, a sickly calm would have stagnated all activity. Had it been given to political pursuits, how could it have been reconciled to the desultory sentiments of majorities and minorities? Therefore bountiful nature has annexed it to CARDS, and seasoned it to the palates of mankind, by the spirit of gaming, which she has almost equally infused into all her rational children.

Now as I have always professed myself a great friend and admirer of PLAY, I shall endeavour to lay down a few of the most certain rules, by which all persons may be instructed in the art of playing at this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS. And I am the more willing to promote the knowledge of this game, as it depends rather upon skill and address, than chance and fortune. It is not played with ever-dangerous dice, like Back-gammon or Trick-track: nor like Bragg, by audacity of countenance, and polite cozenage: and though, like Picquet, there is much putting out and taking in, yet every card is playable.

I am elated with pleasure, when I consider that I am going to teach miserable mortals this great GAME: which, without vanity I may say, is making them a present of more than a sixth sense, and enabling them to exercise their five primary ones in the most delightful manner. I need not here expatiate upon the pleasures of PLAY, the first pastime of infancy, and the ultimate amusement of decrepid age; the faculty which most distinguishes the rational from the brute creation; that levels the lacquey with the prince, and the humble cinder-wench with the stately duchess; the cement of all true society, which, by discarding volumes of words, confines all wit, sense, and language within the limits of half a score short and significant sentences. How admirable is the sagacity of the adepts! or, in other words, the people of fashion! who are perpetually taking into their hands, and dealing about most liberally, all that is desirable in the world! For though the uneducated class of mortals may think a club is but a club, and a spade a spade, these exalted and illumined characters thoroughly comprehend, that clubs denote power, diamonds riches, spades industry, and hearts popularity and

affections of every sort. From this consideration, I never enter a great apartment without being struck with solemnity and awe. I look upon the different contenders at each table, as so many mighty giants, tossing about with stupendous strength these glorious symbols of every thing valuable in the creation.

What giggling miss shall hereafter presume to disturb these rites with more than female levity? What puny senator shall dare here to recollect the little politics of either house, the partial interests of insignificant islands and nations, whose comparative greatness is lost in such a scene; where every motion decides the fates of kings and queens, and every ordinary trick includes as much wisdom and address, as would set up a moderate politician, statesman, or minister? I consider these assemblies as the great academies of education, and observe with pleasure, that all parents, guardians, and husbands, are bringing their families to town, for at least six months in the year, to take the advantage of these noble schools and well instituted seminaries.

What ideas must we form of the hospitable inhabitants of a great capital, where the houses and heads of the most respectable families are night after night devoted to public benefit and instruction! How much superior are these to the porticos, gardens, and philosophic schools, that rendered the names of Athens and Rome so greatly celebrated! Here our daughters are capacitated to marry the first prince that may happen to ask them, instead of falling the unhappy victims of the narrow domestic views of some neighbouring country gentleman. And here the married ladies are taught to pass the winter evenings without a yawn, even in the absence of their husbands. Here they collect that treasure of masculine knowledge, those

elegant ideas and reflections, that wonderfully alleviate the solitude of the old family mansion, where, amidst the cawing of rooks, the murmuring of streams, and fragrant walks of flowering shrubs, they wait the return of winter with a philosophic composure.

But I am wandering from my purpose, and expatiating upon general PLAY, when I intended only to teach my new and great GAME of HAPPINESS, which will render the whole universe like one grand assembly or rout.

Know then, ye hence happy mortals! that the game called HAPPINESS, is played with packs of cards, each pack consisting of three hundred and sixty-five different cards; the backs of which, instead of being white, are of a dusky sooty colour. Every seventh card is equivalent to a court card, of which there are fifty-two in each pack; and upon playing properly these court cards, the fortunate event of the game is thought greatly to depend.

It is played from one to any number of players. The game of one is the least entertaining: the game of two is much applauded by lookers on; but as a greater number must naturally give more variety to the game, a party of ten or a dozen is the most desirable set, though the players may be subject to many revokes. Great lovers of the game are indeed fond of sitting down to a crowded table; but it is generally observed, that an inattentive and slovenly manner of playing is too often the consequence. One pack of cards will last a considerable time, as may be conjectured from their sooty backs: inasmuch as the greatest players are seldom known to pay for more than three-score and ten packs during the whole course of their lives.

They that have the most tricks win the largest division of the stake; but every player gets some-

thing, besides the great pleasure of playing, which is thought to be superlative.

This great GAME partakes of the excellencies of all other games. You are often piqued and re-piqued, as at Picquet. You are sometimes beasted, as at Quadrille; often checked, as at Chess; put back, as at the game of Goose; and subject to nicks, after the manner of Hazard. It differs in one particular from all other games, viz. that the sharper is always sure to be over-matched by the fair player.

It would fill a large volume, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to recount all the varieties of this truly ROYAL GAME; and already I am afraid of having transgressed the bounds of your paper: I shall therefore defer the rules I promised at the beginning of this letter to another opportunity, at which time I shall take care to make the meanest of your readers an adept at HAPPINESS.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

L. T.

No. 168. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1756.

To MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

EVERY disquisition that tends to remove the prejudices and enlighten the understandings of mankind, though it may chance to come from an obscure hand, will not be without its admirers and advocates in this learned and truly philosophical age. It is needless then to make any apology for desiring you to print this.

I set out in life with a good share of medical skill, botany, chymistry, anatomy, and natural philosophy; in the last of which especially I excelled: seldom failing to investigate the efficient cause of any phenomenon: and being sensible of my own superior abilities, I never was so mean-spirited as to give up a disputed point. But from two or three failures in practice, when the medicines had not the effect I intended, and indeed once when they had, in relieving a nymph at six months end from a disorder which would have lasted nine, my business and my fees began to fall short.

I must confess myself shocked to find merit so disregarded, and determined to search out what faculty there might be in the mind of man, that could induce him to treat with contempt and ingratitude any person who professed a design of serving him. This led me into moral inquiries, in which I soon made sufficient progress: and being persuaded that it was incumbent upon every rational member of society to communicate happiness, as far as his influence may extend, I kept not the result of my inquiries secret, but formed a club of the thinking part of my acquaintance, to whom with the greatest freedom I imparted my speculations; and, in spite of prejudice, inculcated many important truths. These I once thought of making more public from the press; but there is no necessity for it, seeing the noble and better sort of philosophers are confessedly of my opinion, and discard with one voice all that metaphysical jargon, which would persuade us to believe the immateriality of the soul and a future state. Our sentiments are calculated universally to promote human felicity, as they free the mind from any terrors and disagreeable apprehensions. It certainly then becomes the duty of every one who would be deemed benevolent, to propagate, as

far as possible, principles of such manifest utility. But we must expect opposition to this salutary design, from those who make a gain of the prejudices of the world. They will never be so disinterested as easily to forego the great emoluments arising thence. And perhaps some thinking men (since moral virtues are indispensibly necessary to the well-being of the community) may judge it not quite so proper to loose the vulgar at once from all ties, except such as arise from the inherent rectitude or depravity of actions.

I have a scheme to obviate this, to which no rational objection can be made. I acknowledge myself indebted to an ingenious Spanish author for the first hint; but as he did not pursue his reasoning so far, either for want of abilities, or through fear of the inquisition, I may justly assume to myself the merit of the invention. This author tells us, 'Physicians seeing the great power the temperament of the brain hath in making a man wise and prudent, have invented a certain medicine, composed in such a manner, and replete with such qualities, that being taken in proper doses, it renders a man capable of reasoning better than he could before. They call it the confection of wisdom.' Now if there is a medical composition known (as from this authority we have sufficient reason to believe) that will improve the rational faculties, and illumine the understanding, we may with equal truth assert, there are to be found medicines which will curb the passions, those great obstacles to moral virtue, and make men live according to the fitness of things.

The thinking part of man being allowed to be a modification of matter, it must be supposed to be a part of the body; at least it is so strictly united and adherent to it, that in all things it suffers with, and cannot by any arguments of reason be proved capa-

ble of existing without it. Hence it will indisputably follow, that all the powers of the mind, even the moral faculties, are inseparably connected with the temperament and habit of that body of which she is part. Insomuch that prudence (the foundation of all morality) as well as justice, fortitude, and temperance (the other cardinal virtues) and their opposites, entirely depend upon the constitution. It will therefore become the province of the physician to extirpate the vicious habits of mankind, and introduce the contrary; to suppress luxury, and create chastity; to make the foolish prudent, the proud humble, the avaricious liberal, and the coward valiant. And all this is easy to be done, by the assistance of alterative medicines, and by a properly adapted regimen, that shall be perfective of each virtue, and repugnant to each vice.

In confirmation of my sentiments, I could quote the fathers of physic, Hippocrates and Galen, as well as Plato and Aristotle, the chief of philosophers. But an example will be of more real authority than a multiplication of quotations. Man will be impelled to act by those appetites, good or bad, which arise from the habit of his constitution: the physician then who can alter his constitution, may make the vicious become virtuous. And moral philosophers greatly err, when they do not avail themselves of the science of medicine, which only by changing the temperament of the body, will force the mind to relish virtue, and distaste vice. If a moralist undertakes to reform a luxurious person, who gives himself up to high living and lascivious indulgences, by treating him according to the rules of his art, what means would he use to instil the principles of temperance and chastity, that they should take such deep root in the mind, as constantly and uniformly to influence his conduct? He will set

out by shewing him the deformity of intemperance and debauchery, and enumerating all that train of evils which proceed from such courses: and if the patient has not entirely got over the prejudices of a superstitious education, he will endeavour to affright him by a terrible detail of those inexpressible miseries his soul is in danger of suffering hereafter, if death should surprize him without giving him time to repent and forsake his debaucheries. After this he will advise him to fast and pray, sleep little, and avoid the company of women; and perhaps to wear hair-cloth, to macerate his body by rigorous austerities, and keep it under by bloody discipline, These methods, if he continues long to practise them, will render him pallid and feeble, and so far different from what he was, that instead of running after women, and placing his *summum bonum* in good eating and drinking, he will scarce bear to hear a female mentioned, and nauseate the very thoughts of a sumptuous entertainment. The moralist, seeing the man so changed, will be apt to impute the whole to his art, and suppose the habits of temperance and chastity come from I know not whence, and are the effect of his ratiocination. The physician knows the contrary, and is fully sensible they proceed from the languid and debilitated state of the body: for if this be restored to its pristine vigour, the patient will soon return to his old practices of excess and riot. Daily experience must convince us of this. What we have proved of luxury and chastity, will in the same manner hold good with regard to all other vices and virtues; because each has its proper temperament of body peculiarly adapted to it. Bleeding then and blistering, cupping and purging may be usefully administered in mental as well as corporal disorders. A brisk salivation may cure the mind and body both

of a venereal taint; and a strong emetic may have a more salutiferous effect than barely cleansing the stomach of an epicure.

I could add many more instances, but have already said enough to evince the rationality and practicability of my scheme; and being determined not to lose the honour of my inventions, I do not care to discover too much, lest some paltry plagiary should, with some little variation, obtrude them upon the world as his own. I have with great labour and thought reduced the whole to a complete system, and am compiling a didactic treatise of all the vices incident to human nature, and their different degrees, with the symptoms prognostic and diagnostic, the curatory indications, and a proper dietetic regimen to be observed in all cases. The whole will be comprized in ten volumes folio: and when the work is quite ready for the press, I may perhaps venture to publish proposals more at large, with a specimen annexed. But as your paper is generally well received by good company, I thought this would be no improper method of communicating the first hint of my design, that I may judge from what the intelligent say of this, how they will relish the larger work of

SIR,

Your humble servant,

ACADEMICUS.

No. 169. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1756.

THE following letters have lain by me some time. The writers of them will, I hope, excuse me for the

delay, and for the few alterations which I judged it necessary to make in them.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

In a late paper you have declared absolutely against total nakedness in our sex, and by others you have given us to understand that we are very impolitic in our late near approaches to it: for that while we are leaving little or nothing for imagination to exercise itself upon, or for curiosity to desire, we are certainly losing our hold upon the men. But I cannot say, that since I have *undressed* myself to the utmost extent of the fashion, I have fewer *admirers* than when I appeared like a modest woman; though, to confess the trnth, I have had but one since, that has not plainly discovered a thorough aversion to marriage; and him I imprudently lost, by granting to his importunity the full display of my whole person: indeed the argument he used was so extremely reasonable, that I knew not how to object to it; and whilst he pleaded with the utmost tenderness, that what he requested as a tribute to love, was but *a very little more* than what I daily lavished indiscriminately on every eye, I had not the confidence to deny him.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as I think it not improbable, by the advances the ladies have made this winter towards complete nakedness, that as the summer comes on, they will incline to throw off all covering whatsoever, I have thought proper to set before them the untoward effect which I have experienced from leaving nothing to discover. I can assure them as an important truth, that if they have a desire to retain even any admirers, they must stop where they are, and uncover no farther; or if they aim at getting husbands, they will do wisely to conceal,

and reserve among the acquisitions to be obtained only by marriage, a great deal which they now shew, to no other purpose than the defeating their own schemes.

Give me leave, sir, to conclude this letter with a short transcript from an author, who I believe is not unknown to you, and who has taken some pains to instruct the ladies in this particular point.

THE maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, whilst she hides reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and FANCY *draws*
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for FANCY'S *aid,*
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.
When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble servant,
S. B.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

In this free and communicative age, in which business of almost all kinds is transacted by advertisements, it is not uncommon to see wives and milch-asses, stolen horses and strayed hearts, promiscuously advertised in one and the same paper. It is a curious, and frequently an entertaining medley: but amidst all the remarkable advertisements I have lately seen, I think the following by far the most curious; and for that reason, I desire it may be made still more public than it is already, by appearing in the WORLD.

'WANTED,

'A CURATE at Beccles in Suffolk. Enquire far-
'ther of Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth
'carrier, who inns at the Crown, the corner of
'Jesus-lane, Cambridge.

'*N. B.* To be spoke with from Friday noon to
'Saturday morning nine o'clock.'

I have transcribed this from a news-paper, Mr. Fitz-Adam, verbatim et literatim, and must confess I look upon it as a curiosity. It would certainly be entertaining to hear the conversation between Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, and the curate who offers himself. Questionless Mr. Strutt has his orders to inquire into the young candidate's qualifications, and to make his report to the advertising rector, before he agrees upon terms with him. But what principally deserves our observation is, the propriety of referring us to a person who traffics constantly to that great mart of young divines, Cambridge. The advertiser might there expect numbers to flock to the person he employed, who (by the way) might have been somebody more like a gentleman (no disparagement to Mr. Strutt, I know him not) than a Yarmouth carrier. It is pleasant too to observe the N. B. at the end of the advertisement; it carries with it an air of significance enough to intimidate a young divine, who might possibly have been so bold as to have put himself on an equal footing with this negotiator, if he had not known that he was only to be spoke with at stated hours.

There are some of us laymen (you, I dare say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among the rest) who are old-fashioned enough to have some respect for the clergy; it does not therefore give us any pleasure to see them thus advertised like barbers journeymen.

But why did not the advertiser mention expressly

the qualifications he expected in his curate? That would have saved much trouble and altercation between the prolocutor and the young divine. I will have done, however, with this particular advertisement, and leave the whole to your animadversion; only desiring that you would order under your own hand, that from henceforth all advertisements for curates should be worded in the following manner.

'WANTED,

'A CURATE at ***. He must be one that can 'play at Back-gammon, and will be willing to re'ceive five-and-twenty pounds a year for doing the 'whole duty of a parish, while his rector receives 'two hundred for doing none of it. He must keep 'what company, and preach what doctrine his rec'tor pleases, &c. &c. &c. Whoever will comply with 'these reasonable terms, may apply to ***, inn'keeper at ***, for full information.'

I am, SIR, *Yours*,
L. L.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

It is with pleasure that I see you less addicted to dreaming than most of your predecessors; to say the truth, I have seldom found you incline to nod; though without any disparagement to you, your betters and elders have sometimes slept in a much shorter work. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was what I told my school-master, when he whipt me for sleeping over my book.

Life has been often called a dream; nay, we are told of some old Grecians, who used to be always in doubt whether they were asleep or awake. Indeed the number of waking dreamers that are daily exhibiting themselves in this metropolis is inconceivable; even the pulpit is not free from them. The

first time I ever heard the character of a dreamer given to a preacher, was on the following occasion: A reader to a country cure took a printed sermon of an eminent divine into the pulpit with him to preach: unfortunately it happened to be a farewel sermon. The young gentleman began with acquainting the people that he was then going to leave them. As they had never received the least hint of this before, they were a good deal surprized; but when he concluded with telling them that he had been exhorting them with all diligence for sixteen years (when he had hardly been with them as many weeks) and talked of his high dignity in the church, some of the congregation said he was mad, most of them that he was dreaming.

I could wish indeed that these dreamers in the pulpit would contrive to dream their own dreams, or that they would take care not to convert the serious thoughts of others into something more absurd than dreams, for want of reading beforehand what they would be supposed to deliver as their own compositions. It is by way of hint to such dreamers that I have told this story, which being the principal purpose of my letter, I shall add no more, than that

I am, Sir,
Your most humble servant,
A. S.

No. 170. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1756.

Post mortem nobilitari volunt. Cicero.

Taking my walk of observation the other day, as is often my custom, I was led by the course of

my tour into one of our famous hospitals. The magnificence of the building, the order and regularity of the houshold, the multitude that were received, and their several accommodations, threw me naturally into a very pleasing contemplation on the extensive charity of my good countrymen. From one of these endowed habitations I was carried on to another, till I believe I made myself acquainted with all the public edifices of this nature that this large and opulent city abounds with. Some of them I found of royal and very ample foundation, others raised and maintained by a single and munificent family, others by a joint act of the whole people; all, however, noble in their purposes, and admirably adapted for the particular uses to which they were distinctly appropriated. I admired throughout the number of inhabitants thus perfectly provided for in every stage of their conditions, together with the continual increase of the fund which must support such an addition of charges, as I observed by the augmentation of apartments, and decorations of more cost, perhaps, than utility. Charity, thought I, works in secret; and these matters are of course hidden from me. But happening to turn myself on one side of the chamber, I discovered two or three long tablets, with several names inscribed in large golden characters, which in my simplicity I took for the votive histories of the poor, who had felt the efficacy of relief under these merciful mansions: but upon a nearer inspection I found them to be no other than an enumeration of the very worthy and pious persons of both sexes, who annually or occasionally afforded what it pleased them in their liberality to bestow.

I was resolved, since chance had thrown so much information in my way, to peruse, against my custom, the accounts of other families; which prac.

tice, however, I thought the less impertinent, as I could perceive no other end in their being placed there. Here I discovered a contribution that did honour indeed to the names that were annexed to it, and would have done so to the greatest. The immense sums notwithstanding that were adjoined to the names of several private persons, larger than I could have suspected to be within their power, raised my curiosity enough to make a farther inquiry into the history of some of these very liberal donors. Two of them I accordingly pitched upon to be the subject of my investigation, as they stood upon the list; the one, a maiden lady who bequeathed at her death five thousand pounds to the poor of this house: the other, an old gentleman, who had settled, after his decease, his whole estate upon them for ever.

The good lady's story cannot be better known than by a letter which I received, in the course of my inquiry, from her nephew, who with three sisters had retired in sorrow at their aunt's death to a country village, in the northern parts of this kingdom: it is written with such plainness and simplicity, and is so much suited to the circumstances of the writer, that I own myself much captivated with my rural correspondent. The letter is this:

SIR,

It is neither our inclination, nor I am sure our interest, to conceal any thing from you, who have taken so much generous pains in our service. Your offers are received by us all most thankfully; but you are misinformed as to the hundred pounds: for my late aunt has left every shilling to the hospital, after her funeral expences were discharged, which amounted to a good deal, as she was whimsical in many articles that related to her burial.

How she passed us by in this manner, is still a matter of wonder and perplexity to us, as she continued to the very day of her death to declare that she had nobody to look upon, this side of heaven, but her dear nephew and nieces. She was accounted always a vain woman; but we thought her very religious, especially as she began to decline. For some months before she died, she never missed morning or evening service throughout the week, besides her private devotion in her own house, at which none of the family were suffered to be present. The minister and she would sometimes stay two or three hours together. She used often to discourse upon charity, and said she loved the poor; though I do not remember to have seen her bestow any alms whilst I lived with her, which surprized us the more that she should leave all to them at her death. She has given them her picture too, with orders that it should be hung over the great door of the chapel. Remember, sir, it is by your own desire I collect these trifling particulars, that concern ourselves only, and the memory of so fantastical and unjust a woman; for such I must call her, notwithstanding I assure you I am perfectly and contentedly resigned to my lot.

I am, *&c.*

It was with great difficulty I could learn any thing relating to the old gentleman, who is mentioned to have disposed of his whole estate in this manner. Those of his blood and nearest kindred had betaken themselves to the lowest supports which employment affords to the miserable, and were either dispersed in the navy, or in such stations, that all inquiries of this sort were fruitless. The very name was obliterated every where, except where it pointed out the disposal of a very consi-

derable fortune. All I could gather of him was, that he had increased a very good paternal inheritance by every art of thriving in trade, that is safely practicable; that he was always called in the city, a hard money-getting man; and that he had left his brothers, sisters, and grand-children to make their way without the least provision or assistance. There was a statue erecting for him, I found by his own orders, in the hospital.

Thus ended my pursuit, which I quitted with as much eagerness as it was undertaken. I was displeased over and over with myself at my search, and wished for that tranquillity of mind, which is always the portion of a happy ignorance. The stream, as I viewed it, was clear; and it is certain I went out of my way to look at the fountain. The generosity I at first contemplated with rapture, was now exchanged for the disgust I felt at pride and injustice. Were strokes indeed of this nature not so severe in their effect, there is something so ridiculous in these ostentatious charities, and such an absurdity in appropriations of this sort, under the circumstances I have described, that I confess I could indulge a less serious reflection at the examination of them.

The two originals above, have many counterparts in this nation; persons who are frequently so very charitable as to reduce their whole families to beggary. The raising a church, or endowing an hospital, are the two main objects of an elderly sinner's piety; and no matter by what means, so that the end be but accomplished. This is such a compendious way of discharging all the duties of life at once, and at the expense only of what there is no possibility of retaining any longer, that no wonder these spunges of charity are in so much use at some certain periods, and at such alone.

I would not dwell upon errors which I thought incorrigible, or endeavour to discover causes without hopes of amending the effects; but I am really of opinion that the grievances here set forth owe their birth chiefly to a few mistakes, which my acceptation of the word *charity* inclines me very much to rectify, for the service especially of these pious and liberal benefactors; for such I make no question, many of them are, only, as I have said before, they are unfortunate enough to lie under some mistakes. In the first place therefore, I shall venture to lay it down as a maxim, that there is no such thing as posthumous charity. There may be equity, and there may be propriety, in a last designation of earthly goods, but real or intrinsic generosity or benevolence there can be none.

——Quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes.

It is a modern supposition, nourished by hope and weakness, that leads people to reckon upon an act, that does not take place whilst they are alive. I do not remember that any one of the apostles, the preachers and examples of every social obligation, ever enforced the duty of testamentary acts of goodness; nor did David set apart a charge upon the revenue his son was to enjoy after him, towards building a temple, which he found was not to be the glory of his own reign.

Another error which I hope to set right, arises from the general idea of poverty, which seems not to be very well settled. The poor under your eye, and the poor unborn, stand in a very different relation of indigence together. Thus a crippled pennyless sister, or an infirm cousin, are thought by no means equal objects of bounty with the future offspring of a future beggar. All that I have to say to

a persuasion of this sort is, that I will affirm, a relation or dependent left to starve, is in every article as true a beggar as any between St. Paul's and St. Peter's. Upon the whole, since money has no currency on the other side of the grave, and no real value but in its application on this, I could wish the last disposition of it were a little better considered. It is but reasonable surely, to expect that those who do no good with it whilst they live, should do less mischief with it when they die.

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No. 171. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1756.

THERE is no privilege of which an Englishman is so jealous, nor for which he so highly values the constitution of his country, as the liberty that is allowed him, not only of thinking as he pleases, but of generously communicating his thoughts to the public. This glorious charter, limited as it is, and ought to be, by wholesome laws, has infinite advantages derived from it; particularly as it tends to cultivate the liberal arts, and helps to carry on the great work of science. But whether it is always for the improvement of our taste, any more than our morals, that we should be allowed to realize our sentiments, especially where the object falls immediately under the public eye, is a question that may perhaps admit of a debate.

Thus, for instance, if an ingenious gentleman, for the greater embellishment of his private library, should think proper to erect the head, or even the entire figure, of a shaking Mandarine, between the busts of Tully and Demosthenes, or to exalt the

divinities of Pekin to the same degree of honour in his gallery that he has already paid to the Grecian Venus and Apollo, it would be an infringement upon British liberty to check his devotion. But if the same innovating taste should intrude upon the muses shrine in our public seats of learning, I should wish for some authority to stop so sacrilegious an attempt.

The same care should extend even to our amusements: I do not mean to debar any of them from their right of appearing as often as their patrons please to call for them; I would only assign them the proper limits of time and place, and prevent their bringing any confusion upon themselves and others. It is certainly very just, that Harlequin should flourish with his dagger of lath, and invert the order of nature, whenever he finds it necessary; but though I am delighted with the ingenuity of my party-coloured friend, it would grieve me to see him so far mistake his talents, as to introduce himself very familiarly into the company of Shakspeare and Johnson.

To carry this observation a little higher, I think any one of our public entertainments, that more peculiarly belongs to the refined part of the world, should be preserved from any alloying mixture that may sink and debase its value, or make us look upon its standard below the original worth that it pretends to claim. It is upon this account, that I cannot enough lament the present state of our Italian opera, which seems to be continually declining, without any friendly hand to interpose, which might restore it to its native purity, or preserve it from total decay. But before this kind reformer can be met with, or if any such should appear, before his endeavours could hope for any success, it will be proper to examine our own taste,

to find whether it will stand the trial, and whether we should not think his care very impertinent and ill applied.

At present our attention seems to be so entirely fixed upon AIR, that we think nothing enhances the value of an opera so much, as allowing the performers to introduce their own favourite songs at pleasure; and this elegant assortment, selected from dramas of opposite subjects, written by poets of irreconcileable geniusses, and set to music by composers of contrary feelings, is served up, to our inexpressible satisfaction, and eagerly devoured under the modish title of a PASTICCIO.

If I may be permitted to enter into a serious disquisition of this entertainment, after what I have said of it in a former paper, I muft beg leave to observe, that the Italian opera carries much more meaning in it than one part of its audience is possibly aware of, and many of the other part are willing to allow; but it is therefore necessary to chuse Metastasio for the poet, upon whose single merit this species of drama must stand or fall.

And here, notwithstanding the laudable partiality which directs us to give the palm to our own countrymen, it must be confessed that this foreigner has at least as good a title to it as any English tragedian of this century; and if (like them too) he has not the advantage of striking out much that is new, he has the happiness of throwing an air of novelty upon the sentiments which he adopts, by the agreeable dress he gives them, and the advantageous point of view in which they are placed.

It would be exceeding the bounds of this paper to dwell upon every peculiar excellency; but it is no more than justice to enter into a fair examination, and, without any invidious comparison, to inquire whether his thoughts are not as pure and

as classical, his language as expressive and poetical, his characters as distinctly marked, as strongly supported, and as judiciously finished, his conduct of the drama as well carried on, and leading as clearly to the grand catastrophe, as those among the most admired of our modern writers. In the last circumstance he has a difficulty in his way, which the ablest hand would sometimes be at a loss to remove: as the nature of this work requires every thing to be brought to a happy conclusion, it cannot but be observed with how masterly a step he deviates from the true to the feigned event, without confusion, or swerving from the intention of his original plan.

But it is not sufficient to examine Metastasio's pretensions by the common rules of criticism; there is much more required of him than of the ordinary tragic poet; not only as he is confined to the measure of three acts, but even those must be concisely managed, to avoid the drowsiness of a weary recitative. His dialogue therefore, and even his narration, is short as it is clear; a significant expression, sometimes a single word, conveys a whole sentiment, and that without leaving room for doubt, or throwing the least obscurity. His soliloquies, where the composer has an opportunity of introducing the accompanied recitative, perhaps the most noble part of an opera, are not only distinguished by the finest touches of poetry, but abound in all that variety and transition of passions, which naturally work in the human mind, when it is wrought up to the height of its distress. His songs and chorusses, where all the power of music ought to combine, are made up of sentiment; these indeed are so finely imagined, and finished with so happy an elegance, that perhaps they would not suffer even by appearing among the ancient Lyric writers.

If this be true of our poet, (and surely it is but justice to allow him this,) let us bring him upon the stage, attended as he ought. And here it is not enough, that the composer be thoroughly skilled in all the art of music, and feel the whole force of it, but he must partake of the poet's spirit, catch the flame through every scene, and be so far wrapt in the genius of his author, as to preserve the same cast of sentiment through the whole work. This indeed is so necessary an attention to his character, that a single composer, though but of the second class, who shall follow him with affection, and enter into a social feeling with him as far as he is capable, will do him more justice than a suite of the ablest masters at his heels, who perform their alternate services, and consider his ideas separately, without having regard to the union and harmony of the whole.

But let the poet and his attendant harmonist be ever so happily united, there is still a reasoning, but perhaps not the most feeling, part of mankind, who will by no means allow the opera any dramatic merit, and consequently deprive it at once of its distinguishing worth. Their judgment, it seems, is irreparably hurt, in finding heroes conquering, rivals contending, lovers despairing, to the sound of music; and they cannot reconcile it to their senses, that people who seem discoursing upon very interesting subjects, should be obliged to do it by time and measure. The learned among these will probably meet with an apology, from something similar upon the Grecian stage, and the others will do well to consider whether they are not literal critics in music, as grammarians are in learning; perhaps they cannot separate from harmony the idea of fiddle-strings and pipes, any more than these can from language the invariable chime of

adverb, conjunction, and preposition; whereas the music we are speaking of is the voice of nature, in her various accents of joy, grief, rage, lamentation, pity, or despair. The notes indeed are divested of their wildness, have their temperaments, cadences, and limits; but they seem to be no other than the laws which nature has set them, and their bounds are too nicely concealed to have the appearance of borrowing any thing from art.

A distinguishing ear, or rather a feeling heart, that yields to the impression which a noble accompaniment carries with it, will be so far from calling off his attention from the principal part, or considering the additional harmony as the effect of mechanic art, that it will more intimately strike him as a sympathetic sense, which arises in the mind itself, unconnected and independant of any assistance from without. Even those whose ideas are less abstracted, but who have souls prepared for the reception of harmony, when they hear from the orchestra, the animating strains, or dying falls, as Shakspeare expresses it, will, without any critical reflections, consider them as having the same effect upon the ear, as a well-painted scene upon the eye, where that man would surely wrong his imagination much, who instead of indulging it in the supposed reality of rocks, woods, and rivers, should check his feeling at once, and consider every thing before him merely as canvas and colours.

If these observations are at all founded upon truth, an opera, well conducted, must be one of the noblest representations that lies within the reach of mimic art, and consequently there cannot be too much care and attention employed to produce it with every advantage. How this will best be effected, may perhaps be worth the inquiry; but it can only be so upon a supposition that the thing

itself has really a great share of that merit which it pretends to assume. There cannot indeed be a stronger ridicule than to give an air of importance to amusements, if they are in themselves contemptible and void of real taste; but if they are the object and care of the judicious and polite, and really deserve that distinction, the conduct of them is certainly of consequence, as that alone will determine the public approbation, and by that only their patrons can preside over them with dignity.

No. 172. THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1756.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

The impatience of the public to be farther instructed in the Royal Game of Happiness, has no doubt been very great, since your publication of my letter on that subject, the 11th of last month: for where the stake is so considerable, the desire of playing the game to the best advantage must needs be excessive; and where the cards are so numerous, (though the generality of players think them too few,) the address required must be almost infinite.

Had it not been for this truly entertaining game, Adam and Eve, with all their innocence, had passed their hours but dully even in paradise. Before the fall, they played the game in its original purity, and with the utmost skill; afterwards indeed they were guilty of many revokes and oversights, as were their immediate descendants, though they consumed an immense quantity of packs of cards. Methuselah spent more time at the game than any

man, but with what success is not absolutely certain. Tradition, with tolerable exactness, handed down the rules of play from father to son, to the death of Solomon, who in his younger years was a great lover of this game: it afterwards became various and uncertain, by the novelties and innovations that were every where introduced into it. In France one method of play has obtained; in England another; in Japan it is played very different from what it is in Peru.

From the corruption of this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS are derived all our modern games; and so fond are we of these inventions, that the true old game is almost imperceptibly forgotten. Happy is it therefore for the world and me, that neither the splendid honours of the bar, the reverend dignities of the church, the profound researches of physic, nor the aerial castle of politics, have diverted my attention from the more honourable and useful investigation of the long-lost rules of this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS.

When I considered that every science has its mystery, that chemistry has its philosopher's stone, geometry its quadrature of the circle, astronomy its longitude, mechanics its perpetual motion, and natural philosophy its gravitation, it soon occurred to me that social life must likewise have its occult mystery, which, like a key-stone in architecture, sustains and supports the whole edifice. When I considered the various and general principles of animated life, I plainly perceived that PLAY was the great pervading power, from the leviathan that sporteth in the waters, to the microscopic insect that wantons invisibly in the air. When I considered that the mighty fabric of the universe might only be a GREAT GAME played at by superior existences, I was led to think that it was agreeable to the most reve-

rential ideas of nature, to suppose that life was nothing else than PLAY. And when I likewise considered that the passion for gaming was universally predominant in mankind, that it was the natural remedy for all cares, and the only amusement of the irksome hours, I readily discovered that life was indeed nothing more than a certain term allotted to play at the ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS.

As the great secret of this GAME depends principally upon the playing well the court-cards, as soon as I shall have procured a patent for the sole and exclusive privilege of teaching, (which I make no doubt of obtaining, by the favour of some great men, my particular friends, who have more than once pulled off their hats to me; and one in particular, who was so graciously condescending as to ask me one day what o'clock it was,) I shall then take care to appoint under-teachers in every parish, to instruct the good people in the country in the best and properest manner of playing the seventh cards, which when they are thorough masters of, they will soon become perfect in playing the other cards.

Having in my former letter touched upon the general properties of the game, in compliance with my promise, I here subjoin the most necessary rules and directions for attaining a thorough knowledge of this ROYAL GAME.

RULES AND DIRECTIONS
FOR PLAYING AT THE
ROYAL GAME OF HAPPINESS.

When you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you played the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the same mistakes.

When you have well considered the card you are

about to play, play it with steadiness and composure; and be sure not to betray any suspicion of your own ignorance.

When you shuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent any suspicion of deceit.

If you have won a large share of the stake, by playing a particular card well, be cautious of venturing it all on any single card in the same deal, unless you play a forced game.

Whether you play a small or a great game, exert your best skill; and take care not to discover the badness of your hand by peevishness or fretting.

Observe the play of others, and draw consequences from it for the improvement of your own game.

If you play at court, remember to hold up your hand, and attend to the finesses of the place. If you play your cards well there, you may conclude yourself a tolerable master of the game.

When you are in the country, play frequently with your neighbours and tenants; they generally play better than finer folks, and will greatly improve you in the plain rules of the game.

Avoid the general error of this game, of fancying that every body plays better at it than yourself.

If you agree with a lady to go halves with her, the agreement once made, you are not at liberty afterwards to find fault with her game.

Whoever drops a card, loses it; and one card lost is of very bad consequence in the game.

When a card is once played, it can never be recalled.

Seldom play from your own hand; you win most by playing into the hands of other people.

Teach your children to play the game early, and be sure to put money in their card-purses: for if

they wait for it till your death, it may be too late to learn the game.

Good-humour is a more necessary requisite at this game than good sense; but where both are joined, success is almost certain.

The greatest proficients in all other games, are the most ignorant at this: the best players are those that practise most in their own families.

Kings and princes are generally strangers to the game, and their ministers want time to learn it.

Great dignitaries in the church, and most beneficed clergymen, are too indolent to play at it in public; and their curates are forced to be lookers-on, for want of a sufficient allowance to pay for their cards.

Poets and authors have sometimes struck a bold stroke in the game; but of all men living they are the most liable to mistakes; and it is generally observable that the whole table is against them.

Most new-married couples are successful at first setting out; but before the whole pack is played, they commonly lose all attention to the game.

It is remarkable that young people play better than old; for avarice is the bane of the game.

I should be tempted, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to continue these my rules and observations, if I did not find myself running into length; and as it is my intention to publish very shortly a volume upon the subject, I shall trouble you no more at this time, than to assure you that I am,

SIR,

Your most faithful

humble servant,

I. T.

No. 173. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1756.

IT was the advice of an old friend of mine, upon his death-bed, to his son, who had been guilty of some enormous offences which he wished to keep concealed, that he should take care how he offered himself as a candidate for a seat in parliament; for that an opposition would be like doom's day to him, when all his sins would be remembered and brought to light. This is generally the case at elections; the most secret actions of the candidates themselves are not only revealed, but the ashes of their ancestors are ransacked in the grave, to supply matter for scandal and defamation.

Common as this observation may be, it will enable us to account for all the malice and uncharitableness which we meet with in the world. We are all candidates for wealth, honour, or fame, and cannot bear that another should succeed in what ourselves have failed.

But why the spirit of defamation should be so frequently exerted against the dead, is a matter somewhat puzzling. Death, by putting an end to rivalship, should, one would think, put an end to all the animosities which arose from that rivalship; and the grave that buries the man, should bury also his failings. But, according to Shakspeare,

> *The* EVIL *that men do lives after them;*
> *The* GOOD *is oft' interred with their bones.*

It is indeed very hard, that death, which pays all other debts, should be able to make no composition with envy: yet so it is; and, excepting a late memorable instance, where the virtues of a great and

good man were too glaring in his life to be forgotten at his death, I have scarcely known it to be otherwise. The ladies indeed, whom I am always ambitious of honouring, have too much gentleness and good-humour to defame the dead, especially their dead husbands. After burying the very worst in the world, it is usual with them on a second marriage with the best, to put them daily in mind of the complying dispositions and other virtues of their *poor dear first husband.*

Happy is it that the works of men of wit, learning, and genius, have justice done them after their deaths; though I am apt to believe the merit we ascribe to them then has its foundation in ill-nature; as by admiring the productions of the dead, we are enabled, by the comparison, to condemn those of the living. We read the works of the former with a desire to find out beauties, and of the latter to discover faults. Our acquaintance with an author is another circumstance against him: we are too apt to connect the foibles of his life with what he writes; and if he has unfortunately wanted talents to shine in conversation, we are generally blind to the wit of his writings. The reasoning of an atheist in proof of a first cause, or of a libertine for morality, is sure to be laughed at by those who know them; and it is only when a man's writings can be separated from his life, that they will be read with candour and impartiality. It may be observed farther, that in a country like ours, where party is apt to influence every thing, a man that professes himself openly on one side of the question, will never be allowed the least degree of merit by those on the other. Of this the immortal Milton is a witness, whose attachments to Cromwell had thrown such a cloud over his abilities at the restoration, that the copy of the noblest poem in the world was

not only sold for a mere trifle, but many years elapsed before it was discovered to be a work worth reading. Even Addison, whose Spectators and other essays are deservedly the admiration of all who read them, and by comparison with which it is a kind of fashion to condemn all other writings of the same kind, gives us to understand in his Spectator, Nº 542, and elsewhere in that work, that he met with as many cavillers as any of his successors.

I have been led by these reflections seriously to consider what method an author ought to take, to secure to his writings the approbation of the public while he is still alive. It was the saying of Doctor Radcliff to a young physician, who asked him what he should do to get practice, 'Turn atheist, and make yourself talked of.' But though many a young physician may have availed himself of this advice, there are other practices that may succeed better with an author. Personal slander has always been esteemed a very excellent method, and so indeed has wantonness; but where both are happily blended in the same work, as one sometimes sees them in very modern performances, they seldom fail of drawing the attention of the public. I have known nastiness attended with very happy effects, inasmuch as it frequently supplies the want of wit, and is sure of exciting the laugh in the genteelest companies. That the ladies are not displeased at it, is easy to be accounted for; nastiness is a stranger to them, and therefore entitled to their respect.

But if an author unfortunately wants talents for this kind of writing, there is nothing left for him that I know of, but to die as fast as he can, that his works may survive him. But the disadvantage even in this case is, that common and natural deaths are but very little talked of; so that a man may give up

the ghost to no manner of purpose: it is therefore most earnestly to be recommended to all authors who are ambitious of sudden and lasting fame, that they set about some device to get themselves hanged. The sessions-paper is more universally read than any other of the papers, and the deaths it records are more authentic and interesting. A good dying-speech would be an excellent preface to an author's works, and make every body purchasers. An advertisement like the following could never fail of exciting curiosity:

'This day are published the political, moral, and entertaining works of Thomas Crambo, Esq; now under sentence of death in Newgate, for a rape and murder.'

Under these circumstances, indeed, an author may taste of fame before death, and take his leap from the cart, with this comfortable assurance; that he has embraced the only opportunity in his power of making a provision for his family.

If it should be asked why the having committed a rape or a murder should raise the curiosity of the public to peruse the author's works? the answer is, that people who do spirited things, are supposed to write in a spirited manner. It is for this reason that we are so fond of the histories of warriors and great men, who, though they have happened to escape the gallows, have done something every day to shew that they deserved it.

It is indeed as much to be wondered at as lamented, that while every author knows how essential it is both to his fame and the support of his family to get himself hanged, we do not see the words EXECUTED AT TYBURN, always subjoined to his name in the title-page of his works. I hope it is not that authors have less regard for their families than other men, that this is not usually the

case: for as to the love of life, we cannot suppose them to be possessed of it in an equal degree with other people; nor can they possibly be ignorant that the world will have a particular satisfaction in hearing that they have made so desirable an end.

As for myself, I am an old man, and have not spirit enough to engage in any of those enterprizes that would entitle my works to universal esteem. It was expected, indeed, that when I declared in my first paper against meddling with religion, I would avow myself an atheist in the second; but this is a discovery that I have not hitherto thought proper to make: nor have I, by any strokes of personal abuse, lewdness, or nastiness, endeavoured to introduce my papers into every family. And to confess the truth, I have at present no designs of committing any capital offence, being, as I said before, too old to ravish, and having too tender a disposition to commit a murder. I shall therefore content myself with going on in the old way, and leave my writings to shift for themselves, without deputing the Ordinary of Newgate to publish an account of the birth, parentage and education, the trial, confession, condemnation, and execution of the author, together with a catalogue of the works he has left behind him.

No. 174. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1756.

THE following letter has so genuine and natural an air, that I cannot doubt of its coming from a correspondent, who has experienced every circumstance he has described: I shall therefore lay it before my readers without the alteration of a single word.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

Among the variety of subjects with which you have entertained and instructed the public, I do not remember that you have any where touched upon the folly and madness of ambition; which for the benefit of those who are dissatisfied with their present situations, I beg leave to illustrate by giving the history of my own life.

I am the son of a younger brother of a good family, who at his decease left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a year. I was put early to Eton school, where I learnt Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the university, where I learnt —— not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profession, I removed myself to town, and lived for some time as most young gentlemen do, by spending four times my income. But it was my happiness, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whose fortune was just sufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to square my wishes to my circumstances. In this endeavour, I succeeded so well, that except a few private hankerings after a little more than I possessed, and now and then a sigh when a coach-and-six happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I can truly assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that though our family œconomy was not much to be boasted of, and in consequence of it, we were frequently driven to great streights and difficulties, I experienced more real satisfaction in this humble situation than I have ever done since in more en-

viable circumstances. We were sometimes indeed a little in debt, but when money came in, the pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than an equivalent for the pain it put us to: and though the narrowness of our circumstances subjected us to many cares and anxieties, it served to keep the body in action as well as the mind; for as our garden was somewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew health from our necessities.

I had a little boy, who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been spoilt by nursing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwise employed. His mother was naturally of a sickly constitution, but the affairs of her family as they engrossed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life which, to those who have nothing else to think of are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us than to persons in easier circumstances; for it is a certain truth, however your readers may please to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happiest situation, in the midst of ease, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself, losing the immediate enjoyment of those invaluable blessings, by the painful suggestion that they are too great for continuance.

These are the reflections that I have made since; for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a distant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happiest man living. My income was now increased to six hundred a year, and I hoped,

with a little œconomy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in less easy circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my thoughts, and soured all my enjoyments. The consciousness too of having such an estate to leave my boy, made me so anxious to preserve him, that instead of suffering him to run at pleasure where he pleased, and to grow hardy by exercise, I almost destroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, because we were in circumstances to have it kept by others; but as air and exercise were necessary for our healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some unnecessary articles, and to set up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expenses, which we had neither prudence to foresee, nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our visits, it greatly increased our acquaintance, and subjected us to the necessity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all those which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we possessed; insomuch that we found ourselves, in a very short time, more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unsuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell, the best part of my estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it adviseable to remove of a sudden, to sell our coach in town, and to look out for a new situation, at a great distance from our acquaintance.

But unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expense along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute want, when by the unex-

pected death of an uncle and his two sons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I succeeded to an estate of seven thousand pounds a year.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man; and so indeed I was. I set about the regulation of my family with the most pleasing satisfaction. The splendor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of servants that attended me, the elegance of my house and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible delight, so long as they were novelties: but no sooner were they become habitual to me, than I lost all manner of relish for them; and I discovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wish for, I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by satiety, a perpetual crowd of visitors robbed me of all domestic enjoyment, my servants plagued me, and my steward cheated me.

But the curse of greatness did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than myself. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous opposer of all ministerial measures; and as his estate was the largest of any gentleman's in the country, he supported an interest in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myself on that side; but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; insomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every thing I have undertaken. To desert the cause I have embarked in would disgrace me, and to go greater lengths in it will almost undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual state of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am cursed

by my tenants and dependents for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their conscience.

My wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the thought of being useful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and industrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourselves; and the agents we intrust are either pocketing our bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At night, when we retire to rest, we are venting our complaints on the miseries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace which was only the companion of our humblest situation.

This, sir, is my history; and if you give it a place in your paper, it may serve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, sickness, and absolute want are out of the question, no external change of circumstances can make a man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth, that the universal dissatisfaction of mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the lot of life; and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

The only satisfaction I can enjoy in my present situation is, that it has not pleased heaven in its wrath to make me a king.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

and most humble servant,

A. B.

No. 175. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1756.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

YOU must have frequently observed upon the face of that useful piece of machinery, a clock, the minute and hour hands, in their revolution through the twelve divisions of the day, to be not only shifting continually from one figure to another, but to stand at times in a quite opposite direction to their former bearings, and to each other. Now I conceive this to be pretty much the case with that complicated piece of MECHANISM, a modern female, or young woman of fashion; for as such I was accustomed to consider that part of the species, as having no power to determine their own motions and appearances, but as acted upon by the mode, and *set* to any point, which the party who took the lead, or (to speak more properly) its REGULATOR, pleased. But it has so happened in the circumrotation of modes and fashions, that the present set are not only moving on continually from one pretty fancy and conceit to another, but have departed quite aside from their former principles; dividing from each other in a circumstance wherein they were always accustomed to unite, and uniting where there was ever wont to be a distinction or difference.

I do not know whether I make myself sufficiently understood; but you will easily comprehend my drift, when I tell you that the prevailing mode, in respect of dress, is at present to have no mode at all. There is now no such thing as an *uniform* among the ladies, no dutiful conformity to the pattern or standard, as heretofore; but the mode is

laid open, and there appears the same spirit against a *conclusive fashion*, as against an *exclusive trade*. The pride now is to get as far away as possible, not only from the vulgar, but from one another, and that too as well in the first principles of dress, as in its subordinate decorations: so that this fluctuating humour is perpetually shewing itself in some new and particular sort of cap, flounce, knot, or tippet; and every woman that you meet, affects independency, and to set up for herself.

Now, as I profess myself to be a stickler for liberty, and against all invidious limitations, as well as a lover of variety, and an encourager of invention, I am therefore not displeased with these fair independents for this notable attempt of theirs to vindicate the honour and freedom of their own fancies and judgments upon this occasion. But as they have wandered away from each other in the several articles of dress, so have they united altogether as happily in a point which cannot fail of recommending itself to such as have a critical ear, and are apt to be offended with any disagreement of sounds, namely, in VOICE and ELOCUTION, in which they maintain a surprizing uniformity. A friend of mine, whose ear (as you will perceive from what I am going to relate of him) is not turned for our modern oratory, was introducing the other day some uncourtly observations upon this head, which I shall take the freedom to set down at full length.

'The beauty and power of speech,' says he, 'was wont to be the result of clearness and perspicuity, of a distinct and harmonious elocution, of a just and proper cadence, together with a natural and easy diversity of manner and phrase, growing out of the subject, and congenial with it. Conversation is never so pleasing as when it is composed of a well-ordered variety of persons and characters,

tempering and recommending each other; where the forward and importunate are qualified and restrained by the diffident and the modest; the bold and peremptory by the more supple and complaisant; where the spirited with the meek, the lively with the sedate, make a happy mixture; and all together go into the composition of an agreeable society. Whereas the conversation of the female world (continues my friend) is at present all out of the same piece: all distinctions are taken away, and the several ranks and orders among them laid into one. There is one line of sentiment, air, manner, tone, and phrase running through the whole, and no discerning, for a few seconds, a young woman, with six or eight hundred pounds to her fortune, from a duchess, especially if she happens to have been allowed to keep company with her betters. I know several of these humble companions, who with no less impropriety than impotence, are ever straining themselves and their throats in company, to get upon a level with their quality friends; and at all other times you shall see them affecting to speak (as the Latins well express it) *ore rotundo*, full and sonorous, round and peremptory, with a very decisive emphasis, as if there could lie no appeal from their sentence; taking a larger scope for utterance, by opening their mouths to a disproportionate width; insomuch that I have looked upon myself, while in their company, as sitting in the midst of half a score hautboys, a sort of music, that, when attempted by unskilful hands, has something in it mightily overbearing, though they tell me, when exercised by such as are qualified for it, and mixed with other instruments, it will answer very well. Such is the pomp of utterance of our present women of fashion; which, though it may

tend to spoil many a pretty mouth, can never recommend an indifferent one. And hence it is that there is so great a scarcity of originals, and that the ear is such a daily sufferer from an identity of phrase, whether it be *vastly*, *horridly*, *abominably*, *immensely*, or *excessively*, which, with three or four more calculated for the same Swiss-like service, make up the whole scale or gamut of modern female conversation.

'There are many causes assigned (continues he) why so many of the males live single, and it has been principally ascribed to the cheap and easy opportunities of gratification which fall in their way. Now this may in a great measure be true; but our fine ladies forget, that while they are daily making some new revelation of their persons, and are so studious to furnish out a variety of entertainment to the eye, they have neglected to make a suitable provision for the ear; and that, should love chance to straggle in at the former, he may yet find his way out at the latter. And I have frequently remarked, that when a female of this turn, with her sails and streamers out, has begun to *bear down*, in hopes of a prize, the object of the chace has frequently sheered off, and left her to complain of her ill-success to those much fitter companions, the winds and waves.

'Now the members of this class are the most considerable in point of numbers; but when upon my retiring from some of these, and betaking myself to a distant and more peaceable quarter of the room, I have fallen in with others, whose conversation has been of a more moderate cast, and more under the wind, yet I have still observed the same monotony to prevail, the same conformity of manner and phrase, and that their pipes were all tuned to the same quality note. For, as in the for-

mer instance, the generality of those in high life are ever raising their voices to a proportionable elevation above the ordinary level, and distinguishing themselves by a round and sonorous elocution; so there are others of the same class, who seeing nature has not furnished them with an adequate strength of lungs, or with organs framed for a more bold and voluble utterance, have therefore a good deal of what Tully calls the *concisum ac minutum*, a laconic, mincing kind of speech, extremely quick and peremptory, equally emphatical and decisive, and generally enforced with a short dictatorial bridle and nod of the head, as an incontestible ratification of what they are pleased to affirm or deny. And these, as well as the above-mentioned, have multitudes of inferior admirers, and copyists in their train, pressing close behind, and treading upon their heels.

'It is true, I am an enemy, for the most part, to that reigning practice of making the person, who last left the company, a subject for general canvas by those that remain: yet whenever any of these non-originals (whom we cannot so properly pronounce to be *full of themselves* as *full of other people*) shall have taken her leave, and got the door upon her back, the company, in my opinion, should have free scope and licence to go into an immediate inquiry who she is, what fortune she has, what her education has been, whether handsome, tolerable, or, &c. and so on through the usual course of particulars. In short'—

My friend was going on in the same strain, when I interposed, and began to expostulate with him upon some of the above particulars. 'Nay, nay,' says he, 'do not think me partial neither; I may perhaps give them their revenge upon our sex at some future opportunity;' and so left me.

Upon the whole, I very much suspect (as I said before) that my friend's ear is none of the best; but at the same time I must do him the justice to observe, that I myself am at times somewhat deaf, and that he is generally allowed to be a very sensible well-judging man.

I am,

Mr. Fitz-Adam, *&c.*

My honest correspondent appears to be in some pain, lest the freedom and simplicity of his friend's argument may not happen to square with that delicacy and complaisance which have been hitherto maintained by the WORLD towards the beautiful part of our species: but however that be, I must confess that I have fallen of late myself into somewhat of the same train of thinking.

It is certain, there is a distinction and subordination of *style*, as well as of *rank*, and a gradation to be preserved in point of *phraseology*, as well as of *precedency*. Any encroachment in the one case being altogether as unseemly as in the other. An affectation of *talking* above our level, is as bad as *dressing* above it; and that which is current within the precinct of St. James's, will hardly pass any where else. Here the originals are to be found; all the rest are counterfeits, and are easily discovered. Nay, though people of quality have the unquestionable privilege of breaking the peace, and violating the laws of grace and harmony, there ought nevertheless to be a due proportion observed even among these. Thus a duchess may be twice as loud and overbearing as a countess; a countess as a simple baroness, and so downward: but such a pompousness of elocution, phrase, and manner (as my correspondent's acquaintance seems to point at) such *great swelling words*, must, one would think, sit as

ill upon one of a moderate face, rank, or fortune, as a great swelling hoop is found to do upon another not five foot high.

No. 176. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1756.

GOING to visit an old friend at his country seat last week, I found him at backgammon with the vicar of the parish. My friend received me with the heartiest welcome, and introduced the doctor to my acquaintance. This gentleman, who seemed to be about fifty, and of a florid and healthy constitution, surveyed me all over with great attention, and after a slight nod of the head, sat himself down without opening his mouth. I was a little hurt at the supercilious behaviour of this divine, which my friend observing, told me very pleasantly, that I was rather too old to be entitled to the doctor's complaisance; for that he seldom bestowed it but upon the young and vigorous: but, says he, you will know him better soon, and may probably think it worth your while to *book* him in the WORLD; for you will find him altogether as odd a character as he is a worthy one. The doctor made no reply to this raillery, but continued some time with his eyes fixed upon me, and at last, shaking his head, and turning to my friend, asked if he would play out the other hit? My friend excused himself from engaging any more that evening, and ordered a bottle of wine, with pipes and tobacco, to be set on the table. The vicar filled his pipe, and drank very cordially to my friend, still eyeing me with a seeming dislike, and neither drinking my health, nor speaking a single word to me. As I have long

accustomed myself to drink nothing but water, I called for a bottle of it, and drank glass for glass with them; which upon the doctor's observing, he shook his head at my friend, and in a whisper, loud enough for me to hear, said, 'Poor man, it is all over with him, I see.' My friend smiled, and answered in the same audible whisper, 'No, no, doctor, Mr. Fitz-Adam intends to live as long as either of us.' He then addressed himself to me on the occurrences of the town, and drew me into a very cheerful conversation, which lasted till I withdrew to rest; at which time the doctor rose from his chair, drank a bumper to my health, and giving me a hearty shake by the hand, told me I was a very jolly old gentleman, and that he wished to be better acquainted with me during my stay in the country.

I rose early in the morning, and found the doctor in the breakfast room. He saluted me with great civility, and told me he had left his bed and home sooner than usual, to have the pleasure of taking a walk with me. 'Your friend,' says he, 'is but lately recovered from an attack of the gout, and will hardly be stirring till we have gone over his improvements.' I accepted of the proposal, and we walked through a very elegant garden into the most beautiful fields that can be imagined; which as I stopped to admire, the doctor began thus: 'These are indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, very delightful grounds; and I wish with all my heart, that the owner of them was less troubled with the gout, that I might hold him in more respect——' Respect! doctor,' said I, interrupting him, 'does a painful distemper, acquired by no act of intemperance, lessen your respect?' 'It does, indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and I wish, in this instance, I could help it; for I am under many obligations to your friend. There is another very worthy gentleman in the neighbour-

hood, who presented me to this vicarage; but he has the misfortune to labour under an inveterate scurvy, which, by subjecting him to continual head-achs, must of course shorten his days; and so I never go near him.'

I was going to interrupt the doctor again, when a coach-and-six drove by us along the road, and in it a gentleman, who let down the glass, and made the doctor a very respectful bow; which instead of returning, he passed by him with a stately air, and took no notice of him. This instance of his behaviour, together with the conversation that had passed between us, raised my curiosity to a very high degree, and set me upon asking who the gentleman was. 'Sir,' says he, 'that unfortunate object is a man of eight thousand a year estate; and from that consideration he expects the return of a bow from every man he meets. But I, who know him, know also that he is dying of an asthma; and as (blessed be God for it!) I am in perfect health, I do not chuse to put myself on a level with such a person. Health, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is the only valuable thing on earth; and while I am in possession of that, I look upon myself as a much greater man than he. With all his fortune, he would rejoice to be the poor vicar of ***, with my constitution. I pull off my hat to no such persons. Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, he has not many months to live.'

I made no reply to this conversation of the vicar, and he went on thus: 'You are an old man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and I believe were a little fatigued with your journey last night, which I mistook for infirm health, and therefore was wanting in the civilities that I should otherwise have shewn you; but your conversation afterwards proved you to be a very hearty man, and I saw you resolved to continue so by your temperance; for which I honour

you, and, as I told you then, shall be glad of your acquaintance. It is true you are an old man, and therefore my inferior; but you are healthy and temperate, and not beneath the notice of much younger men.'

In this manner we walked on, till we came to a hedge, where some labouring men were repairing the fences. My companion accosted them with the utmost complaisance and good-nature. 'Ay,' says he, turning to me, 'these are men worth mixing with. You see their riches in their looks. Have you any of your lords in town, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that have such possessions? I know none of these lords,' says he, 'myself, but I am told they are so sickly and diseased, that a man in health would scorn to pull off his hat to them.' He then entered into a familiar conversation with the men, and after throwing them sixpence to drink, passed on.

There now overtook us in the lane a company of sportsmen setting out for the chace. Most of them saluted the doctor as he passed. But he took no notice of any of them but one, whom he shook hands with over the hedge, and told him he intended taking a dinner with him the next day. 'That gentleman,' says he, 'is worth as much health as any man in England; he hunts only by way of exercise, and never takes a leap where there is the least danger. But as for the rest they are flying over every hedge and gate in their way, and if they escape broken necks in the morning, they are destroying themselves more effectually by intemperance in the evening. No, no, Mr. Fitz-Adam, these are no companions for me; I hope, with the blessing of Heaven, to outlive a score of them.'

We came soon after to a little neat house upon the road, where the doctor told me lived a very

agreeable widow lady, to whom he had formerly paid his addresses. 'She had at that time,' says he, 'as large a fortune of health as any woman in the county; but she has since mortgaged it to the apothecary for slops, and I have taken my leave of her. She was determined to be a widow, and so married an officer, who had his head knocked off at Fontenoy. Those are a sort of men that I make no acquaintance with; they hold their lives on too precarious a tenure.' 'But they are useful members of society,' said I, 'and command our esteem.' 'That may be, sir', returned the doctor, 'and so are miners in our coal-pits, who are every hour in danger of being buried alive. But there is a subordination of degree, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which ought strictly to be observed; and a man in ill health, or of a dangerous profession, should not think himself on a level with people of sound constitutions, and less hazardous employments.'

'I was determined to interrupt the doctor no more; and he went on thus: 'Mr. Fitz-Adam, you may possibly think me an odd kind of a man; but I am no enemy to people of bad constitutions, nor ever withhold my bounty from them, when their necessities demand it; but though I am doing them all the services in my power, I cannot consent to lower myself so far as to make them my companions. It is more in the power of the physician to confer rank than the king; for the gifts of fortune are nothing; health is the only riches that a man ought to set a value on; and without it, all men are poor, let their estates be what they will. If I differ from the common opinion in this particular, I do also in another. The tradesman or mechanic, who has acquired an estate by his industry, is seldom reckoned a gentleman; but it was always my sentiment, that a man who makes his own constitution,

has more merit in him than he that was born with it: the one is the work of chance, the other of design: and it is for this reason that I am seen so often with your friend: for though the gout is generally an impoverishing distemper, yet temperance and regularity may in time subdue it: whereas the gentleman who drove by us with his six horses, has an incurable asthma, which renders him, with his large estate, as poor as the beggar who is dying under a hedge. The more you think of these things, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the more you will be of my opinion. A poor man in health, is a companion for a king; but a lord without it is a poor man indeed; and why should he expect the homage of other people, when the very meanest of his domestics would refuse to change places with him?'

My companion was stopped short in his harangue by our arrival at my friend's house. We found him in good health and spirits, which greatly heightened the vicar's complaisance; and as I took care to conceal from him the complaints and infirmities of old age, I passed a very agreeable week, and was so much in his good graces, that at my departure he presented me with some Turlington's balsam, and a paper of Dr. James's powder. 'There,' says he, 'they may rob you of your money, if they please; but for bruises and fevers, you may set them at defiance.'

On my return home, I made many serious reflections on this whimsical character; and in the end, could not help wishing, that, under certain limitations, the sentiments of the vicar were a little more in fashion. Health is certainly the riches of life; and if men were to derive their rank from that alone, it would in all probability make them more careful to preserve it. Society might be benefited by it in another respect, as it would tend to keep complain-

ing people at home, who are the perpetual disturbers of all companies abroad.

No. 177. THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1756.

THE two following letters are so whimsically contrasted, and the young people who are the subjects of them so particularly adapted to each other, that though I have never professed myself an advocate for the trade of match-making, I cannot help wishing that by means of this paper they may grow acquainted with each other. It is for this reason that I have taken the very first opportunity of publishing the letters of their parents.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As you have undertaken the social office of redressing grievances, I shall lay one before you, which I am sure must have often occurred to you, though I do not remember that you have hitherto animadverted upon it. The grievance I am speaking of has so fatal a tendency, that wit, parts, learning, education, knowledge, reading, and travel, are rendered utterly useless by it, and by which the most illiterate dunce, who has never been at school, nor opened a book besides the Fairy Tales, provided his outside be properly ornamented, is exactly upon a level with the most accomplished gentleman. This grievance, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is no other than the pernicious custom of card-playing, which has of late so universally prevailed in all private families, as well as public assemblies.

I am not considering this custom in its necessary

consequences of destroying fortunes and constitutions, ruffling tempers, promoting quarrels, and occasioning almost infinite distresses and disquietudes; for if taken singly in this point of view, it is only hurtful to those who are the promoters of it, and is of little or no consequence to the rest of mankind, who are not sharers in the evil.

I must inform you, sir, that I am the father of an only son, to whom (as I have a large estate to leave him) I have given the most perfect education that this country can afford: and it is the highest satisfaction to me that none of my care has been thrown away upon him. When he had finished his studies at the university, and perfected himself in town in all the necessary accomplishments of a young man of fashion, I sent him, under the direction of a very excellent tutor, on his travels through France, Italy, and Germany; from which, after an absence of four years, he returned last winter, improved beyond my utmost hopes.

But, alas, sir! when I expected to see him the admiration of all companies, and to have been every where congratulated on the happiness of having such a son, I found, from the universal attention to cards, that his acquirements were totally unnoticed, and that all the cost and trouble I had been at in his education, answered no other purpose than to make him company for himself, and a few unfashionable friends who have no commerce with the world.

If this insatiable passion continues, it were as well if our public schools and universities were abolished, and that travel and all other means of acquiring knowledge and refinement were at once prohibited; and in their places, other seminaries erected in this metropolis, and proper masters appointed, to instruct our children in the rudiments

of Brag, Cribbage, and Lansquenet, till they were of a proper age to study Whist, and the other games of skill, at the academy of Mr. Hoyle. By such a method our children would be trained up to make a figure in the world, and their parents saved the trouble and expence of a useless education.

I wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you would give us your thoughts upon this matter, which will certainly be agreeable to the serious part of your readers, and a great obligation to,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

C. Y.

P. S. Since my writing the above, I have been looking over the first volume of the WORLD, and am sorry to find Mr. Fitz-Adam himself so very fashionable a man, as to countenance and recommend with his pen the grievance I have been complaining of. In number VII. of your papers, you are pleased to express yourself in the following words: 'I look upon CARDS as an innocent and useful amusement, calculated to interrupt the formal conversations and private cabals of large companies, and to give a man something to do, who has nothing to say.' If I had been your adviser, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the passage should have stood thus: 'I look upon CARDS as a senseless and pernicious amusement, calculated to interrupt the improving conversations and enlivening sallies of all companies, and to level men of genius and understanding with fools and coxcombs.' This is really the truth of the matter: and if you consider it as you ought, you will, I hope, retract your opinion as publicly as you have given it.

Your's, &c.

The other letter is from a mother, complaining of the untoward disposition of an only daughter.

SIR,

I am a widow of five-and-thirty, with a handsome jointure, and have refused many good offers for the sake of an only child, whom I have endeavoured to bring up in the most fashionable manner I was able. She will have twelve thousand pounds to her fortune when she comes of age, and I have supported her at my own expence, that the interest of her portion may be added to the principal. I assure you, sir, that I am not like other mothers of my youth and complexion, who, in order to appear younger than they really are, confine their grown-up daughters at home, for fear of being rivalled by them in public assemblies. I thank Heaven, I have no need of such arts: for as often as I go abroad with mine, I am taken for her sister; and I have the pleasure of observing, that I have more civil things said to me by the men, than my daughter can ever hope for. Not that the girl is either ugly or aukward; she is as tall too as her mother, and has been of a marriageable age this year or two, being complete fifteen the 12th of last March; but as a colonel in the guards was pleased to tell me a few nights ago at Ranelagh, I have a certain air and manner, that my daughter must quite despair of imitating.

I mention these trifles, sir, to convince you that I have not the motive of other mothers for locking up my daughter whenever I go abroad; on the contrary, I have carried her, at times, to all the polite assemblies in town: but alas, sir! I cannot make her company for people of fashion. She will neither play at cards with them, nor enter into the spirit of their conversation. She even pretends to

blush at (what she calls) the liberties I allow the men to take with me. She would not toast a sentiment for the world; and for those delicate double entendres, that so enliven all private companies, I cannot for the life of me teach her to understand them. To be sure the girl has not so white a skin as her mother, nor can she value herself upon that beautiful fall of shoulders, and elegance of neck, for which (I may say it without vanity) I was always admired. But then, Mr. Fitz-Adam, those parts of her person are not absolutely odious; though by pinning her handkerchief constantly under her chin, she would make every body believe so.

I have taken immense pains in her education to fit her for the world; but it is my misfortune to see, that from an unaccountable perverseness of mind, she had rather shut herself up in her closet, poring upon the Spectators (which to my knowledge she has read twenty times over) than sit down to a card-table with the first company in England. And yet the girl does not want understanding neither; nay, her uncle in the country, who is a clergyman and an archdeacon, will have it that she is the most accomplished young lady this day in England. But what can a country parson know of accomplishments? We who live in the polite circle, are certainly the best judges of those matters. She plays well upon the music indeed, and has an immense pretty voice; but the misfortune is, that when she should be dressing for a rout, she is either practising a lesson, or singing a song; so that I must be forced to go without her, or stay till the card-tables are all full. A fig for her accomplishments! I am sure they have almost broken my heart; and I verily believe I shall be tempted to marry again, that I may have other children of more towardly dispositions. It was but last Sunday, after spend-

ing the evening at cards, at the politest assembly in town (where I would gladly have taken her) that at my return home, I found her in her dressing-room, reading a sermon to her maid. I am by no means against sermons, Mr. Fitz-Adam; they do well enough at church; and when they are enlivened by good company, I can endure them as well as any body; but the morning is the time for those sort of things, and they ought never to interfere with more agreeable amusements.

The girl has another whim too. You must know she is naturally of a pale complexion; and for all that I can say or do, I cannot prevail upon her to lay on a little red, even though she sees every day how becoming it is to Me, who do not need it so much: so that she goes into company like a mere ghost; but of what sex, if it were not for her petticoats, would be hard to determine; for she is absolutely covered from head to foot. She had the sauciness to tell me the other day, that I wanted her to dress and look like a woman of the town. I would have you dress and look like a woman of the world, Miss, says I; but to your shame be it spoken, there are women of the town who are capable of improving you. One may look like a woman of the town, though one would scorn to act like one.

In this manner, Mr. Fitz-Adam, she talks and behaves. I have threatened her often to expose her in the WORLD: but my immense tenderness for her has prevailed over my resentment: and to confess the truth, I had no other intention when I drew up this letter, than only to read it to her, and frighten her out of her follies; but her behaviour upon the occasion determined me to send it, and to desire your publication of it. 'Lord, mamma,' said she, 'Mr. Fitz-Adam will think you ridiculing Yourself

and complimenting Me: for if I am really this kind of girl, I shall be quite in love with myself. Pray, madam, give me the letter, and I'll carry it to Mr. Dodsley's with my own hands.' 'No, miss,' says I, 'a servant will be more punctual, I believe: and since you are so in love with your own character, it shall go this minute.'

Favour me so far, sir, as to give it a place in your next Thursday's paper; and if you will tell her of her absurdity, and how ill suited her behaviour is both to her education and her fortune, you will immediately oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

M. C.

No. 178. THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1756.

Not long since, I met at St. James's coffee-house an old acquaintance of mine, sir Harry Prigg; who having been long rusticated, and much altered, I should never have recollected, had it not been for the information of a fine old coat, in which I remembered him to have made a figure about town many years ago. After the usual civilities had passed between us, amongst many other questions, he asked me when I had seen our old school-fellow, sir John Jolly*? I answered, that I had last summer spent some days with him at his country seat, in a manner which would have been highly agreeable to a person of a more fashionable turn, but was to me rather fatiguing from its excess of gaiety and hospitality, which, according to my unpolite taste, were by no means consistent with the soft and serious

* See Number 153.

pleasures of a rural retirement. He said, he perfectly agreed with me in my sentiments, and passed his time in the country in conformity to them: his manner of life, he was sure, would exactly suit me, and obligingly begged I would make the experiment, adding, that he should go down in a few days, and would carry me with him in his chariot. I accepted his invitation, not so much out of inclination, as curiosity to see a new scene of country life, formed on principles so opposite to what I had before experienced, and promised to attend him at the time appointed.

But first it will be proper to give some account of the birth, parentage, and education of my friend. He came young to his title and a small estate, and was soon after sent to the university; where his title absurdly giving him the rank of nobility, and his estate, though small, an allowance sufficient to support that rank at that place, he there contracted an affectation of grandeur, and a pert kind of self-importance, which he has ever since retained, and which neither poverty nor solitude has been yet able to conquer. Having in two or three years acquired the usual advantages of that sort of education, such as the arts of sporting, toasting, billiards, and coachmanship, he came to London, entered into the gay world, and had address and qualifications sufficient to introduce himself into what he still calls the best company; that is, the company of smarts, bucks, jockeys, and gamesters. Nor was he deficient in point of gallantry; for he soon commenced an intrigue with the sister of one of these his friends. Whether his intentions were at first honourable, is not perfectly clear; but he was quickly obliged to declare them so, being acquainted, that a lady of her rank was not to be trifled with, and that he must either fight or marry; the latter

of which he courageously chose, as being the most daring action of the two. This lady had more gentility than beauty, more beauty than understanding, more understanding than fortune, and a fortune about equal to her reputation. She was tall and well-shaped, carried her head very high, and being the younger daughter of the younger son of the first cousin of an Irish baron, looked upon herself as a woman of quality. In a little time sir Harry heartily hated her for compelling him to marry; and she no less despised him for being compelled; so that finding little happiness at home, they were obliged to seek it abroad at plays and routs, operas and gaming-tables, at no small expence. This could not continue long; so that before one winter was at an end, they discovered that the town-air would not agree with them, and so retired to their country-seat, about forty miles from London; whither I shall now conduct my reader.

On the morning appointed, I attended early at their lodgings in town, where I found the post-chariot at the door, and my friend standing by it, with a long whip in his hand, ready to mount the box; saying at the same time, that coachmen were such insolent and expensive rascals, there was no keeping them, and that therefore he always chose to be his own. In the parlour sat my lady, and colonel Macshean, a gentleman who had long been very intimate with sir Harry, and not less so with her ladyship; and in the passage stood her Frenchwoman, in a sack and long ruffles, with her arms full of band-boxes and bundles; which were no sooner disposed of in various parts of the chariot, than my lady and myself, with her woman on a low stool at our feet, were stuffed into the little room that was left. Sir Harry mounted the box, his valet de chambre rode by, and a snivelling foot-

boy climbed up behind. Thus the whole family, with their baggage, and myself into the bargain, were conveyed without the expence of either a stage coach or a waggon.

Nothing passed during our journey worth relating. Her ladyship spoke little, and that little was only complaints of her bad nerves, and ill state of health; to which, having no expectation of a fee, I paid little attention. They both declared that nobody but a carrier could dine at an inn, therefore they never stopped on the road: so with the assistance of a fresh pair of horses, that had come twenty miles that morning without a bait, about sun-set we arrived at our journey's end. The colonel got there before us, having rode post: for sir Harry frequently declared to us both, that, though his friends were welcome, he never entertained their horses; that it was not the fashion of that country: neither my lord **, nor the duke of ***, nor himself, did it.

It was not long before the dinner made its appearance; which was so very genteel, that had it not been rendered uneatable by a bad affectation of French cookery, it would not have been half sufficient, after so many miles travelling, and so long fasting. At the conclusion we had mead, which passed for tokay, and elder wine, which sir Harry swore was the best burgundy in England, and that he himself had imported it, in conjunction with a noble lord in the neighbourhood. Over a glass of this, the cloth being removed, he informed us, 'that when the smoke of London, and the bad hours incident to keeping good company, would no longer agree with his own or his wife's constitution, he had determined to seek health and quiet in an elegant retirement. He had been offered indeed a seat in parliament, and a considerable employment; but his

crazy constitution would not permit him to accept of the one, nor his sound principles of the other. Retirement was their object; therefore all they dreaded was the horrible irruptions of a country neighbourhood; but this they had happily prevented. That indeed on their first coming, every family within ten miles round, tormented them with their impertinent visits; but they returned none, affronted them all, and so got rid of them. 'Don't you think we did right, my dear?' turning to his wife. 'I think answered she, in a surly and dejected voice, that it is better to forget the use of one's tongue, than to converse with squires' wives and parsons' daughters.' 'You are right, madam,' added the colonel, with an oath and a loud laugh; 'for what can one learn in such damned company?' 'To-morrow,' says my friend, addressing himself to me, 'you shall see that we want no company, and that we can sufficiently amuse ourselves with building and planting, with improvements and alterations, which I dare say will be honoured with your approbation.'

Accordingly the next morning, as soon as breakfast was finished, my lady and the colonel retired into her dressing-room to cribbage, and sir Harry and myself to reconnoitre the place. The house stands at the end of a dirty village, and close by it are a few tame deer, impounded in an orchard, to which he gives the pompous title of a park. Behind is a fen, which he calls a piece of water, and before it a goose-common, on which he bestows the name of a lawn. It was built in that deplorable æra of English architecture, which introduced high doors, long windows, small rooms, and corner chimnies; aud of gardening, which projected gravel walks, clipt yews, and strait lined avenues, with a profusion of brick walls, iron pallisado's, and leaden

images. But all these defects, and many others, he has now corrected by a judicious application of modern taste. His doors are so reduced, you cannot enter with your hat on; and his windows so contracted, that you have scarce light enough to find it, if you pull it off. In the midst of the front, one large bow-window is stuck on, resembling a piece of whited-brown paper plaistered on a broken nose; and a great room is added behind to dine in, which, was it ever inhabited, would make all the little ones appear still less: but having never yet been finished, for want both of cash and credit, it remains at present only a repository of broken china, a pair of back-gammon tables, and the children's play-things. His brick walls are converted into chimnies and ovens, and his yew-trees supply them with faggots: his iron-work is sold to the blacksmiths, and his heathen gods to the plumber, for the pious use of covering the parish church: his gravel walks are sown with grass; and he frequently repeats that frugal, yet genteel maxim, that sheep are the best gardeners. His horsepond being made serpentine, is become useless, lest it should be trod up; and his fences, being all Chinese, are no fences at all: the horses leaping over, and the hogs walking under them at their pleasure. The transplanted avenue is expiring in leafless platoons; the kitchen-garden, for conveniency, is removed two furlongs fr m the house; and the kitchen itself unjustly turned out of doors, for smelling of victuals; a crime of which it has ever been acquitted by the voice of the whole country.

When our survey was finished, our amusements were all at an end; for within doors the pleasures both of society and solitude were equally wanting. Of our conversation I have given a specimen; and books there were none, except a small one contain-

ing tunes for the French-horn, belonging to sir Harry; and the third volume of Peregrine Pickle, and a methodist prayer-book, the property of her ladyship. I began now to wish for a little of my friend sir John's hospitality, of which there was not here the least appearance. We heard not of a human creature, except by their injuries and insults, not altogether indeed unprovoked; for the pantry and the cellar, though usually empty, were always locked. Strong-beer there was none; and the small, though nobody at home could drink it, was not suffered to be given away. The servants were always out of humour, and frequently changing; and the tradesmen who brought their bills, were paid only by a wrangle, or a draft on some tenant who owed no rent. There was not a neighbour very near except the parson of the parish, and alderman Grub, a rich citizen, who had purchased a considerable part of it from sir Harry. With these they lived in a state of perpetual hostilities: they quarrelled with the alderman for presuming to buy an estate which they wanted to sell; and the parson quarrelled with them, because he was in possession of the only living in the gift of sir Harry, and the alderman had a much better to dispose of. By the encouragement of these good neighbours, and their own ill-conduct, consisting of a strange mixture of insolence and avarice, of meanness and magnificence, they were despised, persecuted, and affronted by all around them. Their pigs were worried, their poultry murdered, their dogs poisoned, their game destroyed, their hedges broke, and their hay-stacks set on fire. They were hissed and hooted at; and now-and-then a great pair of horns were fixed on their gates; an insult at which they were highly enraged, but the meaning of which neither sir Harry

nor my lady, not even with the assistance of the colonel, could ever guess at.

I soon grew weary of this land of contention and uneasiness; and having recourse to the old excuse of urgent business, I took my leave, and went post to town; reflecting all the way with surprize on the ingenuity of mankind, to render themselves at once miserable and ridiculous: and lamenting that the happiness and innocence of rural life are now scarce any where to be found, but in pastorals and romances.

No. 179. THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1756.

I AM never better pleased than when I can oblige a group of correspondents at once. This I am enabled to do in my paper of to-day.

To MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

The expediency of people's putting up bills at their doors, who have houses or lodgings to let, is so very apparent, that as often as I walk the streets of this metropolis, I wonder that the same practice has not prevailed in other instances, and that we do not see it written at every door, as often as there is occasion, Wanted a coachman, butler, cook, chambermaid, &c. By such a method the expence of public advertisements would be saved, and everybody accommodated in the most expeditious manner.

But I would by no means confine these bills to lodgers and servants; there are other wants which

are at least equally pressing, and which it might be proper to signify in the same manner. Thus for instance, at the door of an attorney or solicitor, it would not be amiss if we were to read in large letters, *Wanted Honesty*. At the door of a new beneficed parson, *Wanted Humility*. At the garret window of a poet or author, *Wanted a Dinner*. At the door of a man of quality, *Wanted Credit*. At the door of a patriot, *Wanted a Place*. At the door of a bishop, *Wanted a House at Lambeth*. And at the doors of all great men, *Wanted Sincerity*.

By this method the wants of all mankind would be known, and in all probability be relieved more expeditiously than by any other means.

If you give this proposal a place in your paper, you will oblige the public in general, and in particular,

SIR,
Your most humble servant,
C. L.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

The following advertisement has lately fallen into my hands: and I believe, with a few of your observations upon it, it might furnish some entertainment for the public, as you have already made some very just remarks upon servants, in your paper of the first of January last.

I am, Sir, *&c.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

'The grooms of the chambers, butlers, and other servants of persons of quality, concerned in card money, are desired to meet at the society's quarterly meeting place, St. James's, on Friday the 12th of this instant March, at nine in the morning, to take under consideration the further duty said to be intended to be laid on cards.

'*Note*, It is desired, that no gentleman, &c. belonging to noblemen or others, will enter into any agreement with their ladies, as to card-money, &c. till after this meeting. The servants of citizens and tradesmen, whose mistresses keep routs, may attend if they think proper.

'The best of teas, French rolls and butter, will be provided on the occasion.'

To the AUTHOR of the WORLD.

SIR,

I am married to a haberdasher of small-wares at the court end of the town; and with Heaven's help and my own, my husband has been able to lay up a few hundreds for our two girls, who are all the children we have. They both serve in the shop every day in the week but Thursday, when I have a little assembly in the dining-room, where we amuse ourselves with a pack of cards.

Now you must know, sir, that my husband is very much offended at this, and is telling me twenty times a day that his customers are neglected and the business of the shop standing still from my fooleries, as he calls them. I do not deny, sir, that these assemblies on a week-day are a little inconvenient to us, and therefore I have some thoughts of changing them to Sunday. To be sure a Sunday's assembly would be perfectly agreeable on many accounts. In the first place, it would interfere with no sort of business. Secondly, it would be much genteeler. Thirdly, I should see a great deal more company; and fourthly, my husband and the prentice would then be at leisure to attend the tea-table. But I have one doubt about the matter, which is, that there are envious people in the world, who might possibly give out that I am setting up for a person

of fashion; for it is a notion they have got, that none but people of fashion should have routs on a Sunday. At present I am undetermined in this affair, and am resolved to continue so, till I have your opinion; which I beg you will give me as soon as possible; and

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

MARY TAPE.

In answer to Mrs. Tape, I freely confess that she has more substantial reasons for having her rout on a Sunday than any lady I know: and whenever I give my assent to card meetings on that day, she shall certainly be indulged.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

I have lately made a discovery, which, for the good of mankind, I hope you will permit me to make public by the means of your paper.

I must inform you that by the death of an aunt, I am lately come to the possession of a fine old manor-house in the country, which on my going thither with my family to reside, I found so over-run with rats, that we were in danger of being devoured by them. You may be sure I left nothing untried to rid the house of them; but they baffled the attempts of the rat-catchers, and continued to increase rather than diminish; till all at once, they vanished of their own accord, and never visited me afterwards. I was very much puzzled to account for this strange desertion: and it was not till near a fortnight had elapsed that I was let into the secret, by a very uncommon and offensive smell, that proceeded from the door of an old lumber room. I immediately entered it, and saw a multitude of rats lying dead upon the floor. On examining into the

cause, I cast my eyes upon a little drawer, which I remembered to have left open in my search after some papers of my aunt, and that it was filled with various sorts of quack medicines, such as pills, powders, ointments, and other things, for which she had the highest veneration. This drawer, which was quite full when I opened it, was now almost empty; which sufficiently convinced me that I was indebted for my deliverance to these medicines; but I was cautious of asserting it, till I had tried the experiment. For this purpose I procured of a rat-catcher half a dozen live rats; to each of which I gave a different medicine. In half an hour and three minutes, two of my patients died in convulsions; the rest were thrown into profuse sweats, vomiting and purging to so violent a degree, that they survived their companions but three quarters of an hour, and then gave up the ghost in the same convulsions.

I was highly pleased with this experiment, as it taught me the real use of these excellent medicines; and it is with great pleasure that I take this opportunity of recommending them to all captains of ships, maltsters, meal-men, and farmers, and to those gentlemen and ladies who live in old houses.

I am, Sir,

Your constaut reader and humble servant,

G. H.

P. S. By a second experiment, I have discovered that one of these pills, pounded or crumbled, will destroy twenty mice. They may also be of excellent use in thinning a poor family of young children, being thus pounded or bruised, and spread in small quantities upon their bread and butter.

I shall conclude this paper with a very ingenious

little piece, which is just now communicated to me by my good friend Mr. Dodsley, and which shews what an agreeable and elegant use a man of taste and memory may make of his reading. It was thrown together by a member of a society of gentlemen, who meet once a year to celebrate the birthday of Shakspeare, and is as follows:

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY

OF

SHAKSPEARE,

A CENTO.

TAKEN FROM HIS WORKS.

Naturâ ipsâ valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi quodam divino spiritu afflari.

CICERO.

——*Peace to this meeting,*
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes.
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met,
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal SHAKSPEARE *to this favour'd isle;*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.
O thou divinest nature! how thyself thou blason'st
In this thy son! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and pressure! When he speaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So voluble is his discourse——Gentle
As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head—Yet as rough,
(His noble blood enchaff'd) as the rude wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale—'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility, not seen in other; knowledge
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown. What a piece of work!
How noble in faculty! Infinite in reaſon!
A combination and a form indeed,
Where ev'ry god did seem to set his seal.
Heav'n has him now—Yet let our idolatrous fancy
Still sanctify his relics; and this day
Stand aye distinguish'd in the kalendar
To the last syllable of recorded time:
For if we take him but for all in all
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

Nº 180. THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1756.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

You have reading and experience enough to know, that some of the greatest ornaments and conveniencies of life owe their rise to inconsiderable beginnings; and on the contrary, that little abuses and mistakes, by continual repetitions and aggravations, have grown into calamities, which have severely exercised, as well the wisdom, as the patience of mankind. In this light it is hoped the following petition will be considered. It was not drawn up barely to amuse your readers for five or six minutes, but with a view to very important consequences that may possibly be derived from it. Your labours sufficiently intimate that you consider your species as one great family, of which you are a

member, and consequently under an obligation to countenance every thing that has a tendency to its advancement. It is for that reason application is made to you.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader and humble servant.

THE

HUMBLE PETITION

OF

ALL THE LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET,

EXCEPT E. AND O.

SHEWETH,

That your petitioners cannot, without great violence to their modesty, insist upon any thing that may reflect honour upon themselves; but the necessity of the case will plead their excuse; and therefore they beg leave most humbly to represent, that in conjunction with E and O, they have been for many ages, in a great part of the world, the only support of the whole intercourse of human life. By them men have been enabled to converse when they meet, and to communicate their thoughts to each other at any distance. By them the social virtues exist, are multiplied and improved, to a degree not easily conceived by those who, either from ignorance, or a too constant familiarity, are apt to contract a sort of contempt for objects of the greatest use.

The body which your petitioners almost entirely compose, is known to consist of but few individuals; and the business they are employed in is infinite: yet no transaction has ever suffered from any defect in them. Under proper direction, they

never fail to execute what is intended, though in the course of their service, circumstances frequently occur of the nicest and most delicate nature. By their intervention contending princes dispute their claims of empire. Upon them depend divines, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians; all professions, all trades; and with their assistance the beggar asks his alms. An influence more extensive, more universal, is hardly to be imagined: so many and so great are the purposes answered by your petitioners: a society that does more honour to the species, than all others put together.

But the utility and importance of your petitioners have, for their foundation, a perfect harmony and good understanding among themselves; inasmuch as the least dissension may prove of fatal consequence: for should any one of them withdraw his assistance from the rest, their activity, which qualifies them for all employments, would in a moment cease, and they must become, in the strictest sense of the words, dead letters.

Nevertheless so it is, that certain persons, either through folly or perverseness, have opened a door to discord, an enemy ever upon the watch, and that must inevitably prevail, if a speedy and effectual stop be not put to a practice, which has for many years had its favourers in the greatest and most polite assembly of this metropolis. A thousand witnesses might be produced to prove, that at every Ridotto, part of the company is seated at a round table, which has a hollow moveable circle in the middle, with a declivity from the center, and its circumference divided into little separate cavities or cells, distinguished by the letters E and O, placed over them alternately: the hollow circle is put in motion, and a small ivory ball thrown upon it in a contrary direction; after several turns, the inclina-

tion of the surface carries the ball down towards the cavities prepared for its reception, in one of which, having rebounded several times, it at last rests, and the parties concerned in this interesting event succeed or fail, as they chance to have chosen, or not, the letter under which the ball happens to settle.

Now, sir, the grievance complained of by your petitioners is, that the game should be wholly and absolutely governed by E and O, and derive its name from those letters alone. All impartial judges will acknowledge the preference to be an undue one, since all your petitioners are equally qualified for the service, ready to undertake it, and have spirit enough to claim a share in the honour.

There is indeed, and there must of necessity be, a precedence in the order of the alphabet; but this has never yet been understood to denote any superior excellence; and granting it did, the two associates in power cannot avail themselves of that circumstance, because all who know their letters, and are capable of counting not quite twenty, will find the former of them in the fifth, and the latter in the fourteenth place. Like other favourites therefore they have been advanced, not for their merit, but altogether from caprice.

The disadvantages of this practice are evident to all. The few who are well established in reading, by a perpetual and close attention to E and O only, may entirely forget your petitioners, and by that means lose all the advantages of a learned education. As to the many, who have every thing to learn, the danger is, that not one of them will be prevailed on to go a step beyond O, which must absolutely defeat those expectations which the public may have formed from the rising generation.

The remedy for these evils is however easy and

certain: it is only to have the letters over the cavities made to slide on and off, and to provide a complete alphabet of them; then, beginning with A and B, let them govern for a certain time; next C and D are to preside, and in this manner a regular rotation is to take place. The use of this contrivance must be obvious to every body, as a thousand things might be taught in this way, which it would be hopeless to attempt in any other whatsoever.

Your petitioners, submitting the premises to your consideration, humbly pray such relief, as to your great wisdom shall seem meet.

A. B.
C. D.
F. G.
H. I.
K. L.
M. N.
P. Q.
R. S.
T. U.
W. X.
Y. Z.

No. 181. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1756.

It has been remarked by certain wise philosophers, that men are strangely apt to err in their notions of good and evil, virtue and vice. They tell us that we have no adequate idea of those words, but are continually mistaking and confounding them, calling good evil, and evil good, virtue vice, and vice virtue. One of these philosophers has very lately

discovered that the contentions, misfortunes, and miseries of mankind are wholly owing to government and laws, and that a state of anarchy and confusion, where the weak are at the mercy of the strong, and the simple of the cunning, is the only state of concord, security, and happiness.

Another of these philosophers, who seems rather inclined to new model governments than totally to subvert them, has proved to the satisfaction of multitudes, that fraud, luxury, corruption, and all the catalogue of vices (as men are mistakenly pleased to call them) are the only means to make a community great, flourishing, and happy; and on the contrary, that frugality, temperance, continence, and the like, which are vulgarly termed virtues, tend finally to its destruction.

For my own part, I was not philosopher enough in my youth to investigate these deep truths; and now I am old, I find myself so bigotted to former opinions, as not easily to perceive that rapes, murders, and adulteries, are beneficial to society, or that a state of nature is better calculated for the preservation of property, or the ease, peace, and happiness of mankind, than government and laws. But lest it should be said of me, that from the peevishness and obstinacy of age, I am shutting my eyes against the light, I will freely confess that I am lately become a convert to some other opinions, which I formerly held in equal disesteem. I had long accustomed myself to look on Gaming as a vice; and as such I have frequently treated it in the course of these papers: bnt I am now fully convinced of my error, and that I ought to have considered it as a national virtue, and productive of more advantages to society than any other whatsoever. That my readers may entertain the same opinion, I shall here present them with a letter

which I have lately received from a very ingenious correspondent, whose reasoning upon this subject is too conclusive to be opposed.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I hope you will not think it inconsistent with the manner in which you have proposed to conduct your paper, to lay before the public the complaints of your correspondents, relating to that part of the world you more immediately preside over; especially as you have declared your design to interpose, whenever the critical emergencies of your country shall require your assistance.

You, who are acquainted with public proceedings, must have taken notice of the additional taxes that have been laid upon cards and dice; by which it is justly apprehended, that the profits arising from the honourable occupations dependent thereon will be greatly impeded. Whatever satisfaction gloomy and splenetic minds (always disposed to anticipate the ruin of the kingdom) may express, I assure you, I cannot help considering this affair with the most painful concern; and I doubt not my reasons will be equally convincing to you.

At a time when the perfidious enemies of our country have rendered all foreign trade precarious and uncertain; to what happier resources can we fly than the commerce of game? By what means is the circulation of money, the life and spirit of trade, more speedily promoted? What other business can boast of such large returns? and (with honour be it mentioned) what debts in any other kind of commerce are more punctually discharged? How

strongly do the various fluctuatious of fortune inculcate fortitude, courage, resignation, and a noble contempt of death! virtues for which the proficients in this science have been greatly renowned. What better method could be found out for humbling the grandeur, and diminishing the over-grown revenues of our nobility and gentry, than by blending their manners and fortunes with the lowest of their fellow-creatures? Nor is it the least praise of this profession, that the fair sex are qualified to make a figure in it, and to exert those striking talents which we seem so solicitous to exclude from many of the arts of life. By a constant application to gaming, they gradually wear off the killing brightness of those eyes, and the overpowering splendour of those charms, which would otherwise be destructive to many thousands of mankind. Hence they are taught kindness and condescension, and rendered graciously accessible to the company and caresses of every adoring swain. I might observe farther, that while the merchant and tradesman are contracting a narrow avaricious turn of mind, a haughty contempt, and a supercilious air, the gallant spirits who have espoused this genteel commerce, acquire an engaging freedom of conversation, a boundless generosity of nature, and an inimitable politeness of manners.

If the political advantages of gaming are demanded of me, I answer, that it secures our money in the kingdom, and keeps it in perpetual circulation. Can there be a more convincing demonstration of the dangerous consequences of foreign trade, than that the riches of the kingdom are exhausted by it, and the national current wealth, according to the opinion of some wise calculators, reduced from forty millions to twelve? not to mention the im-

portation of the various follies, fashions, and poisons, which expose, infatuate, and destroy so many of our deluded countrymen. Can any other argument be necessary to procure an unlimited indulgence to a commerce, from whence so many advantages spring, and which is so evidently conducive to the public good?

If it should be objected, that many persons of plentiful incomes are reduced to poverty by gaming, I should be glad to know what employments in life are totally exempted from misfortune, and how many bankrupts are recorded in our public chronicles, who despairing to rise in the world by the vulgar method of trade, have had recourse to this genteel profession, and quickly retrieved their fortunes.

It would be easy to mention many more circumstances in praise of so noble a commerce, if it was in the least necessary: I doubt not of the concurrence of all men of genius and spirit in these my sentiments; and I hope the legislature will henceforward look with favour on an art, in which the politeness, the morals, the constitution, and the riches of this kingdom are so greatly concerned; and instead of discouraging it with severe taxes, and heavy burthens, will contribute every thing to its advancement. To this end I cannot present you with a better proposal, than, 'that all those who can bring sufficient proof of their having lost from one thousand to one hundred thousand pounds, shall be maintained at the public expence, and rewarded for their patriotism, in sacrificing their fortune so disinterestedly for the good of their country.'

If you shall please to communicate these thoughts to the public, and recommend them by some arguments of your own, I shall think you that friend of

the world you pretend to be, and may possibly give you some future advices, which may not be unworthy your notice.

I am, Sir,
Your sincere friend,
and hearty admirer,
Jack Lovebox.

No. 182. THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1756.

A very facetious friend of mine was observing the other day, that he could always discover with great certainty the shape, height, and complexion of any man's wife in company, by calling for his toast. If he gives you a lean woman, depend upon it, says he, his wife is a fat one; or if he drinks his bumper to a beauty of fine height and complexion, you may safely conclude that the lady at home is little and swarthy, and so on: for, continues he, I have ever found it to be true, that when a man has been married a full half year, he will be the constant admirer of all other women, in proportion as they differ from his own wife.

I wish with all my heart there was no colour of truth in this remark; but I am afraid that the wives of the generality of men, like their other possessions, are apt to pall a little upon their hands. Fine fortunes, fine houses, fine gardens, and fine equipages, bring but little enjoyment to their owners; insomuch that we are every day breaking the tenth commandment, by *coveting our neighbour's house, our neighbour's wife, or any thing that is our neighbour's.*

Whence this perverseness of mankind arises, I will not take upon me to determine. My friend, who never thinks enough to perplex himself, lays the fault upon human nature. He asserts that men are in every respect just what they were intended to be, and that we have the same reason to be angry with a bear for not being a man, as with a man for having the imperfections of one.

That we are frail by nature is too certain a truth; but the comfort is, that He who made us so does not expect perfection from us, and will pardon errors that do not proceed from wilful corruption, and obstinate disobedience.

There is a humourous fable of the ancients upon the general frailty of mankind, which as I have never seen in English, I have ventured to modernize and translate for the entertainment of my readers.

'Jupiter, after he had seized the throne of Saturn, conquered the Titans, and made the universe his own, left the government of this lower world, and the affairs of mankind, to the inferior deities. Each had his separate votaries, and no one was to interfere in the department of another. Mars was captain-general of the soldiery of all nations, Neptune was lord high admiral, Bacchus presided over clubs and festivals, Mercury over trade, Apollo over wit and physic, Minerva over learning, Venus and the Graces over beauty, Juno over marriage, Diana over chastity, and so on.

'In the first ages of the world the affairs of men seemed to be in a very flourishing condition; but the face of things began gradually to change, till at last a general depravity prevailed over the face of the whole earth. The gods, finding themselves unequal to the task imposed upon them, and angry with mankind, petitioned Jupiter to take the government of them into his own hands; but he frowned

at their request, commanding them to proceed as they had begun, and leave the consequences to himself. The deities, perplexed at their repulse, convened a council among themselves, in which it was agreed that they should draw up a second petition to Jupiter, that for the better understanding the nature of mankind, they should have leave to pay a visit to the world, and to take upon them for a time the several natures of their votaries. Jupiter laughed, and consented to their petition, but with this particular limitation, that they should be entirely divested of supernatural powers, and that as they were to personate mortals, they should be subject to their frailties.

'The deities consented to the will of Jupiter, and having deliberated on the several parts they were to act, made their descent upon the earth. Mars bought himself a pair of colours in the guards, and being a gay, handsome young fellow, and a great favourite of the ladies, was quickly advanced to the command of a company. His equipage was the most splendid that could be imagined; he dressed, danced, gamed, and swore, to the utmost perfection; he knocked down watchmen and constables, drew his sword upon chairmen and waiters, laughed at the parsons, bilked whores and hackney-coachmen, cheated taylors and lacemen, stormed towns at every tavern, and saluted at the head of his company with inimitable grace. But having unfortunately seduced the wife of his friend, and being called out on the occasion, he chose to decline fighting, and was broke for cowardice.

'Neptune was a hardy rough tar, and got early the command of a sixty-gun ship. He attacked the trade of the enemy with great intrepidity, and took prizes of immense value. His prudence was equal to his courage; inasmuch as his ship was

never known to suffer by the enemy's shot, or a man to die on board her of a violent death. But as Neptune was now no more than a man, and therefore liable to error, he had the misfortune to mistake his Admiral's signal to attack, for a signal to sheer off, and happening to have no interest at court, was disabled from service, and sent to live upon his fortune.

'Bacchus was a country 'squire, and a great sportsman; he got drunk every day, and debauched all the wives and daughters of his tenants and neighbours; till being reduced by his extravagance, and driven to various shifts, he at last drew beer in a night-cellar to hackney-coachmen and street-walkers.

'Mercury was a linen-draper in the city, and acquired a plentiful fortune by being three times a bankrupt; but happening to be discovered in a fourth attempt, he was stript of all his wealth, and very narrowly escaped hanging. He was afterwards captain of a gang of thieves, and at last recalled to heaven from the condemned hold in Newgate.

'Apollo commenced mortal in the character of a physician, and so peopled the shades of Pluto with souls, that the boat of Charon became crazy by their weight. Jupiter grew incensed at his murders, and commanded him to begin the world again in a more innocent calling. Apollo obeyed, and became a wit. He composed loose sonnets and plays; he libelled the good, flattered the bad, blasphemed the gods, and was patronized by the great: but unhappily standing in need of their assistance, they withdrew their favours, and left him to starve in a garret on the bounty of the booksellers.

'Minerva was a lady of fine parts and learning, but a great slattern. She never stuck a pin in her clothes, nor changed them till they wore out.

Her linen was stained with ink, her hair uncombed, her petticoats falling off, her stockings full of holes, and her feet slip-shod. She talked in syllogisms, wrote in heroics, and married her footman.

'Venus, who while a goddess had always a hankering after mortal flesh and blood, was highly pleased with this descent upon earth. She assumed the form of a beautiful girl of fourteen, took lodgings in Covent-Garden, and dealt out her favours liberally to all visitors. Her state of mortality was so suited to her inclinations, that heaven and the goddess were never thought of, till the loss of her nose made her sigh for immortality.

'Diana was a great prude all day, but had her Endymions by moon-light. It is reported of her, that she was eleven times brought to bed, without being able once to give the least probable guess at the father of the child.

'Of Juno it is only said, that she scolded seven husbands to death; and of the Graces, that they were exceeding neat girls till they married, and sluts afterwards.

'Having staid the limited time upon earth, they were all summoned to heaven in their human forms and habits, to make their appearance before the throne of Jupiter. Mars and Neptune made a tolerable figure, but looked a little shy. Bacchus had a blue apron on, and a string of pewter pots thrown across his shoulder. Mercury appeared fettered and hand-cuffed: he had a woollen cap upon his head, a nosegay in his hand, and a halter about his neck. Apollo was full-drest in a suit of rusty black, a tye-wig, a silver-hilted sword, roll-up stockings, deep ruffles, but no shirt: his features were begrimed with snuff, and his mouth crammed with tobacco. As Minerva approached to make her curt'sy, Jupiter held his nose, and beckoned her to keep aloof,

telling her that for the future he would have no learned ladies upon earth. Venus held her fan before her face, till Jupiter commanded her to uncover. He then inquired after her nose, and asked if the gin she had drank that morning was right Holland's. Diana complained much of a dropsy; upon which Jupiter laughed, and promised to send Lucina to cure her; adding, that he hoped she had good times. Juno looked angry at not being first taken notice of, which upon Jupiter's observing, he gave her a gracious nod, and assured her that every one of her husbands was quiet in Elysium. The Graces would have apologized for their dishabille, but Jupiter prevented them, and told them with a smile that he would have no marriages in heaven. He then restored them all to their divinities, and after ridiculing and rebuking them for their murmurings and curiosity, dismissed them to their several charges, telling them that they were now enabled to make allowances for the frailties and imperfections of human nature, having experienced in their own persons, that he had peopled the world with MEN, and not GODS.'

No. 183. THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1756.

IT was with great satisfaction that I attended to the declaration of war against France, having for above a twelvemonth past been sensibly hurt in my own private property by the people of that nation. Yet injured as I was, I concealed my resentment while there was the least expectation of peace, that it might not be said of me, I had contributed, by

any complaints of my own, to the involving my country in a hazardous and expensive war.

Every-body knows, that till within these two years, or thereabouts, it was a general fashion for the ladies to wear hair upon their heads; and I had piqued myself not a little on the thoughts that these my papers had been of considerable service towards curling the said hair. I had indeed long ago discovered, that very few ladies of condition could spare time and attention enough from the various avocations of dress, visiting, assemblies, plays, operas, Ranelagh and Vauxhall, to read over a paper that contained no less than six pages in folio; but as the demand for the WORLD was still very considerable, I contented myself with knowing that I was every week adorning their heads, though I could not be permitted to improve their understandings; and it was a particular pleasure to me in all public assemblies, to think that the finest faces there were indebted to the goodness of my paper for setting them off. So long as the fashion of hair continued (and to say the truth, I never so much as dreamed that it was so soon to change) I depended on the custom of the fair and polite; but by the instigation of French hair-cutters, whom the ministers of their monarque have sent to this metropolis in pure spite to me, the ladies have been prevailed on to cut their hair close to their temples, to the great diminution of the sale of these papers.

It was formerly a very agreeahle amusement to me to look in at Mr. Dodsley's on a Thursday morning, and observe the great demand for these my lucubrations; but though the same demand continues among the men, I have frequently the mortification of hearing a smart footman delivering a message in the shop, 'that his lady desires Mr. Dodsley will send her in no more WORLDS, for that she has

cut off her hair, and shall have no occasion for them any longer.'

Nobody will, I believe, make the least doubt that my principal view in this work was to amend the morals and improve the understandings of my fellow-subjects; but I will honestly confess, that ever since the commencement of it, I have entertained some distant hopes of laying up a fortune sufficient to support me in my old age; and as money is at so low an interest, I intended making a small purchase in some retired and pleasant part of England, that I might have devoted my labours to the cultivation of land, after having weeded men's minds of whatever choaked the growth of virtue and good manners. This I do not yet despair of effecting, as I am not without hopes, that while we are at open war with France, the ladies will conceive such a dislike to the fashions of their enemies, as to let their hair grow again. If this cannot speedily be brought about, I must be forced to apply to the ministers for some lucrative employment, in return for that indulgence and complaisance which I have at all times shewn them. It is impossible for me to conceive that my merits have been overlooked, though they have been hitherto unrewarded; and I make no kind of doubt that I need only present myself at their levees, to be asked what post I would chuse. They do not want to be assured that I am as willing as able to assist them in all emergencies; or, which is still better, to vindicate their conduct against all opposers, to stifle clamours in their birth, to convert fears to hopes, complaints to approbation, and faction to concord.

But as I do not at present recollect any particular post of honour and profit that would better suit me than another, and knowing that the abusers of an administration are first to be provided for, I am

willing to accept of a handsome sum of money, till something else may be done: or if a seat in parliament with a proper qualification, be thought necessary for me, I entirely acquiesce, as my eloquence in the house must be of signal service in all critical conjunctures. It would also be perfectly agreeable to me, if the government were to take off weekly twenty or thirty thousand of my papers, and circulate them among their friends: or if they object to such an expence, and should discover no inclination to oblige me in any of the particulars abovementioned, I humbly intreat, that in lieu of the depredations made upon me by the French hair-cutters, and in consideration of my firm attachment to his majesty's family and government, orders be immediately issued from the lord steward's office, the board of green-cloth, or elsewhere, that henceforward all the tarts, pyes, pastry, and confectionary of any kind whatsoever, appertaining to his majesty's household, be constantly baked upon these papers. This would be making me sufficient amends, and greatly encourage me to continue this useful work, till a perfect library might be made of it, which otherwise must have an end before an hundred volumes can be completed.

That the ministry may entertain just notions of the efficacy of my good work, I shall here present them with some few of those offers, which are almost daily made by private persons.

A lady who has lately opened a new bagnio in Covent-garden, assures me in a letter, that if I will do her the favour to recommend her in the WORLD, I shall not only have the run of her house, but every one of her young ladies shall be obliged to take in my paper as long as it lasts. A grocer in the Strand has sent me a pound of his best tea, and promises to wrap up every ounce he sells, as also all his sugars

and spices in these papers, if I will honour him so far as to make mention of him in any one of them. He adds in a postscript that his wife and five daughters, who do a great deal of work, make all their thread-papers of WORLDS.

But a more material offer still, and which I have therefore reserved for the last, is contained in the following letter.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

This is to acquaint thee that we are makers of pins on the bridge called London-bridge, and that we have each of us given a considerable portion of money for the good-will of the habitations wherein we make abode: but by an act of the legislature lately passed, the said habitations are speedily to be pulled down, and their dwellers to be forced to remove to other abodes. If thou art in the least acquainted with traffic, thou canst not be ignorant of the benefits that accrue from an old established shop, in a street where the principal dealers in any particular commodity are known to dwell; inasmuch as when thou wantest a silken garment for thy wife, thou wouldst repair to the habitations of Round-court or Ludgate-hill; or if thy linen was rent, thou wouldst doubtless resort to Cheapside or Cornhill: in like manner, if thy helpmate or thy maidens wanted pins, thou wouldst not fail, if thou wert wise, to take thy walk to London-bridge. But by the act above-named, thy friends are exiled from their dwellings, and compelled to sojourn in a strange street, where even their names are unknown. We therefore request it of thee, if the rulers of the land behold thee with regard, that thou wilt apply thyself speedily to obtain a repeal of this act; wherein

if thou succeedest, we will buy up thy weekly labours in reams, and stick all our pins therein, so that thy name shall be known far and wide, and thy days prosperous in the land.

If thou art a well-wisher to thyself, thou wilt use thy best endeavours for the service of

Thy friends,

EPHRAIM MINIKIN,
MALACHY SHORTWHITE,
OBADIAH MIDLING,
HEZEKIAH LONGPIN, &c. &c.

After duly deliberating upon this proposal, I am inclined to trouble the government no farther at present, than to request the repeal of this act, which if they are so kind as to grant me, my papers will again find their way to the dressing-rooms of the ladies, in spite of the intrigues of France, and her emissaries the hair-cutters.

No. 184. THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1756.

I WAS always particularly pleased with that scene in the first part of Harry the fourth, where the humourous sir John Falstaff, after upbraiding the prince with being the corrupter of his morals, and resolving on amendment, forms a very reasonable wish 'to know where a commodity of good names may be bought.' It happens indeed a little unfortunately, that he immediately relapses into his old courses, and enters into a scheme for a robbery that night, which he endeavours to justify, by calling it his TRADE: 'Why, Hal,' says he, 'tis my VOCATION, Hal: 'tis no SIN for a man to LABOUR in his VOCATION.'

As often as this passage has occurred to me, I could not help thinking that if we were to look narrowly into the conduct of mankind, we should find the fat knight's excuse to have a more general influence than is commonly imagined. It should seem as if there were certain degrees of dishonesty, which were allowable, and that most occupations have an acknowledged latitude in one or more particulars, where men may be rogues with impunity, and almost without blame.

It will be no difficult task to illustrate the truth of this observation, by scrutinizing into the conduct of men of all ranks, orders, and professions. This shall be the subject of to-day's paper; and I shall begin where it is always good manners to begin, with my betters and superiors.

The tyrant, who to gratify his ambition, depopulates whole nations, and sacrifices the lives of millions of his subjects to his insatiable desire of conquest, is a GLORIOUS prince; DESTRUCTION is his TRADE, and he is only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

The statesman, who spreads corruption over a country, and enslaves the people to enrich himself, or aggrandize his master, is an ABLE minister; OPPRESSION is his calling, and it is no sin in him to LABOUR in his VOCATION.

The patriot, who opposes the measures of the statesman; who rails at corruption in the house, and bawls till morning for his poor bleeding country, may, if admitted to a post, adopt the principles he abhorred, and pursue the measures he condemned: such a one is a TRADER in POWER, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

The condescending patron, who, fond of followers and dependants, deals out his smiles to all about him, and buys flattery with promises; who

shakes the needy wit by the hand, and assures him of his protection one hour, and forgets that he has ever seen him the next, is a GREAT MAN; DECEIT is his VOCATION.

The man in office, whose perquisites are wrung from the poor pittances of the miserable, and who enriches himself by pillaging the widow and the orphan, receives no more than his ACCUSTOMED DUES, and is only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

The divine, who subscribes to articles that he does not believe; who neglects practice for profession, and God for his Grace; who bribes a mistress, or sacrifices a sister for preferment; who preaches faith without works, and damns all who differ from him, may be an orthodox divine, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

The lawyer, who makes truth falsehood, and falsehood truth; who pleads the cause of the oppressor against the innocent, and brings ruin upon the wretched, is a man of eminence in the world, and the companion of honest men; LYING is his TRADE, and he is only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

The physician, who visits you three times a day in a case that he knows to be incurable; who denies his assistance to the poor, and writes more for the apothecary than the patient, is an HONEST physician, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

The fine lady of fashion, who piques herself upon her virtue, perhaps a little too much; who attends the sermon every Sunday, and prayers every week-day; and who if she slanders her best friends, does it only to reform them, may innocently indulge herself in a little CHEATING at CARDS; she has made it her VOCATION.

The tradesman, who assures you upon his honest word that he will deal justly with you; yet sells you

his worst commodities at the highest price, and exults at over-reaching you, is a GOOD MAN, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

The infidel, who fond of an evil fame, would rob you of a religion that inculcates virtue, and insures happiness as its reward; who laughs at an hereafter, and takes from you the only expectation that can make life endurable, is a DEALER in TRUTH, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

The author, who to insure a sale to his works, throws out his slander against the good, and poisons the young and virtuous by tales of wantonness and indecency, is a WRITER of SPIRIT, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

To take characters in the gross; the gamester, who cheats you at play; the man of pleasure, who corrupts the chastity of your wife; the friend, who tricks you in a horse; the steward, who defrauds you in his accounts; the butler, who robs you of your wine; the footman, who steals your linen; the housekeeper, who overcharges you in her bills; the gardener, who sends your fruit to market; the groom, who starves your horses to put their allowance in his pocket; in short, the whole train of servants, who impose upon you in the several articles entrusted to their care, are only receiving their LAWFUL PERQUISITES, and LABOURING in their VOCATIONS.

I know but one set of men, who ought commonly to be excepted in this general charge; and those are the projectors. The schemes of all such men are usually too romantic to impose upon the credulity of the world; and not being able to plunder their employers, they are LABOURING in their VOCATIONS to cheat only themselves.

I would not be misunderstood upon this occasion, as if I meant to advise all people to be honest,

and to do as they would be done by in their several vocations: far be it from me to intend any such thing; I am as well assured as they are, that it would not answer their purposes. The tyrant would have no glory without conquests; his ministers no followers without bribes; the patriot no place without opposition; the man in office no perquisites without fraud; the divine no pluralities without time-serving; the lawyer no clients without lying; the physician no practice without apothecaries; the tradesman no country-house without exacting; the fine lady no routs without cheating; the infidel no fame without proselytes; and the author no dinner without slander and wantonness; the gamester would be undone; the man of pleasure inactive; the gentleman-jockey would sell his horse at half-price; and the steward, the butler, the footman, the housekeeper, the gardener, the groom, and the whole train of servants lose their necessary perquisites.

The old maxim, that 'honesty is the best policy,' has been long ago exploded: but I am firmly of opinion, that the APPEARANCE of it might, if well put on, promote a man's interest, though the REALITY must destroy it. I would therefore recommend it to persons in all vocations (if it be but by way of trial, and for the novelty of the thing) to put on now and then the APPEARANCE of a little honesty. Most men have a natural dislike to be cheated with their eyes open; and though it is the fashion of the times to wear no concealment, yet to deceive behind the mask of integrity, has been deemed the most effectual method. To further this end, the APPEARANCE of a small portion of RELIGION would not be amiss; but I would by no means have this matter overdone, as it commonly is. Going to prayers every day, or singing psalms on a Sunday

in a room next the street, may look a little suspicious, and set the neighbours upon the watch: nor would I advise that a tradesman should stand at the shop-door with a prayer-book in his hand, or that a lawyer should carry the Whole Duty of Man in his bag to Westminster-hall, and read it in court as often as he sits down: there are other methods that may answer the purpose of cheating much better. A yea and nay conversation, interrupted with a few sighs and groans for the iniquities of the wicked, loud responses at church, and long graces at meals, with here and there a godly book lying in the window, or in places most in sight, will be of singular utility; and farther than this I would by no means advise.

To all those gentlemen and ladies who follow no vocations, and who have therefore no immediate interest in cheating, I would recommend the PRACTICE of honesty before the APPEARANCE of it. As such persons stand in no need of a cloak, I shall say nothing to them of religion, only that the REALITY of it might be useful to them in afflictions; or if ever they should take it into their heads that they must one day die, it might possibly alleviate the bitterness of so uncommon a thought. To do as they would be done by, would in all probability render them happier in themselves, and lead them to the enjoyment of new pleasures in the happiness of others.

No. 185. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

MY case is a little singular, and therefore I hope you will let it appear in your paper. I should scarcely have attempted to make such a request, had not I very strictly looked over all the works of your predecessors, the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians, without a possibility of finding a parallel to my unhappy situation.

I am not *henpecked;* I am not *grimalkined:* I have no Mrs. *Freeman* with her *Italian airs;* but I have a wife more troublesome than all three, by a certain ridiculous and unnecessary devotion that she pays to her father, amounting almost to idolatry. When I first married her, from that specious kind of weakness which meets with encouragement and applause, only because it is called good-nature, I permitted her to do whatever she pleased: but when I thought it requisite to pull in the rein, I found that her having the bit in her teeth, rendered the strength of my curb of no manner of use to me. Whenever I attempted to draw her in a little, she tossed up her head, snorted, pranced, and gave herself such airs, that unless I let her carry me where she pleased, my limbs, if not my life, were in danger. The love of power is inherent in the disposition of womankind; and I do not pretend that her vapours, hysterics, low spirits, or whatever else the learned are pleased to call them, are not equalled by thousands of married women in these melancholy kingdoms: but the FATHER, the FATHER is the point which distinguishes me from the rest of my brethren.

This old fellow is of a most capricious, unequal, temper, and, like the satyr in the fable, blows hot and cold in the same breath. Sometimes he is very fond of me and my friends, and at other times he will not suffer us to look at him. In whatever mood the old gentleman thinks fit to appear, in the same mood madam his daughter dispenses her pouts and frowns, or her smiles and good-humour. Whatever shape old PROTEUS puts on, CABERA, his daughter, puts on the same. I call him PROTEUS, because though I have known him many years, I have never known him a week together in the same form. He is vapourish; so is his daughter: he is a quack; so is his daughter: one day he is an œconomist, even to the greatest degree of avarice; the daughter also has her days of frugality and improper thrift. Sometimes he is profuse, and a violent squanderer; after these fits my purse is sure to suffer most cruelly. Sometimes he is proud, sometimes he is humble; his daughter follows him closely in each of the two extremes. In short, sir, both father and daughter practise more changes than Harlequin in the Emperor of the Moon. Judge then what figure a husband must make, who is indispensably obliged to conform with all these metamorphoses.

Last summer, though a cold one, PROTEUS took it into his head to dine in the cellar: and as soon as we arrived at my country-house, our cellar also was immediately announced to be our eating parlour. My neighbours tried the experiment once, in hopes perhaps of being made fuddled, contrary to my usual custom; but that not being the case, they never offered to return again: no, not even the curate of the parish, who declared he would drink bumpers in my cellar as long as I pleased, but he could not eat there and sip thimble-fulls, though he were sure to dine every day on a pasty, or a haunch

of venison. So that my wife and I, for three months together, dined like king Pharaoh, amidst frogs and darkness: nor had we any other companions than the reptiles that crawled out of the walls, as imagining their territories invaded. But my wife endured every inconveniency with amazing patience, because she had heard her father say, that this was the best method to drink iced liquors, without being at the expence of an ice-house.

Last winter, I was still put to greater hardships. PROTEUS, who some time ago travelled abroad, neither for health nor improvement, but merely in search of that philosopher's stone called TASTE, declared that in Italy no nobleman's house had a chimney in any room except the kitchen; and he added, that as it was an example which he resolved to follow, he hoped it might be so relishable to his friends, that they would cut off that excessive dear article of firing, and expend their coal-money in buildings, statues, or lakes. The word was no sooner given, than my wife bricked up every chimney, except the kitchen chimney, in my house; and in January (though we were permitted to have little earthern stoves in our chambers,) the cold was so intense, that my little boy Tommy died of the whooping cough; and I myself caught an ague, which lasted four months, and brought upon me an apothecary's bill, amounting to ninety pounds for drugs, which were indeed much fuller of TASTE than I desired.

The furniture of my house, and the shape of my gardens, have been changed as least ten times over; yet if you were to judge, Mr. Fitz-Adam, from the constant conversation of my wife and her father, you would pronounce them the best œconomists in Europe; and so they are, in small beer, oil, and vinegar.

Though I always avoid excess of drinking when at home (my father-in-law, since my marriage, having been remarkably sober) yet it is my misfortune, and I confess it as a fault, to go now and then to the tavern, and there to exceed the strict limits of sobriety. It is impossible, among jovial companions, not to indulge a vein of gaiety; the effect of which is, that at night I am apt to stagger towards the nuptial bed a little too heavily loaded with liquor. The night is snored away in oblivion; but oh! when the morning approaches, and I awake and open my eyes, what a face of anger do I behold! and what dreadful peals of conjugal thunder do I hear! Those peals commonly end with a louder clap than ordinary, in words to this purpose: 'Ah! Mr. Tamedeer, Mr. Tamedeer, is this the reward for all my love and kindness? Have I quitted my dear father for the embraces of a sot? When was that good old man ever disguised in liquor?' To this I might reply, if I dared to make an answer, that indeed he is so often disguised *out* of liquor, he ought never to be disguised *in* it: and I might also add, that he is most injuriously slandered, if some five-and-twenty years since, he did not drink, smoke, and go through the et cætera as well as the best of us.

If I offend or rebel in any one point, and indeed I offend and rebel in very few, my wife immediately applies to my father-in-law, and I am ordered to alter my conduct, and to submit properly to judgments far superior to my own. Thus is my case (my wife's virtue always excepted) far more deplorable than Barnaby Brittle's in the play; nor have I the comfort appendant to sir John Enville, knt. in being married to a woman of quality. That circumstance at least might have proved an ingredient to satisfy my pride.

This uneasy situation, which I have described with exact truth, has occasioned me to ruminate continually upon some method of relief. None occurs to me, except a formal divorce. You will ask what cause can be alleged? since there is not the least shadow of proof either of adultery, ill-usage, or any other matrimonial misdemeanor. True. But cannot I prove a prior marriage? Was not she married to her father, to all outward appearance, long before she went with me to the altar? Does not that marriage evidently continue, without any other breach, than having a second husband in points where the first husband does not care to meddle? Is she not more obedient to her first husband than her second? Has she fulfilled, as she ought, her vow of matrimony to me? Whom does she obey? not me, but her father. Whom does she honour? not me, but her father. May not I hope therefore to be relieved in any judicial or ecclesiastical court in England?

Your opinion fully stated upon this case would encourage me to go on, or discourage me from proceeding. If I cannot be relieved by law or equity, I will try to summon up courage to fight my father-in-law. I know he is a coward, but then I am under apprehensions, that the jade has discovered to him that I am a greater coward than himself. At all events, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me have your advice, because I am

Your constant reader,
and admirer,
THOMAS TAMEDEER.

No. 186. THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1756.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I am the same clergyman who troubled you with an account of his misfortunes in your paper, Nº 31, and am indebted to your kind publication of that letter for the ease and happiness which, with only one single interruption, I have enjoyed ever since. My uncommon, and I hope I may say, unmerited distresses, recommended me to the notice of a noble lord, who called to see me at my lodgings, brought me home to his lordship's own house, and honoured me so far as to make me his domestic chaplain. His lordship's regard for me was so truly sincere, that he married me soon after to my lady's woman, a young person of admirable beauty and virtue, and a great favourite of my lord, because, as his lordship used often to tell me, she was a clergyman's daughter, and for what reason he knew not, extremely hated by his lady. But my good fortune did not end here: his lordship, whose nature is never to be tired with doing good, was so very obliging as to take us a little house, ready-furnished, in a retired and pleasant part of the town, paying the rent of it himself, and making us considerable presents from time to time: he was also so very condescending as to spend two or three evenings in a week with us, and frequently to take my wife with him into the chariot, for an afternoon's airing, as she had the misfortune, soon after our marriage, of labouring under an ill state of health, which, as we all feared, would terminate in a dropsy.

His lordship was still kinder to me in other

affairs, insomuch that in less than two months after our marriage, he sent me into the west, with thirty guineas in my pocket, to supply the place of a worthy clergyman, whom my lord had sent for to town upon particular business; and because the ill health of my wife required a little country air, his lordship proposed taking lodgings for her at Knightsbridge during my absence, where she was daily to be attended by his own physician.

At the end of six weeks, his lordship was pleased to recall me to town, where I had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding my wife returned to her house perfectly cured of her disorder, with only a little paleness remaining from the violent remedies prescribed to her by her physician. I had the additional happiness of finding his lordship with my wife, waiting my return, and to be honoured with his thanks for the faithful discharge of my trust, together with a promise of the very first living that should fall within his gift.

I mention these things, sir, to the honour of my noble benefactor, who ever since my marriage, which is now three years ago, has been lavishing his favours upon me; who has been so very condescending to stand godfather in person to my two children, and to take every opportunity of making me happy by his visits. But I am not entering into a particular detail of the pleasures I enjoy: I have another motive for troubling you with this letter.

His lordship, the beginning of this month, was pleased, amongst the many instances of his goodness, to procure for me a chaplainship in one of the regiments now in Scotland; and as my attendance was immediately necessary, and my wife too far gone with child to think of going with me; as soon as I had prepared every thing for my journey, I

sent an advertisement to the Daily Advertiser in the following words:

'Wanted, an agreeable companion in a post-chaise to Edinburgh. Enquire for the reverend W. B. at the Green-Park coffee-house, Piccadilly. Note, the utmost expedition will be necessary.'

The next morning, as I was reading a news-paper in the coffee-room, I heard a young gentleman, of a very modest and decent appearance, inquiring at the bar for the reverend Mr. W. B. I told him that I was the person, and calling for a couple of dishes of coffee, we sat down together, and entered upon the subject of the advertisement. He assured me, that if his friends did not flatter him, he was a very agreeable companion; that he had business of consequence to transact at Edinburgh; that he was particularly pleased to find by the advertisement that I was a clergyman, having a great veneration for gentlemen of that function; that he had entertained thoughts of becoming one himself, was a near relation of the bishop of ***, and though young as he appeared, he was never so happy as when engaged in serious conversation with a worthy divine. He was pleased to add, that he saw something in my appearance which entitled me to that character, and that he did not doubt of being greatly edified during so long a journey. Many civilities passed on my side in return; and in the end it was agreed that we should set out that very evening at six o'clock. He was punctual to his appointment, with a servant on horseback, leading a handsome gelding for his master, who with two young gentlemen, his friends, were waiting for me at the inn. I could not help observing, while the chaise was getting ready, that these young gentlemen were taking a good deal of pains to stifle a laugh, which on our

stepping into the carriage, they were no longer able to contain: but I made no remarks upon their behaviour, and we set out upon our journey.

We reached Ware that night, without any thing happening worthy of remark, except that we were stopt upon the road by two young gentlemen on horseback, and interrupted in a very serious conversation, by their saluting my companion with, 'Z—ds, Jack! what playing the saint, and travelling to heaven with a parson!' My fellow-traveller gave them a look of contempt, and after assuring them that he had not the honour of knowing them, and pulling up the glass; ordered the postillion to drive on.

Our evening at Ware was spent in remarks on the dissoluteness of the times, and the indecent liberties that wild and profligate young fellows were every where taking with the clergy. After much serious discourse, and moderate refreshment, we retired to rest. I slept longer than usual in the morning, and no sooner was I awake than I discovered, with equal confusion and surprize, that I was in bed with a woman, who, as I attempted to get up, threw her arms about my neck, and compelled me to lie down. The struggle and the noise I made upon this occasion, together with the screams of the woman, who still held me fast, alarmed the whole inn, and drew a crowd of spectators into the room, headed by my companion, and followed by a soldier, who called himself the husband of the woman, swearing that he would have my heart's blood for corrupting the chastity of his wife. I pleaded my innocence to an unbelieving audience, while the woman accused me of having forced her against her will; pretending that it was her misfortune over-night to be a little in liquor, and that she had mistaken the room I lay in for her own.

To dwell no longer than is needful upon this disgraceful affair, I was in the end compelled to give a guinea to the soldier, and afterwards to submit with patience to the insults of a mob, who surrounded the inn at our entrance into the post-chaise, and followed it with hootings to the very extremity of the town.

From the passive behaviour of my companion at the inn, and the demure looks that he now put on, I began to harbour a suspicion of him not greatly to his advantage; and while I was deliberating in what manner to address him, an accident happened, which at once threw him off his guard, and discovered to me, that instead of an agreeable companion, I was travelling with a fiend. This accident was the sudden and violent overturning of the post-chaise; upon which occasion, though neither of us was hurt, he discharged such a volley of curses on the postillion, as made me tremble to hear him. I endeavoured to pacify him by the gentlest admonitions, which instead of calming his anger, turned it all upon myself; and amidst a thousand oaths and imprecations, he vowed revenge upon my head, telling me that he hated a parson as he hated old Nic; that he had bribed the soldier's whore to go to bed to me at the inn, and that he came out upon no other business than to play the devil with me all the way. I stood aghast at what I heard, and refused getting into the chaise again; upon which a struggle ensued, and blows passed between us; till by the assistance of his servant; and the knavery of the postillion, whom he gained over to his side with a whole handful of silver, I was thrust into the chaise, and compelled to go on.

We had scarce travelled a mile before we overtook a couple of gypsies upon the road; one an old woman, the other a girl. They were all over

rags and filth, and so intoxicated with liquor, that they reeled at every step. My companion called to the postillion to stop, and after questioning these wretches about the way they were going, got out of the chaise, and told me, that he could not in charity sit lolling at his ease, while two of the tender sex were walking bare-foot on the road; and that if I had no weighty objections, he would make the old lady an offer of his seat, and miss, as he was pleased to call her, might with great conveniency sit upon my knee. It was in vain for me to expostulate, or to attempt leaping out after him: his servant held me fast by the arm, while the master with great gravity and ceremony handed the creatures into the chaise, and then mounting his horse, rode close by its side, talking obscenity to the wretches, and instructing them to behave to me in a manner not to be endured nor described.

In this manner we passed through the villages, and entered Royston; the postillion being ordered to walk his horses gently to the inn, that we might be followed by a mob, whom my companion called to at every turning to smoke the parson and his doxies.

I stept from the chaise amidst the hallooing of the rabble, and ran into a room, the door of which I locked. Here I determined to remain, or to fly to the magistrate for protection, had not my tormentor made his appearance at the window, telling me that as the joke was now at an end, and as he believed I had had enough of an agreeable companion, he had altered his intention of visiting Scotland, and should return to town that morning. I thanked him for the favour, but kept close to my room, till I saw him with his servant ride out of the inn, and take the road to London. I then ordered

some refreshment to be brought me, and a post-chaise to be in readiness; but how great was my astonishment, when feeling for my purse, which contained forty guineas at my setting out, I found that my pockets had been rifled, and that I had not so much as a brass farthing left me!

As it was no doubt with me that the gypsies had robbed me, I made immediate inquiry after them, but learnt that they had disappeared on our arrival at the inn; and though the most diligent search was made for them, they were no where to be found.

It was now impossible for me to proceed; I therefore determined to remain where I was, till I could receive a fresh supply from my wife, to whom I dispatched a messenger with a letter, setting forth at large all the cruelties I had met with.

When the messenger was gone, it occurred to me, that however ill my companion had used me, he could not be base enough to concert this robbery with the gypsies, and therefore might be inclined to make up my loss, upon knowing that I had sustained it. For this reason I determined once more to transmit my complaints to the World; that if the young gentleman has any one principle of honour remaining, he may send to Mr. Dodsley's the sum I have been defrauded of. My demand upon him is for seven-and-thirty guineas, which unless he pays within six days after the publication of this letter, I will forthwith print his name in the news-papers, and proclaim to the public the injuries he has done me.

I have another reason for giving you this trouble, which is, to caution all gentlemen for the future against advertising in the papers for an AGREEABLE COMPANION in a post-chaise; as it consoles me

not a little, that I am enabled to make other people wise, even by my own misfortunes.

I am, SIR,
Your obliged
and most faithful servant,
W. B.

George Inn, at
Royston,
July 16, 1756.

No. 187. THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1756.

To MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the grievances that your correspondents have from time to time laid before you, I have met with no one situation that bears any likeness to my own, or that deserves your compassion and advice half so much. I am the brother of four sisters, am the eldest of my family, a freeman of the city of London, and by trade a shoemaker. My father enjoyed a small place at court, which I believe, one year with another, brought him in about a hundred and fifty pounds. My mother was descended from the third or fourth cousin of an attainted Scotch peer, was a lady's woman when my father married her, and brought with her a very large portion of pride, virtue, and fine breeding. My father, who before his marriage had held up his head very high as a courtier, was now of greater consequence than ever, in the thought that by this happy match he had allied himself to nobility. My mother indeed had one great mortification to surmount, which was that she had not only contaminated her blood by marrying a plebeian, who was formerly a broken tallow-chandler in the city, but had changed her il-

lustrious maiden name for the coarse and vulgar appellation of Mrs. Laycock. She comforted herself however, on the first appearance of her pregnancy, that so odious a surname should be qualified in her children with the genteelest and most elegant christian names that history or romance could possibly supply. My father approved the thought; and no sooner was I a fortnight old, than I was christened with great pomp and grandeur, by the name of PTOLEMY. My eldest sister, who came into the world a year after, was called WILHELMINA CHARLOTTA, the second PENTHESILEA, the third TELETHUSA, and the fourth HONORIA. There was also a second son, who died within the month, christened AGAMEMNON.

We were all of us trained up to regard these names as marks of superiority over other children, and such as would one time or other most certainly make our fortunes. If master PTOLEMY was naughty, he was not chid as a vulgar child, but admonished with all the gentleness and forbearance due to so illustrious a name. If miss WILHELMINA CHARLOTTA, or her sisters miss PENTHESILEA, miss TELETHUSA, or miss HONORIA forgot to hold up their heads, or were caught at romps with the boys, they were put in mind of their names, and instructed to act up to them. Our dresses were, if possible, as fantastic as our names, and the formality of our behaviour was of a piece with both. And though we were the plainest children in the world, and had not the least probable chance of receiving a single shilling to our portions, we were trained up to pride and idleness, and to turn up our noses at all the Dicks, Toms, and Harrys, the Sukeys and Pollys, that were our superiors in the neighbourhood.

The necessary expences to support all this pride

and folly, were more than could be spared from the narrow income of my father; and master PTOLEMY, who was now eleven years old, must have been as totally uneducated as the misses his sisters, if my father's brother, who was a reputable shoemaker in the city, had not taken me into his care, and sent me to St. Paul's school at his own expence. To this accident of my life I owe my escape from ruin. I was called king PTOLEMY by all the boys, and so laughed at for my importance, that I soon grew ashamed of my name; and at the end of three years, when my mother thought it high time for me to return to court, I chose to accept of an offer my uncle had made me of becoming his apprentice, and entering into partnership with him when my time was expired. My father's consent was pretty easily obtained, as he found himself in an ill state of health, and unable to provide for me; but my mother was inexorable. She considered that my great name would but ill suit with so low a calling, and when she saw me determined, she told me in a flood of tears at parting, I was the first PTOLEMY that ever made shoes.

For my own part I had been so humbled at school about my name, that I never afterwards wrote more than the first letter of it: and as P. very luckily looked more like Philip than PTOLEMY, I have escaped the ridicule that would otherwise have been thrown upon me.

At the end of my apprenticeship, my uncle gave me his only daughter in marriage, and dying soon after, I succceded to his trade and effects, and to a fortune in good debts and money, to the amount of four thousand pounds.

My mother, who had never thoroughly recovered the shock of her son PTOLEMY's disgrace, died a few months after my uncle, and my father followed

her this summer, leaving to my sisters no other fortune than their names, which to my great sorrow has not been quite so current in the world as to enable them to live upon it. To be as short as I can, they were all thrown upon my hands, and are like to continue with me as long as I live. But the misfortune is, that to keep my sisters from starving, I must become a beggar myself; for the expences they bring, and the nothing they do, will not suffer me to go on. By their dresses, their names, and the airs of quality they give themselves, I am rendered ridiculous among all my acquaintance. My wife, who is a very plain good woman, and whose name is Amey, has been new-christened, and is called Amelia; and my little daughter, a child of a year old is no longer Polly, but Maria. They are perpetually quarrelling with one another about the superiority of their names; and because the eldest sister has two, and the others but one, they have entered into a combination to rob her of both, and almost to break her heart, by calling her miss Laycock.

I have shewn them the impossibility of my maintaining them much longer, and, as tenderly as I was able, proposed their going into service: but they told me with the utmost indignation, that whatever a shoemaker in the city might imagine to the contrary, the names of WILHELMINA CHARLOTTA, PENTHESILEA, TELETHUSA, and HONORIA, were by no means servants names, and unless I found myself inclined to make a better provision for them, they should continue where they were. Nay, my youngest sister, miss HONORIA, who thinks herself handsome, had the impudence to tell me, that if ever she condescended to let out her person for hire, it should be for other uses than those of a servant: to which miss TELETHUSA was pleased to add, that indeed she was entirely of miss HONORIA's opinion; for

that the sin of being a mistress, was not half so shocking to her as the shame of being a servant.

You will judge, sir, how desirous I am to rid the house of them, when I tell you that I have even offered to take a shop for them at the court end of the town, and to give each of them a hundred pounds to set up with in any way they shall choose: but their great names, forsooth, are not to be prostituted upon shop-bills, whatever their brother PTOLEMY, the shoe-maker, in his great zeal to serve them, may please humbly to conceive. Yet with these truly great names, that are not to be contaminated by trade or service, they have condescended to rob my till two or three times; and no longer ago than last week, when I caught my eldest sister in the fact, she told me with great dignity, that it became her brother PTOLEMY to blush, at laying her under the necessity of doing an action that was so much beneath her.

I have laid the whole affair before the minister of the parish, who has taken a great deal of pains to reason them into their senses, but to no purpose: and unless you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are a travelled man, can direct them to any part of the globe, where great names, great pride, great indolence, and great poverty are the only qualifications that men look for in a wife, I must shut up shop in a few days, and leave miss WILHELMINA CHARLOTTA, and the other misses her sisters, with their illustrious names, to go begging about the streets. If you know of any such place, and will do me the favour to mention it in your next Thursday's paper, you will save a whole family from ruin, and infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Your most sorrowful humble servant,

P. LAYCOCK.

The case of my correspondent is, I confess, a very hard one; and I wish with all my heart that I had discovered in my travels such a country as he hints at. All the advice I can give him is, to send for the minister of the parish once more, and get his sisters re-baptized: for till they can be prevailed upon to have new names, it will be altogether impossible to give them new natures.

No. 188. THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1756.

THOUGH the first of the following letters bears a little hard upon the ladies, for whom I have always professed a regard even to veneration, yet I am induced to give it a place in my paper, from the consideration, that if the complaint contained in it should happen to have the least foundation in truth, they may have an opportunity of adding another proof to the multitudes they are daily giving, that they want only to be told of their errors to amend them. Of the second letter I shall say nothing more, than that the expedient proposed in it to remove the evil complained of has my entire approbation.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

With as much devotion for the fair as any man, and as high a sense of the happiness they are capable of imparting, I have resolved to die an old batchelor; yet not in the least determined by the strongest arguments against matrimony, or the most fashionable motives to a single life. It is my misfortune to esteem *delicacy*, *œconomy*, *modesty*, and some of the qualifications conveyed under the idea

of *notable*, as the most engaging ornaments of a well-bred woman. How unhappy then am I, that none of these should be of repute in the present age!

I had once formed a design of transporting myself to Spain or China, for a lady of the *domestic* kind; but giving the preference to those of my own country, I delayed my intention, till I should see the influence your weekly admonitions were attended with. I am now sorry to find, that notwithstanding your censorial dignity, they have openly dared to persist in those fashions you have so long opposed. An unaccountable propensity to visit public places, a general nakedness of shoulders, a remarkable bluffness of face, a loud voice, and a masculine air, have lately gained much ground in the country; and I am apt to think I shall shortly see the necks and bosoms of my fair country-women painted with devices of birds and beasts, in imitation of the ancient Britons, though they are now contented with plain white and red.

I have observed, that as we are gradually retreating from the courage and greatness of our sex, the ladies are advancing with hasty strides upon us; and whether we shall long maintain the pre-eminence, is a point much liable to dispute.

I cannot but suspect them of entertaining designs of invading the province of man; and though I acknowledge their boundless power, I never was formed to obey, and cannot think of submission. But admitting that the present generation of beauties are totally unfit for wives, except to those gentle minds who would think themselves honoured by having their thousands spent in the genteelest manner, yet in another capacity they might be made of the greatest service to their country. When I see their hair tied in a knot behind, or either hanging

down in a ramillie, or folded up in ribbons, I cannot but look on them as the fair defenders of Britain, on whose gallantry I should rather choose to rely, than on all the boasted prowess of our military beaux. On this footing I can excuse them for sacrificing the thousand nameless powers of pleasing which nature has invested them with, for the powers of destroying, and consent to their changing the darts of Cupid for the armour of Mars. Whatever magazines of lightning are laid up in their bright eyes, I hope they will blaze out on this occasion.

If it should be objected that we ought to have proofs of their valour, and that a big look may be consistent with a faint heart; I answer, that there can be no great reason to doubt the bravery of those, who have made it one of their first maxims 'never to be afraid of man:' and besides, that natural love of conquest which possesses every individual of the female world, would animate them forward to the boldest enterprizes. I would further propose, that the more gay and airy of them should be distributed into a body of flying light-horse; the Gadabouts would make an excellent company of foragers; the more delicate of them would serve to carry the colours, and the sight of them would inspire the soldiers with unequalled resolution and courage. Thus they might all be disposed in ranks and stations suitable to their respective merits, distinctions, and qualifications, from the first lady of quality to the lowest belle in the country village. I should also advise, that a sufficient number of female transports should be sent to the relief of our garrisons abroad, if it was not from my apprehensions that they would not be able to sustain a long siege, and might perhaps be captivated by the immense fineness of an embroidered knight of the

order of St. Louis. I have only one circumstance more to mention to excite their zeal, which is, that they must be obliged to content themselves with their own invented fashions, till the successes of their arms shall oblige the French to accept of our wealth for those that are à la mode de Paris.

If this proposal be agreeable to your judgment, I hope you will second it by the warmest encouragements. May we not exult in the prospect of that glorious career of success which must attend an army of heroines, bred to a contempt of danger, and trained up from infancy itself to the most intimate acquaintance with *balls*, *drums*, *routs*, *hurricanes*, and the like?

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

A SINGLETON.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I have a complaint to lay before you, which, to the best of my memory, you have not hitherto touched upon. The ground of my complaint, sir, is this. News, you know, never was more fluctuating than at this moment. What we are told at breakfast is contradicted by noon, and that again is old by dinner; the dinner-tale scarcely lasts till coffee, and all is found to be false before night. And yet, sir, there are a set of wise men, who are always satisfied with the last tale, and constantly assure you they were all along of that opinion. 'Lord, sir, I knew it must be so: how could it be otherwise? I always said so:' and though accounts vary to-morrow, it does not at all affect them; for to-morrow they will have been all along perfectly well acquainted with just the contrary to what they knew so well to-day. This everlasting knowledge

and secret intelligence is really, sir, a most provoking insult on us poor things, who are not so knowing. If I am wrong to-day, my friend is wrong to-morrow, and that puts us on an equality; but these people, who are always sure to be of the right opinion, because they have no opinion at all, are not to be endured.

But it is one thing to complain, and another to redress: and unless I thought I had some method to remedy the evil, I would not complain of it. The remedy I would propose is simply this: that the term *I* be for ever excluded all conversations. There is not, perhaps, one single impertinence or foppery in discourse, that is not imputable to that same little letter *I*. The old man, going to repeat the lie he has talked himself into a belief of, cries, *I* remember when *I* was young. The maiden of fifty blesses her stars, and says, *I* was not such a flirt. The bold colonel tells you, *I* led on the men, *I* entered the breach. The rake, *I* debauched such a girl, *I* drank down such a fellow. Now, sir, fond as people are of being foolish, they would even consent to be wise, if it was not confining their follies to their own dear persons. The old man's dull story is only to let you see what *he* was himself. The maiden gentlewoman only means to exemplify her own modesty, and does not care a pin for all the frailties of her neighbours, but that she has thereby an opportunity of telling you how virtuous she herself is. The soldier never tells you of a campaign, but the one he was himself in. The rake never tells you of any follies but his own; and the wise men I complained of in the beginning of my letter, never tell you Mr. Such-a-one always thought so, or Mr. Somebody always said so, but *I* always thought so, *I* always said so. Let me there-

fore entreat you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to forbid the use of this monosyllable, and you will much oblige,

Sir,

Your friend, &c.

W.

No. 189. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1756.

We are accused by the French, and perhaps but too justly, of having no word in our language, which answers to their word *police*, which therefore we have been obliged to adopt, not having, as they say, the thing.

It does not occur to me that we have any one word in our language (I hope not from the same reason) to express the ideas which they comprehend under the word *les mœurs*. Manners are too little, morals too much. I should define it thus: *a general exterior decency, fitness, and propriety of conduct in the common intercourse of life.*

Cicero, in his Offices, makes use of the word *decorum* in this sense, to express what he tells us the Greeks signified by their word (I will not shock the eyes of my polite readers with Greek types) *To Prepon.*

The thing however is unquestionably of importance, by whatever word it may be dignified or degraded, distinguished or mistaken; it shall therefore be the subject of this paper to explain and recommend it; and upon this occasion I shall adopt the word *decorum*.

But as I have some private reasons for desiring not to lessen the sale of these my lucubrations, I must premise, that notwithstanding this serious in-

troduction, I am not going to preach either religious or moral duties. On the contrary, it is a scheme of interest which I mean to communicate, and which, if the supposed characteristic of the present age be true, must, I should apprehend, be highly acceptable to the generality of my readers.

I take it for granted that the most sensible and informed part of mankind, I mean people of fashion, pursue singly their own interests and pleasures; that they desire as far as possible to enjoy them exclusively, and to avail themselves of the simplicity, the ignorance, and the prejudices of the vulgar, who have neither the same strength of mind, nor the same advantages of education. Now it is certain that nothing would more contribute to that desirable end, than a strict observance of this *decorum*, which, as I have already hinted, does not extend to religious or moral duties, does not prohibit the solid enjoyments of vice, but only throws a veil of decency between it and the vulgar, conceals part of its native deformity, and prevents scandal, and bad example. It is a sort of pepper-corn quit-rent paid to virtue, as an acknowledgement of its superiority; but according to our present constitution, is the easy price of freedom, not the tribute of vassalage.

Those who would be respected by others, must first respect themselves. A certain exterior purity and dignity of character commands respect, procures credit, and invites confidence; but the public exercise and ostentation of vice, has all the contrary effects.

The middle class of people in this country, though generally straining to imitate their betters, have not yet shaken off the prejudices of their education; very many of them still believe in a Supreme Being, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and

retain some coarse, home-spun notions of moral good and evil. The rational system of materialism has not yet reached them; and in my opinion, it may be full as well it never should; for as I am not of levelling principles, I am for preserving a due subordination from inferiors to superiors, which an equality of profligacy must totally destroy.

A fair character is a more lucrative thing than people are generally aware of; and I am informed that an eminent money-scrivener has lately calculated with great accuracy the advantage of it, and that it has turned out a clear profit of thirteen and a half per cent. in the general transactions of life; which advantage, frequently repeated, as it must be in the course of the year, amounts to a very considerable object.

To proceed to a few instances. If the courtier would but wear the appearance of truth, promise less, and perform more, he would acquire such a degree of trust and confidence, as would enable him to strike on a sudden, and with success, some splendid stroke of perfidy, to the infinite advantage of himself and his party.

A patriot, of all people, should be a strict observer of this *decorum*, if he would (as it is to be presumed he would) bear a good price at the court market. The love of his dear country, well acted and little felt, will certainly get him into good keeping, and perhaps procure him a handsome settlement for life; but if his prostitution be flagrant, he is only made use of in cases of the utmost necessity, and even then only by cullies. I must observe by the bye, that of late the market has been a little glutted with patriots, and consequently they do not sell quite so well.

Few masters of families are, I should presume, desirous to be robbed indiscriminately by all their

servants; and as servants in general are more afraid of the devil, and less of the gallows, than their masters, it seem to be as imprudent as indecent to remove that wholesome fear, either by their examples, or their philosophical dissertations, exploding in their presence, though ever so justly, all the idle notions of future punishments, or of moral good and evil. At present, honest faithful servants rob their masters conscientiously only in their respective stations; but take away those checks and restraints which the prejudices of their education have laid them under, they will soon rob indiscriminately, and out of their several departments; which would probably create some little confusion in families, especially in numerous ones.

I cannot omit observing, that this *decorum* extends to the little trifling offices of common life; such as seeming to take a tender and affectionate part in the health or fortune of your acquaintance, and a readiness and alacrity to serve them, in things of little consequence to them, and of none at all to you. These attentions bring in good interest; the weak and the ignorant mistake them for the real sentiments of your heart, and give you their esteem and friendship in return. The wise, indeed, pay you in your own coin, or by a truck of commodities of equal value; upon which however there is no loss; so that upon the whole, this commerce, skilfully carried on, is a very lucrative one.

In all my schemes for the general good of mankind, I have always a particular attention to the utility that may arise from them to my fair fellow-subjects, for whom I have the tenderest and most unfeigned concern; and I lay hold of this opportunity, most earnestly to recommend to them the strictest observance of this *decorum*. I will admit that a fine woman of a certain rank, cannot have too many real

vices; but at the same time, I do insist upon it, that it is essentially her interest, not to have the appearance of any one. This *decorum*, I confess, will conceal her conquests, and prevent her triumphs; but on the other hand, if she will be pleased to reflect that those conquests are known, sooner or later, always to end in her total defeat, she will not upon an average find herself a loser. There are indeed some husbands of such humane and hospitable dispositions, that they seem determined to share all their happiness with their friends and acquaintance; so that with regard to such husbands singly, this *decorum* were useless: but the far greater number are of a churlish and uncommunicative disposition, troublesome upon bare suspicions, and brutal upon proofs. These are capable of inflicting upon the fair delinquent the pains and penalties of exile and imprisonment at the dreadful mansion-seat, notwithstanding the most solemn protestations and oaths, backed with the most moving tears, that nothing really criminal has passed. But it must be owned, that of all negatives, that is much the hardest to be proved.

Though deep play be a very innocent and even commendable amusement in itself, it is however, as things are yet constituted, a great breach, nay perhaps the highest violation possible of the *decorum* in the fair sex. If generally fortunate, it induces some suspicion of dexterity; if unfortunate, of debt; and in this latter case, the ways and means for raising the supplies necessary for the current year, are sometimes supposed to be unwarrantable. But what is still much more important, is, that the agonies of an ill-run will disfigure the finest face in the world, and cause most ungraceful emotions. I have known a bad game, suddenly produced upon a good game, for a deep stake at Bragg or Commerce, almost

make the vermilion turn pale, and elicit from lips, where the sweets of Hybla dwelt, and where the loves and graces played, some murmured oaths, which though minced and mitigated a little in their terminations, seemed to me upon the whole to be rather unbecoming.

Another singular advantage which will arise to my fair countrywomen of distinction from the observance of this *decorum*, is, that they will never want some creditable led captain to attend them at a minute's warning to operas, plays, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall; whereas I have known some women of extreme condition, who by neglecting the *decorum*, had slatterned away their characters to such a degree, as to be obliged upon those emergencies to take up with mere toad-eaters of very equivocal rank and character, who by no means graced their entry into public places.

To the young unmarried ladies, I beg leave to represent, that this *decorum* will make a difference of at least five-and-twenty, if not fifty per cent. in their fortunes. The pretty men, who have commonly the honour of attending them, are not in general the marrying kind of men; they love them too much, or too little, know them too well, or not well enough, to think of marrying them. The husband-like men are a set of aukward fellows with good estates. and who not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay some stress upon the characters of their wives, and the legitimacy of the heirs to their estates and titles. These are to be caught only by *les mœurs*; the hook must be baited with the *decorum*; the naked one will not do.

I must own that it seems too severe to deny young ladies the innocent amusements of the present times, but I beg of them to recollect that I mean only with regard to outward appearances; and I should pre-

sume that *tête à têtes* with the pretty men might be contrived and brought about in places less public than Kensington-gardens, the two parks, the high roads, or the streets of London.

Having thus combined, as I flatter myself that I have, the solid enjoyments of vice, with the useful appearances of virtue, I think myself entitled to the thanks of my country in general, and to that just praise which Horace gives to the author, *qui miscuit utile dulci*; or in English, who joins the useful with the agreeable.

No. 190. THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1756.

I CAN remember, when I was a young man at the university, being so much affected with that very pathetic speech, which Ovid has put into the mouth of Pythagoras, against eating the flesh of animals, that it was some time before I could bring myself to our college mutton again, without some inward doubt whether I was not making myself an accomplice to a murder. My scruples remained unreconciled to the committing so horrid a meal, till upon serious reflection I became convinced of its legality, from the general order of nature, who has instituted the universal preying upon the weaker as one of her first principles; though to me it has ever appeared an incomprehensible mystery, that she who could not be restrained by any want of materials from furnishing supplies for the support of her various offspring, should lay them under the necessity of devouring one another.

But though this reflection had force enough to dispythagorize me, before my companions had time

to make observations upon my behaviour, which could by no means have turned to my advantage in the world, I for a great while retained so tender a regard for all my fellow-creatures, that I have several times brought myself into imminent peril, by my attempts to rescue persecuted cats from the hands and teeth of their worryers; by endeavouring to prevent the engagement of dogs, who had manifestly no quarrel of their own: and by putting butchers boys in mind, that as their sheep were going to die, they walked full as fast as could be reasonably expected, without the cruel blows they were so liberal in bestowing upon them. As I commonly came off by the worst in these disputes, and as I conld not but observe that I often aggravated, never diminished, the ill treatment of these innocent sufferers, I soon found it necessary to consult my own ease, as well as security, by turning down another street, whenever I met with an adventure of this kind, rather than be compelled to be a spectator of what would shock me, or be provoked to run myself into danger, without the least advantage to those whom I would assist.

I have kept strictly ever since to this method of flying from the sight of cruelty, whenever I could find ground-room for it: and I make no manner of doubt, that I have more than once escaped the horns of a mad ox, as all of that species are called, that do not *chuse* to be tormented as well as killed. But on the other hand, these escapes of mine have very frequently run me into great inconveniencies; I have sometimes been led into such a series of blind alleys, that it has been matter of great difficulty to me to find my way out of them. I have been betrayed by my hurry into the middle of a market, the proper residence of inhumanity. I have paid many a six-and-eight-pence for non-appearance at the

hour my lawyer had appointed for business; and, what would hurt some people worse than all the rest, I have frequently arrived too late for the dinners I have been invited to at the houses of my friends.

All these difficulties and distresses, I began to flatter myself, were going to be removed, and that I should be left at liberty to pursue my walks through the straitest and broadest streets, when Mr. Hogarth first published his prints upon the subject of cruelty; but whatever success so much ingenuity, founded upon so much humanity, might deserve, all the hopes I had built of seeing a reformation proved vain and fruitless. I am sorry to say it, but there still remain in the streets of this metropolis more scenes of barbarity than perhaps are to be met with in all Europe besides. Asia is too well known for compassion to brutes; and nobody who has read Busbequius, will wonder at me for most heartily wishing, that our common people were no crueller than Turks.

I should have apprehensions of being laughed at, were I to complain of want of compassion in our law; the very word seeming contradictory to any idea of it; but I will venture to own that to me it appears strange, that the man against whom I should be enabled to bring an action for laying a little dirt at my door, may with impunity drive by it half a dozen calves, with their tails lopped close to their bodies, and their hinder parts covered with blood. He must have a passion for neatness not to be envied, who does not think this a greater nuisance than the sight of a few cinders.

I know not whether it is from the clergy's having looked upon this subject as too trivial for their notice, that we find them more silent upon it than could be wished: for as slaughter is at present no branch of the priesthood, it is to be presumed they

have as much compassion as other men. The Spectator has exclaimed against the cruelty of roasting lobsters alive, and of whipping pigs to death: but the misfortune is, the writings of an Addison are seldom read by cooks and butchers. As to the thinking part of mankind, it has always been convinced, I believe, that however conformable to the general rule of nature our devouring animals may be (for I would not be understood to impeach, what is our only visible prerogative as lords of the creation, an unbounded licence of teeth) we are nevertheless under indelible obligations to prevent their suffering any degree of pain, more than is absolutely unavoidable. But this conviction lies in such hands, that I fear not one poor creature in a million has ever fared the better for it, and I believe never will; since people of condition, the only source from whence this pity is to flow, are so far from inculcating it to those beneath them, that a very few winters ago they suffered themselves to be entertained at a public theatre by the performances of an unhappy company of animals, who could only have been made actors by the utmost energy of whipcord and starving.

I acknowledge my tenderness to be particularly affected in favour of so faithful and useful a creature as a dog; an animal so approaching to us in sense, so dependent upon us for support, and so peculiarly the friend of man, that he deserves the kindest and most gentle usage. For no less than the whole race of these animals I have been under the greatest alarms, ever since the tax upon dogs was first reported to be in agitation. I thought it a little hard indeed, that a man should be taxed for having one creature in his house in which he might confide; but when I heard that officers were to be appointed, to knock out the brains of all these ho-

nest domestics, who should presume to make their appearance in the streets without the passport of their master's name about their necks, I became seriously concerned for them.

This enmity against dogs is pretended to be founded upon the apprehension of their going mad: but an easier remedy might be applied by abolishing the custom (with many others equally ingenious) of tying bottles and stones to their tails; by which means (and in this one particular I must give up my clients) the unfortunate sufferer becomes subject to the persecutions of his own species, too apt to join the run against a brother in distress. But great allowance should be made for an animal, who in an intimacy of near six thousand years with man, has learnt but one of his bad qualities.

To conclude this subject: as I cannot but join in opinion with Mr. Hogarth, that the frequency of murders among us is greatly owing to those scenes of cruelty, which the lower ranks of people are so much accustomed to, instead of multiplying such scenes, I should rather hope that some proper method might be fixed upon, either for preventing them, or removing them out of sight: so that our infants might not grow up into the world in a familiarity with blood. If we may believe the naturalists, that a lion is a gentle animal till his tongue has been dipped in blood, what precaution ought we to use to prevent MAN from being inured to it, who has such superiority of power to do mischief?

No. 191. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1756.

Difficile est Satiram non scribere. JUV.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

It has always appeared to me that there is something extremely absurd in a general satire: for as it will always instruct vanity how to shun, and enable impudence to reject its application, I cannot discover that it is likely to answer any better purpose, than that of giving encouragement to rogues, and administering comfort to fools.

This species of writing is by no means of modern invention, and consequently can have no essential connection with the reigning manners of the present times. If we examine the satirists of any other age, we shall find that they have all unanimously followed the example of their father Simonides, and represented the human species in a very unnatural light; nor do I think it possible for any one to display his talents this way, without having recourse to the same expedient. From hence I would infer, that the description of a monstrous character, in those early days of simplicity and innocence, was considered only as an ingenious piece of invention, and that their false notion of wit was the sole occasion of their giving into such a ridiculous custom. And this, as I take it, will be sufficient to account for its being so fashionable with us at this time, though there be manifestly no other reason for our admitting it, than because we are pleased to fancy the judgment of the ancients, and love to copy indiscriminately from all their models with a

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servile veneration. But supposing this to be a true representation of the case before us, and that men of wit never satirize with any offensive design, but purely for the sake of displaying their abilities; yet what shall we say for those churlish malecontents, who pretend to write satire, with no other earthly talent for it than rank malevolence? Why truly, it is to be feared, they have no less exasperating a reason for reviling all mankind, than because they are deservedly despised by every body that knows them. For as it is absurd to suppose, that a man who has always been very civilly treated by the world, should have any inclination to fall out with it in good earnest, so every worthless fellow who has been justly mortified by its contempt or aversion, will naturally be provoked to expose himself to its utmost derision, by a silly attempt to retaliate the insult. And hence it is, that if a few splenetic conceited wretches are not caressed up to the extravagant expectation of their own imaginary deserts, they shall immediately vent their resentment in all those alarming exclamations, which have, with equal propriety, been echoed through every century of the world. Then forsooth, that utter neglect of merit, which has been the constant reproach of every other age, shall once more be the peculiar infamy of this; then we shall be sunk again into the very dregs of time, and shall at length be most assuredly filling up that astonishing measure of iniquity, which has been just on the very brink of being completed, ever since the first judicial infliction of an universal deluge.

It is very remarkable that this whim of degeneracy has always been most prevalent in the most refined and enlightened ages, and that it has constantly increased in exact proportion with the progress of arts and sciences. Every considerate person,

therefore, upon such a discovery, will of course be inclined to consider all invectives against the corruption of the present times, as so many convincing testimonies of our real improvement. I find, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is your opinion, that the experience of our ancestors has not been entirely thrown away upon us, and that the world is likely to grow better and wiser the longer it lasts. I must own I am entirely of your way of thinking, and should be very ready to declare, was I not afraid of offending your modesty, how much benefit it is likely to receive from your weekly instructions.

To those who are sequestered from the more crowded scenes of life, and must therefore find themselves forestalled almost on every subject, but such as the private fund of their own imaginations can furnish them with; to those, I say, it may seem very surprising that you should be able to procure so many fresh materials for the gratification of their curiosity. But the fancy of the polite multitude is inexhaustibly fertile; and they who are conversant with it at this time, will be so far from imagining that you are distressed for want of novelty, that they will rather think it impossible for the nimblest pen to keep pace with its innovations. The only thing that can give them any surprise is, that you should still be catching at every recent folly that comes in your way, when they can supply you with such a plentiful crop of new and unheard-of virtues. I am aware that new virtues will sound a little odd to some precise formal creatures, who have conceived a strange notion that all the virtues must eternally and invariably result from some certain unintelligible principles, which are called the relations and fitnesses of things. But surely no man in his senses would ever refuse to vary the fashion of his morals, if the taste of the times required it: for

it would be absurd to the last degree, to suppose that it is not altogether as reasonable to dress out our manners to the best advantage, as to wear any external ornament for the recommendation of our persons; and not only because the common practice of the world will justify our using as much art in managing the former as the latter, but because it is difficult to conceive that there should be any more essential harm in new modelling a habit of the mind, than in altering the trim of a coat or waistcoat.

And really it is astonishing to think what an advantage our present improved state of morality has over all the ancient systems of virtue. If barely to avoid vice has been generally reckoned the beginning of virtue, to convert vice itself into virtue, must needs border very nearly on the very perfection of merit. And can any one pretend to deny but that many practices, which in times past were branded with infamy, have at length, by our ingenious contrivances, been transformed into the most reputable accomplishments? A great wit of the last age having asked, by way of a problem, why it was much more difficult to say any thing new in a panegyric than in a satire, endeavoured to account for it himself, by observing, that all the virtues of mankind were to be counted upon a few fingers, whereas their vices were innumerable, and time was hourly adding to the heap. But a late moralist has been so obliging as to make a great diminution in the number of our vices, and withal so ingenious, as to inlist the greatest part of them into the catalogue of virtues; so that at present a copious lampoon ought to be looked upon as a work of amazing invention, and a trite or barren dedication as the effect only of dulness. I will not pretend to prophesy to what an eminent degree of perfection

this double advantage must in time advance us. It is certain that we have at present but few vices left for us to encounter with; and as I have reason to believe, that it is their names chiefly which make them formidable, I think it would be very prudent first of all to give their characters a little softening: for could we but once bring ourselves to look upon them with indifference, I make no doubt but we should soon be able, either to extirpate them entirely, or, at least, to gain them over with the rest of their party to the side of virtue.

Some travellers, indeed, have endeavoured to make us believe, that many of our modern virtues have been long since practised in some other parts of the world: but let them talk of the Mengrelians, Topinambos, and Hottentots as much as they please, yet I am satisfied that we have made more refinements, if not more discoveries, than any of them; and that we are still cultivating many curious tracts in the regions of virtue, which, in all likelihood, without our assistance, must have for ever remained in the terra incognita of morals.

I am, Sir,
Your's, &c.

No. 192. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1756.

In all my researches into the human heart (the study of which has taken up my principal attention for these forty years past) I have never been so confounded and perplexed as at discovering, that while people are indulging themselves openly and without disguise in the commission of almost every vice that their natures incline them to, they should

desire to conceal their virtues, as if they were really ashamed of them, and considered them as so many weaknesses in their constitutions. I know a man at this very hour, who is in his heart the most domestic creature living, and whose wife and children are the only delight of his life, yet who, for fear of being laughed at by his acquaintance, and to get a reputation in the world, is doing penance every evening at the tavern, and perpetually hinting to his companions, that he has a mistress in private. I am acquainted with another, who being overheard upon a sick-bed, to recommend himself to the care of Heaven in a short ejaculation, was so ashamed of being told of it, that he pleaded light-headedness for his excuse, protesting that he could not possibly have been in his right senses, and guilty of such a weakness. I know also a third, who from a serious turn of mind, goes to church every Sunday, in a part of the town where he is totally unknown, that he may recommend himself to his acquaintance, by laughing at public worship and ridiculing the parsons.

There are men who are so fond of the reputation of an intrigue with a handsome married woman, that without the least passion for the object of their pursuit, or perhaps the ability to gratify it if they had, are toasting her in all companies, pursuing her to every public place, and eternally buzzing in her ear, to convince the world that they are in possession of a happiness, which if offered to them, would only end in their disappointment and disgrace. And what is still more unaccountable, the lady thus pursued, who possibly prefers her husband to all other men, should countenance by her behaviour the suspicions entertained of her: and contenting herself with the secret consciousness of her inno-

cence, shall take pains to be thought infamous by the whole town.

That there are persons of a different stamp from these, I very readily allow; persons who determine to pay themselves by pleasure for the scandal they have occasioned. But it is really my opinion, that if the mask were torn off, we should find more virtues and fewer vices to exist among us, than are commonly imagined by those who judge only from appearances.

A very ingenious French writer, speaking of the force of custom and example, makes the following remarks upon his countrymen.

'A man (says he) of good sense and good nature, speaks ill of the absent, because he would not be despised by those who are present. Another would be honest, humane, and without pride, if he was not afraid of being ridiculous; and a third becomes really ridiculous, through such qualities as would make him a model of perfection, if he dared to exert them, and assume his just merits. In a word (continues he) our vices are artificial as well as our virtues, and the frivolousness of our characters permits us to be but imperfectly what we are. Like the play-things we give our children, we are only a faint resemblance of what we would appear. Accordingly we are esteemed by other nations only as the petty toys and trifles of society. The first law of our politeness regards the women. A man of the highest rank, owes the utmost complaisance to a woman of the very lowest condition, and would blush for shame, and think himself ridiculous in the highest degree, if he offered her any personal insult. And yet such a man may deceive and betray a woman of merit, and blacken her reputation, without the least apprehension either of blame or punishment.'

I have quoted these remarks that I might do justice to the candour of the Frenchman who wrote them, and at the same time vindicate my countrymen (unaccountable as they are) from the unjust imputation of being more ridiculous and absurd than the rest of mankind.

In France, every married woman of condition intrigues openly; and it is thought the highest breach of French politeness, for the husband to interfere in any of her pleasures. A man may be called to an account for having seduced his friend's sister or daughter, because it may be presumed he has carried his point by a promise of marriage; but with a married woman the case is quite different, as her gallant can only have applied to her inclinations, or gratified the longings of a lady, whom it had been infamy to have refused.

There is a story of a Frenchman, which as I have only heard once, and the majority of my readers perhaps never, I shall beg leave to relate. A banker at Paris, who had a very handsome wife, invited an English gentleman, with whom he had some money transactions, to take a dinner with him at his country-house. Soon after dinner, the Frenchman was called out upon business, and his friend left alone with the lady, who to his great surprize, from being the easiest and gayest woman imaginable, scarcely condescended to give an answer to any of his questions; and at last, starting from her chair, and surveying him for some time with a look of indignation and contempt, she gave him a hearty box on the ear, and ran furiously out of the room. While the Englishman was stroking his face, and endeavouring to penetrate into this mysterious behaviour, the husband returned; and finding his friend alone, and inquiring into the reason, was told the whole story. What, sir, says he, did she

strike you? How did you entertain her? With the common occurrences of the town, answered the Englishman; nothing more, I assure you. And did you offer no rudeness to her, returned the other? No, upon my honour, replied the friend. She has behaved as she ought, then, said the Frenchman; for to be alone with a fine woman, and make no attempt upon her virtue, is an affront to her beauty; and she has resented the indignity as became a woman of spirit.

I am prevented from returning to the subject of this paper, by a letter which I have just now received by the penny-post, and which I shall lay before my readers exactly as it was sent me.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

Walking up St. James's street the other day, I was stopt by a very smart young female, who begged my pardon for her boldness, and looking very innocently in my face, asked me, if I did not know her. The manner of her accosting me, and the extreme prettiness of her figure, made me look at her with attention; and I soon recollected that she had been a servant girl of my wife's, who had taken her from the country, and after keeping her three years in her service, had dismissed her about two months ago. 'What, Nanny,' said I, 'is it you? I never saw any body so fine in all my life.' 'O sir!' says she, (with the most innocent smile imaginable, bridling her head, and curt'sying down to the ground) 'I have been debauched since I lived with my mistress.' 'Have you so, Mrs. Nanny,' said I: 'And pray, child, who is it that has debauched you?' 'O, sir!' says she, 'one of the worthiest gentlemen in the world, and he has bought me a new negligée for every day in the week.' The girl pressed me earnestly to go and look at her lodgings, which she

assured me were hard by in Bury-street, and as fine as a duchess's; but I declined her offer, knowing that any arguments of mine in favour of virtue and stuff-gowns, would avail but little against pleasure and silk negligées. I therefore contented myself with expressing my concern for the way of life she had entered into, and bad her farewell.

Being a man inclined to speculate a little, as often as I think of the finery of this girl, and the reason alleged for it, I cannot help fancying, whenever I fall in company with a pretty woman, dressed out beyond her visible circumstances, patched, painted, and ornamented to the extent of the mode, that she is going to make me her best curt'sy, and to tell me, 'O, sir! I have been debauched since I kept good company.'

But though this excuse for finery was given me by a woman, I believe it may with equal propriety be applied to the men. Fine places, fine fortunes, fine houses, and fine things of all kinds, are too often purchased at the expence of honesty; and I seldom see a plain country gentleman turned courtier, and bowing in a fine coat at the levees of great men, whose looks do not tell me that he is come to town to be debauched.

I could wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that from these rude hints, you would favour your readers with a speculation upon this subject, which would be highly entertaining to all, and particularly obliging to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

C. D.

No. 193. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1756.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

As I have a singular favour to beg of you, I think it proper to preface my request with some account of myself.

I am at present one of the numerous fraternity of DISTRESSED GENTLEMEN; a disconsolate being, daily contending betwixt pride and poverty; a mournful relick of mis-spent youth; a walking dial, with two hands pointing to the lost hours; and having been long ago tired with putting my fingers into empty pockets, am at last desirous of employing them in soliciting the assistance and recommendation of the World.

I was bred at a great public school, not far from this metropolis, where I acquired a knowledge of the classics and the town superior to my years. From this school I was transmitted to a renowned college in a celebrated university, from whence my dull and phlegmatic contemporaries have slid into the greatest preferments in church and state. They contented themselves indeed with going on a jog trot in the common road of application and patience, while I galloped with spirit through ways less confined, till at last I found myself benighted in a maze of debts and distresses. However, as I continued to adorn my mind with the most elevated sentiments of ancient and modern poetry, I was the most sanguine of all mortals, never once doubting but that the time would shortly arrive, when I was to be loaded with fortune, and distinguished by honours. I looked upon avarice as the meanest of vices, and therefore rooted it from my bosom. I considered

friendship as the noblest of virtues, and therefore became the friend of every body. Impudence I discarded, and called in modesty and humility to be my counsellors. Thus generous, friendly, modest, and humble, I was placed by my friends in the Inner Temple. But I quickly discovered that my acquired virtues, and uncommon knowledge, were so many impediments to the study of the law; a profession too solid in itself to require any external advantages, and (except the great wig and serjeant's coiff) seeming absolutely independent of all acquisitions whatsoever. I therefore quitted it in time, and commenced fine gentleman. In this capacity I had the honour of sipping my chocolate in a certain house, was chosen member of a certain club, and soon found that I wanted nothing but money to have passed my time as agreeably as the best of them; that is to say, by being always in good company, without the fatigue of good conversation; ever at a feast, without the vulgar call of appetite; constantly at play, without the least sport; hungering after politics, without the powers of digestion; and embarrassed with acquaintance, without a single friend. But wanting the one thing needful for all these enjoyments, and there being a war upon the continent, I quitted the fine gentleman for the soldier, and made a campaign in Flanders. My regimentals were highly pleasing to me; and I had certainly succeeded to a staff before the end of the war, could I have arrived at the least smattering either of gunnery or fortification. I had read Cæsar's commentaries and Polybius, and fancied myself improved by them; but Bland's treatise of military exercise was what I could never comprehend. However I loitered through the campaign without ignominy, and at my return home wisely sold my commission.

The great and decisive step in life still remained untried. The temple of Hymen, with all its enchanting prospects, was open to my view, and allured my attention. The groups of Cupids that seemed to flutter in the roof, together with the gaiety and satisfaction that appeared in every face, tempted me to enter; and amidst a crowd of beauties, a young lady of a most ingenuous countenance and slender make, soon captivated my choice. She was void of pride, notable, steady, enterprizing, and every way qualified for the station of life in which fortune had placed her, which was that of a maid of honour to a foreign princess. Her name was Mademoiselle NECESSITE′ daughter of a younger branch of the ancient family of that name in Gascony. She lent a favourable ear to my addresses; and indeed a strong similitude of features and circumstances seemed to have destined us for one another.

Amidst the inexpressible joys of this union, I became the father of two lovely daughters, who were christened by very genteel foreign names, signifying in English ASSURANCE and INVENTION. I exhausted the small remainder of my substance on the education of these daughters; not doubting but that they were given to me for the support of my declining years. At the instigation of the eldest, I commenced author, and made the press groan with my productions in prose and verse. I sighed for the revival of factions and parties, to have an opportunity of signalizing my pen in the service of my country; and like the heroine of old, who encompassed a large territory with a single hide, I entertained hopes, from a well-timed halfpenny ballad, to new-hang my garret with the most elegant paper. But I soon found that I had nothing to eat but my own words, and that it was in vain for me to write, un-

less a scheme was found out to compel men to read: and indeed, were it not for the charity-schools, which have in some measure multiplied the literati in this country, the names of author and publisher would long since have been obliterated.

You may easily perceive, sir, that I am now in that class of life, which I can only distinguish by the title of a DISTRESSED GENTLEMAN. But however uncomfortable my situation may be, I am determined to give my existence fair play, and to see it out to the last act. You need therefore be under no apprehensions of my dying SUDDENLY: and to say the truth, I have so great a veneration for physicians and apothecaries, that I cannot think of taking the business out of their hands, by becoming my own executioner.

My youngest daughter, who is really a most ingenious girl, has frequently solicited me to try a scheme of her's; which, after long and mature deliberation, I am inclined to think may be of great service to my country, and of no small benefit to myself and family.

I have long remarked the number of SUDDEN DEATHS that abound in this island, and have ever lamented the disgraceful methods that persons of both sexes in this metropolis are almost daily taking to get rid of their being. The disfiguring pistol, the slow stupefaction of laudanum, the ignominious rope, the uncertain garter, the vulgarity of the New River, and the fetid impurity of Rosamond's pond, must be extremely shocking to the delicacy of all genteel persons, who are willing to die decently as well as suddenly. At once therefore to remedy these inconveniences, I have contracted for a piece of ground near the Foundling-hospital, and pro-

cured credit with a builder to erect convenient apartments for the reception of all such of the nobility, gentry, and others, as are tired of life. I have contrived a most effectual machine for the easy decapitation of such as chuse that noble and honourable exit; which no doubt must give great satisfaction to all persons of quality, and those who would imitate them. I have a commodious bath for disappointed ladies, paved with marble, and fed by the clearest springs, where the patient may drown with the utmost privacy and elegance. I have pistols for gamesters, which (instead of bullets or slugs) are charged with loaded dice, so that they may have the pleasure of putting an end to their existence by the very means which supported it. I have daggers and poison for distressed actors and actresses, and swords fixed obliquely in the floor with their points upwards, for the gentlemen of the army. For attornies, tradesmen, and mechanics, who have no taste for the genteeler exits, I have a long room, in which a range of halters are fastened to a beam, with their nooses ready tied. I have also a handsome garden for the entombing of all my good customers, and shall submit their consideration of me to their own generosity, only claiming their heads as my constant fee, that by frequent dissections and examinations into the several brains, I may at last discover and remedy the cause of so unnatural a propensity. And that nothing may be wanting to make my scheme complete, I propose agreeing with a coroner by the year, to bring in such verdicts as I shall think proper to direct.

This, sir, is my scheme; and the favour I have to ask, is, that you will recommend it to the public, and make it known through your WORLD, that I shall open my house on the first day of November

next; and that to prevent mistakes, there will be written, in large capitals over the door,

THE RECEPTACLE FOR SUICIDES.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
JOHN ANTHONY TRISTMAN.

No. 194. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1756.

I HAVE lately considered it as a very great misfortune, that in various papers of this work I have made no scruple of honesty confessing to my readers, that I look upon myself to be the wisest and most learned philosopher of this age and nation. But the word is gone forth and I cannot retract it; nor indeed would it be fair in me to attempt it, as I find no manner of decay in my intellectual faculties, but on the contrary, that I am treasuring up new knowledge day after day. I was aware indeed that such a confession, given modestly and voluntarily under my own hand, and confirmed every week by a most excellent essay, would gain universal belief, and bring upon me the envy of the weak and malicious; but with all my penetration, I was far from foreseeing the many inconveniences to which it has subjected me.

My lodgings are crowded almost every morning with learned ladies of all ranks, who, like so many queens of Sheba, are come from afar to hear the wisdom of Solomon: but it happens a little unfortunately, that though my answers to their questions give equal satisfaction with those of that monarch, yet the gold, and the spices, and the precious stones, which were

the reward of his wisdom, are never so much as offered me.

In the families which I visit abroad, a profound silence is observed as soon as I enter the room; so that instead of mixing in a free and easy conversation, I labour under all the disadvantages of a king, by being so unfortunately circumstanced as to have no equal.

I have endeavoured by stratagem to remove these inconveniences, and have frequently written a very dull paper, that my companions may imagine they have caught me tripping, and be induced to converse with me as with other men: but they found out my design, and are so far from applying to me the *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, that they regard me as a prodigy wherever I am seen. Mrs. Fitz-Adam, indeed, who is less in awe of me than perhaps I would sometimes chuse, and who is of a communicative disposition, never fails to inform me how the world goes on: she also encourages her maid Betty (who is a very knowing body in all family concerns) to bestow upon me, as she waits at table, her whole stock of intelligence; which if I had a mind to be personal, would contribute greatly to the entertainment of these papers. I ought not to conceal that I owe the freedom with which the girl treats me, to the small opinion she has conceived of my parts; having been often urged by her to turn the WORLD into a news-paper, for that then there would be truth in it, and something worth reading.

At the coffee-houses I am still more perplexed than in private families: for as every man there is a politician, and as I have incautiously declared in print that I am a consummate master of that science, I am surrounded at my entrance by all the company in the room, and questioned by twenty

voices at once on the state of public affairs. I am drawn into an ambuscade with general Braddock, and kept in close confinement with admiral Byng. Russia and Prussia, though our very good friends and allies, have declared war upon my quiet, and the national Militia has beaten me out of doors. To plead ignorance upon these occasions would be highly unbecoming a lover of truth, who has given it under his hand that he knows every thing; and to discover all I know, might, as matters stand at present, be a little imprudent. I am therefore a silent hearer of all the questions that are asked me, till having tired them with taciturnity, I am suffered to escape.

To remedy this inconvenience, and as I am a great walker, I now and then take a stroll to the coffee-houses about Moorfields and Cripplegate, where, if not my name, my person at least is unknown. At these places I have the good fortune of being an uninterrupted hearer of all that passes; and I cannot sufficiently express the pleasure I receive at seeing so many worthy tradesmen and mechanics met together every evening for the good of their country, and each of them laying down a system of politics, that would do honour to the sagacity of the ablest administration.

I am tempted to take these walks rather oftner than is agreeable to me, to avoid certain inconveniences at home, which my wonderful abilities are almost continually subjecting me to. The political writers are at present a numerous body; and as they cannot but take notice that I am making no pecuniary advantage of my great knowledge in public affairs, and are thoroughly sensible that a very small part of it would make a rich figure in a twelve-penny pamphlet, they are continually teazing me (according to the school-boy's phrase) for a little

sense: but whatever sense the readers of those pamphlets may chance to find in them, I can truly assure them that it is none of mine. The constituents of boroughs are also very importunate with me for letters of instruction to their several members: but though I entirely approve of this custom, and think it highly necessary that every gentleman in parliament should be instructed by his constituents in the true interest of his country, yet I beg to be excused from meddling with such matters, and content myself with dismissing the said constituents with one word of advice, which is, that in all their remonstrances to their members, they would touch as slightly as possible upon the grievance of corruption; it being, in my private opinion, quarrelling with their bread and butter.

To balance all this weight of inconveniencies, I have nothing but a little vanity to throw into the scale: for to confess a very serious truth, the happiness I enjoy is more owing to my great virtue than my great knowledge; and were it not for my good-will to mankind, who will not suffer themselves to be instructed by any other hand, I would part with my wisdom at a very easy price, and be as ignorant as the best of them.

The value of every acquisition is only to be estimated by its use; and every body knows, that in the commerce with the world, an ounce of cunning is worth a pound of sense. I am sorry to say it, but the whistle, the top, the hobby-horse, and the raree-show, have administered more delight to my boyish days (for I have been a boy as well as others) than all the treasures of learning and philosophy have done to my riper years. Those pleasures, in time, gave way to others of a higher nature; and the facetious Mr. Punch took his turn to entertain me. The theatres at last attracted all my attention

There, while my imagination was cheated, and real kings and queens, in all the magnificence of royalty, seemed to be exhibiting themselves to my view, my delight was inexpressible. But reason and knowledge soon combining against me, shewed me that all was deception; and in conjunction with a demon, called Taste, suggested to me at one time the weakness of the performance, and at another the incapacity of the actors, till in the end, nothing but a Shakspeare and a Garrick had power to entertain me.

Thus driven by too much refinement from all the pleasures of youth, I had recourse to those deep and profound studies, that have since made me the object of my own wonder, and the astonishment of mankind. But alas! how ineffectual and unsatisfying are all human acquisitions! The abilities that will for ever make my memory revered, are robbing me of my enjoyment; and besides the evils that I have already enumerated, I am regretting in the best company that I cannot enjoy the solidity of my own thoughts, and am hardly to be persuaded that there is any thing worth reading, but what I write myself.

A little learning (as Mr. Pope observes) is a dangerous thing. Let me add from experience, that too much is a fatal one. And indeed it seems the peculiar happiness of the present age to chime in with these sentiments: insomuch, that it is hoped and expected of the rising generation, that they will be so trained up, as to suffer no inconveniences from any learning at all. The pleasures of childhood will then be constantly secured to them, and, with ignorance for their guide, they may take their pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, though a constant road of delight.

Sampson was destroyed by his own strength: and

the wisdom of Adam Fitz-Adam, like that of Solomon of old, is only vanity and vexation.

No. 195. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1756.

——————Generosiùs
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem. HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

To a well-disposed mind, there can be no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with success. This, sir, is remarkably the case of your paper of September the 9th, on Suicide; a fashionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expose; and I do not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what I may be allowed to call *single combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's self, as your predecessor the Tatler was for exploding the ridiculous custom of duels. The pleasantry of your essay on the reigning modes of voluntary deaths, has preserved to a little neighbourhood a very hospitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deserving son and daughter a tender parent, and has saved the person himself from a foolish exit. This character, sir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own; and not to trouble you with the history of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is so far necessary, as that I am a gentleman of about fifty, have a moderate estate in very good

condition, have seen a great deal of the world, and without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts to so desperate a resolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no one illness. But alas! sir, I am extremely *well-born:* pedigree is my distemper; and having observed how much the mode of self-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no *living* without *killing* one's self. I reflected how many of my great ancestors had fallen in battle by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the several ages in which they lived, disposed of the nobility; and I thought the descendant of so many heroes must contrive to perish by means as violent and illustrious. What a disgrace, thought I, for the great grandson of Mowbrays, Veres, and Beauchamps, to die, in a good old age of a fever! I blushed whenever I cast mine eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour.—I determined to shoot myself. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world; and when I went to clean my pistols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my constitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die suddenly* twenty or thirty years hence; but happening about a month ago to be near choaked by a fish-bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever since *preparing for death.* The letter to be left on my table (which indeed cost me some trouble to compose, as I had no reason to give for my *sudden resolution)* was written out fair, when I read your paper; and from that minute I have changed my mind; and though it should be ever so great a disgrace to my family, I

am resolved to live as long and as happily as I can.

You will no doubt, good sir, be encouraged from this example, to pursue the reformation of this contagious crime. Even in the small district where I live, I am not the only instance of the propensity to such a catastrophe. The lord of the manor, whose fortune indeed is much superior to mine, though there is no comparison in the antiquity of our families, has had the very same thought. He is turned of sixty-seven, and is devoured by the stone and gout. In a dreadful fit of the former, as his physician was sitting by his bed-side, on a sudden his lordship ceased roaring, and commanded his relations and chaplain to withdraw, with a composure unusual to him even in his best health; and putting on the greatest appearance of philosophy, or what, if the chaplain had staid, would have been called resignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him, if his case was really desperate. The physician, with a slow profusion of latinized evasions, endeavoured to elude the question, and to give him some glimmerings of hope, *that there might be a chance that the extremity of pain would occasion a degree of fever, that might not be mortal in itself, but which, if things did not come to a crisis soon, might help to carry his lordship off*. 'I understand you, by G—d,' says his lordship, with great tranquillity and a few more oaths; 'Yes, d—n you, you want to kill me with some of your confounded distempers; but I'll tell you what, I only asked you, because if I can't possibly live, I am determined to kill myself; for rot me! if it shall ever be said that a man of my quality died of a cursed natural death. There, tell Boman to give you your fee, and bid him bring me my pistols.' However, the fit abated, and the neigh-

bourhood is still waiting with great impatience to be *surprized* with an account of his lordship's having shot himself.

However, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extensive as the service is which you may render to the community by abolishing this heathenish practice, I think in some respects it is to be treated with tenderness; in one case always to be tolerated. National courage is certainly not at high-water-mark: what if the notion of the dignity of self-murder should be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has resolution enough to kill himself, will certainly never dread being killed by any body else. It is the privilege of a *free-dying Englishman* to chuse his death: if any of our high-spirited notions are cramped, it may leaven our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occasion for all we can exert, I should humbly be of opinion, that you permitted self-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it should be dishonourable for any man to kill himself, till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that service for him.

Indeed the very celebration of this mystery has been transacted hitherto in a manner somewhat mean, and unworthy people of fashion. No tradesman could hang himself more feloniously than our very nobles do. There is none of that open defiance of the laws of their country, none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they so properly wear on other occasions. They steal out of the world from their own closets, or before their servants are up in a morning. They leave a miserable apology behind them, instead of sitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for dispatching themselves. Unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced self-murder to a system of good-breeding, and used to *send cards* to

their acquaintance to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week in Rome was to *leave one's name* at the doors of such as were starving themselves. Particular friends were *let in*; and if very intimate, it was even expected that they should use some common-place phrases of dissuasion. I can conceive no foundation for our shabby way of bolting into t'other world, but that obsolete law which inflicts a cross-road and a stake on self-executioners; a most absurd statute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unless one could condemn a man who had killed himself to be brought to life again. Somewhere indeed I have read of a successful law for restraining this crime. In some of the Grecian states, the women of fashion incurred the anger of Venus—I quite forgot upon what occasion; perhaps for little or none: goddesses in those days were scarce less whimsical than their fair votaries—Whatever the cause was, she inspired them with a fury of self-murder. The legislature of the country, it seems, thought the resentment of the deity a little arbitrary; and to put a stop to the practice, devised an expedient, which one should have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beauteous bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up naked by one foot in the public squares. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any position that discovered all their charms, could be so, is not mentioned by historians; nor, at this distance of time, is it possible for us moderns to guess: certain it is, that the penalty put a stop to the barbarous custom.

But what shall one say to those countries, which not only allow this crime, but encourage it, even in that part of the species whose softness demands all protection, and seems most abhorrent from every

thing sanguinary and fierce? We know there are nations, where the magistrate gravely gives permission to the ladies to accompany their husbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greatest profligacy for a widow not to demand leave to burn herself alive. Were this fashion once to *take* here, I tremble to think what havock it would occasion. Between the natural propensity to suicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one should not see such a thing as a lozenge, or a widow. Adieu jointures! adieu those soft resources of the brave and necessitous! What unfortunate relict but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a second passion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you must keep a strict eye on our fair countrywomen. I know one or two who already wear pocket pistols, which, considering the tenderness of their natures, can only be intended against their own persons. And this article leads me naturally to the only case, in which, as I hinted above, I think self-murder always to be allowed. The most-admired death in history is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her sex, and the eventual foundress of Roman liberty. As there never has been a lady since that time, in her circumstances, but what has imitated her example, I think, sir, I may pronounce the case immutably to be excepted: and when Mr. Fitz-Adam, with that success and glory which always has and must attend his labours, has decried the savage practice in vogue, I am persuaded he will declare that she is not only excusable, but that it is impossible any woman should live after having been ravished.

I am, Sir,

Your truly obliged humble servant

and admirer,

H. M.

No. 196. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1756.

It is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both false and absurd, that passionate people are the best-natured people in the world. *They are a little hasty, it is true; a trifle will put them in a fury; and while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they say or do: but then as soon as it is over, they are extremely sorry and penitent for any injury or mischief they did.* This panegyric on these choleric good-natured people, when examined and simplified, amounts in plain common sense and English to this: that they are good-natured when they are not ill-natured; and that when in their fits of rage they have said or done things that have brought them to the gaol or the gallows, they are extremely sorry for it. It is indeed highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to those whose reputations, limbs, or lives they have either wounded or destroyed? This concern comes too late, and is only for themselves. Self-love was the cause of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

Had these furious people real good-nature, their first offence would be their last, and they would resolve at all events never to relapse. The moment they felt their choler rising, they would enjoin themselves an absolute silence and inaction, and by that sudden check rather expose themselves to a momentary ridicule (which, by the way, would be followed by universal applause) than run the least risk of being irreparably mischievous.

I know it is said in their behalf, that this impulse to wrath is constitutionally so sudden and so strong, that they cannot stifle it, even in its birth: but ex-

perience shews us, that this allegation is notoriously false; for we daily observe that these stormy persons both can and do lay those gusts of passion, when awed by respect, restrained by interest, or intimidated by fear. The most outrageous furioso does not give a loose to his anger in presence of his sovereign, or his mistress; nor the expectant heir in presence of the peevish dotard from whom he hopes for an inheritance. The soliciting courtier, though perhaps under the strongest provocations, from unjust delays and broken promises, calmly swallows his unavailing wrath, disguises it even under smiles, and gently waits for more favourable moments: nor does the criminal fly in a passion at his judge or his jury.

There is then but one solid excuse to be alleged in favour of these people; and if they will frankly urge it, I will candidly admit it, because it points out its own remedy. I mean, let them fairly confess themselves mad, as they most unquestionably are: for what plea can those that are frantic ten times a day, bring against shaving, bleeding, and a dark room, when so many much more harmless madmen are confined in their cells at Bedlam for being mad only once in a moon? Nay, I have been assured by the late ingenious doctor Monro, that such of his patients who were really of a good-natured disposition, and who in their lucid intervals were allowed the liberty of walking about the hospital, would frequently, when they found the previous symptoms of their returning madness, voluntarily apply for confinement, conscious of the mischief which they might possibly do, if at liberty. If those who pretend not to be mad, but who really are so, had the same fund of good-nature, they would make the same application to their friends, if they have any.

There is in the Menagiana a very pretty story of one of these angry gentlemen, which sets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was a choleric one, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury; to which the horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him coolly, *Be quiet, be quiet, and shew yourself the wiser of the two.*

This sort of madness, for I will call it by no other name, flows from various causes, of which I shall now enumerate the most general.

Light unballasted heads are very apt to be overset by every gust, or even breeze of passion; they appretiate things wrong, and think every thing of importance, but what really is so; hence those frequent and sudden transitions from silly joy to sillier anger, according as the present silly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteristic of the uneducated vulgar, who often in the same half-hour fight with fury, and shake hands with affection. Such heads give themselves no time to reason; and if you attempt to reason with them, they think you rally them, and resent the affront. They are, in short, overgrown children, and continue so in the most advanced age. Far be it from me to insinuate, what some ill-bred authors have bluntly asserted, that this is in general the case of the fairest part of our species, whose great vivacity does not always allow them time to reason consequentially, but hurries them into testiness upon the least opposition to their will. But at the same time, with all the partiality which I have for them,

and nobody can have more than I have, I must confess that in all their debates, I have much more admired the copiousness of their rhetoric, than the conclusiveness of their logic.

People of strong animal spirits, warm constitutions, and a cold genius (a most unfortunate and ridiculous, though common compound) are most irascible animals, and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling, blundering, and petulantly enterprising and persevering. They are impatient of the least contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their composition bursts out into furious explosions, which have often mischievous consequences. Nothing is too outrageous or criminal for them to say or do in these fits; but as the beginning of their frenzy is easily discoverable by their glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and rapid motions, the company, as conservators of the peace (which, by the way, every man is, till the authority of a magistrate can be procured) should forcibly seize these madmen, and confine them in the mean time, in some dark closet, vault, or coal-hole.

Men of nice honour, without one grain of common honesty (for such there are) are wonderfully combustible. The honourable is to support and protect the dishonest part of their character. The consciousness of their guilt makes them both sore and jealous.

There is another very irascible sort of human animals, whose madness proceeds from pride. These are generally the people, who having just fortunes sufficient to live idle and useless to society, create themselves gentlemen, and are scrupulously tender of the rank and dignity which they have not. They require the more respect, from being conscious that they have no right to any. They construe every

thing into a slight, ask explanations with heat, and misunderstand them with fury. *Who are you? What are you? Do you know who you speak to? I'll teach you to be insolent to a gentleman*, are their daily idioms of speech, which frequently end in assault and battery, to the great emolument of the Round-house and Crown-office.

I have known many young fellows, who at their first setting out in the world, or in the army, have simulated a passion which they did not feel, merely as an indication of spirit, which word is falsely looked upon as synonymous with courage. They dress and look fierce, swear enormously, and rage furiously, seduced by that popular word spirit. But I beg leave to inform these mistaken young gentlemen, whose error I compassionate, that the true spirit of a rational being consists in cool and steady resolution, which can only be the result of reflection and virtue.

I am very sorry to be obliged to own, that there is not a more irritable part of the species than my brother authors. Criticism, censure, or even the slightest disapprobation of their immortal works, excite their most furious indignation. It is true indeed that they express their resentment in a manner less dangerous both to others and to themselves. Like incensed porcupines, they dart their quills at the objects of their wrath. The wounds given by these shafts are not mortal, and only painful in proportion to the distance from whence they fly. Those which are discharged (as by much the greatest number are) from great heights, such as garrets or four-pair-of-stairs rooms, are puffed away by the wind, and never hit the mark; but those which are let off from a first or second floor, are apt to occasion a little smarting, and sometimes festering, especially if the party wounded be unsound.

Our GREAT CREATOR has wisely given us passions, to rouze us into action, and to engage our gratitude to him by the pleasures they procure us; but at the same time he has kindly given us reason sufficient, if we will but give that reason fair play, to controul those passions; and has delegated authority to say to them, as he said to the waters, ‘Thus far shall ye go, and no farther.’ The angry man is his own severest tormentor; his breast knows no peace, while his raging passions are restrained by no sense of either religious or moral duties. What would be his case, if his unforgiving example (if I may use such an expression) were followed by his ALL-MERCIFUL MAKER, whose forgiveness he can only hope for, in proportion as he himself forgives and loves his fellow-creatures?

No. 197. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1756.

IF we give credit to the vulgar opinion, or even to the assertions of some reputable authors both ancient and modern, poor human nature was not originally formed for keeping: age has degenerated; and from the fall of the first man, my unfortunate ancestor, our species has been tumbling on, century by century, from bad to worse, for about six thousand years.

Considering this progressive state of deterioration, it is a very great mercy that things are no worse with us at present; since, geometrically speaking, the human ought by this time to have sunk infinitely below the brute and the vegetable species, which are neither of them supposed to have dwindled or degenerated considerably, except in a

very few instances: for it must be owned that our modern oaks are inferior to those of Dodona, our breed of horses to that of the Centaurs, and our breed of fowls to that of the Phœnixes.

But is this really the case? Certainly not. It is only one of those many errors which are artfully scattered by the designs of a few, and blindly adopted by the ignorance and folly of the many. The moving exclamations of—*these sad times! this degenerate age!* the affecting lamentations over *declining virtue* and *triumphant vice*, and the tender and final farewell bidden every day to unrewarded and discouraged public spirit, arts and sciences, are the common-place topics of the pride, the envy, and the malignity of the human heart, that can more easily forgive, and even commend, antiquated and remote, than bear contemporary and contiguous merit. Men of these mean sentiments have always been the satirists of their own, and the panegyrists of former times. They give this tone, which fools, like birds in the dark, catch by ear, and whistle all day long.

As it has constantly been my endeavour to root out, if I could, or, if I could not, to expose the vices of the human heart, it shall be the object of this day's paper to examine this strange inverted entail of virtue and merit upwards, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age. I shall prove it to be forged, and consequently null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

If I loved to jingle, I would say that human nature has always been invariably the same, though always varying; that is, the same in substance, but varying in forms and modes, from many concurrent causes, of which perhaps we know but few. Climate, education, accidents, severally contribute to change those modes; but in all climates, and in all

ages, we discover through them the same passions, affections, and appetites, and the same degree of virtues and vices.

This being unquestionably the true state of the case, which it would be endless to bring instances to prove from the histories of all times and of all nations, I shall, by way of warning to the incautious, and of reproof to the designing, proceed to explain the reasons, which I have but just hinted at above, why the human nature of the time being has always been reckoned the worst and most degenerate.

Authors, especially poets, though great men, are, alas! but men; and like other men, subject to the weaknesses of human nature, though perhaps in a less degree: but it is however certain that their breasts are not absolutely strangers to the passions of jealousy, pride, and envy. Hence it is that they are very apt to measure merit by the century, to love dead authors better than living ones, and to love them the better, the longer they have been dead. The Augustan age is therefore their favourite æra, being at least seventeen hundred years distant from the present. That emperor was not only a judge of wit, but, for an emperor, a tolerable performer too; and Mæcenas, his first minister, was both a patron and a poet: he not only encouraged and protected, but fed and fattened men of wit at his own table, as appears from Horace: no small encouragement for panegyric. Those were times indeed for genius to display itself in! It was honoured, tasted, and rewarded. But now——*O tempora! O mores!* One must however do justice to the authors, who thus declaim against their own times, by acknowledging that they are seldom the aggressors; their own times have commonly begun with them. It is their resentment, not their judg-

ment (if they have any) that speaks this language. Anger and despair make them endeavour to lower that merit, which, till brought very low indeed, they are conscious they cannot equal.

There is another and more numerous set of much greater men, who still more loudly complain of the ignorance, the corruption, and the degeneracy of the present age. These are the consummate volunteer, but unregarded and unrewarded politicians, who at a modest computation amount to at least three millions of souls in this political country, and who are all of them both able and willing to steer the great vessel of the state, and to take upon themselves the whole load of business and burthen of *employments*, for the service of their dear country. The administration for the time being is always the worst, the most incapable, the most corrupt, that ever was, and negligent of every thing but their own interest. *Where are now your Cecils and your Walsinghams?* Those who ask that question could answer it, if they would speak out *Themselves*: For they are all that and more too.

I stept the other day, in order only to inquire how my poor country did, into a coffee-house, that is without dispute the seat of the soundest politics in this great metropolis, and sat myself down within ear-shot of the principal council-table. Fortunately for me, the president, a person of age, dignity, and becoming gravity, had just begun to speak. He stated with infinite perspicuity and knowledge the present state of affairs in other countries, and the lamentable situation of our own. He traced with his finger upon the table, by the help of some coffee which he had spilt in the warmth of his exordium, the whole course of the Ohio, and the boundaries of the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Saxon dominions; foresaw a long and bloody war upon the con-

tinent, calculated the supplies necessary for carrying it on, and pointed out the best methods of raising them, which, for that very reason, he intimated would not be pursued. He wound up his discourse with a most pathetic peroration, which he concluded with saying, *Things were not carried on in this way in queen Elizabeth's days; the public was considered, and able men were consulted and employed. Those were days!* 'Ay, sir, and nights too, I presume,' (said a young fellow who stood near him) 'some longer and some shorter, according to the variation of the seasons; pretty much like ours.' Mr. President was a little surprized at the suddenness and pertness of this interruption; but recomposing himself, answered with that cool contempt that becomes a great man, 'I did not mean astronomical days, but political ones.' The young fellow replied, 'O then, sir, I am your servant,' and went off in a laugh.

Thus informed and edified, I went off too, but could not help reflecting in my way, upon the singular ill-luck of this my dear country, which, as long as ever I remember it, and as far back as I have read, has always been governed by the only two or three people, out of two or three millions, totally incapable of governing, and unfit to be trusted. But these reflections were soon interrupted by numbers of people, whom I observed crowding into a public-house. Among them I discovered my worthy friend and taylor, that industrious mechanic, Mr. Regnier. I applied to him to know the meaning of that concourse; to which, with his usual humanity, he answered, 'We are the master-taylors, who are to meet to-night to consider what is to be done about our journeymen, who insult and impose upon us, to the great detriment of trade.' I asked him whether under his protection I might slip in and hear their deliberations. He said, yes, and

welcome; for that they should do nothing to be ashamed of. I profited of this permission, and following him into the room, found a considerable number of these ingenious artists assembled, and waiting only for the arrival of my friend, who it seems was too considerable for business to begin without him. He accordingly took the lead, opened the meeting with a very handsome speech, in which he gave many instances of the insolence, the unreasonableness, and the exorbitant demands of the journeymen taylors, and concluded with observing, 'that if the government minded any thing now-a-days but themselves, such abuses would not have been suffered; and had they been but attempted in queen Elizabeth's days, she would have *worked* them with a witness.' Another orator then rose up to speak; but as I was sure that he could say nothing better than what had just fallen from my worthy friend, I stole off unobserved, and was pursuing my way home, when in the very next street I discovered a much greater number of people (though by their dress of seemingly inferior note) rushing into another public-house. As numbers always excite my curiosity almost as much as they mutually do each others passions, I crowded in with them, in order to discover the object of this meeting, not without some suspicion that this frequent senate might be composed of the journeymen taylors, and convened in opposition to that which I had just left. My suspicion was soon confirmed by the eloquence of a journeyman, a finisher, I presume, who expatiated with equal warmth and dignity, upon the injustice and oppression of the master taylors, to the utter ruin of thousands of poor journeymen and their families; and concluded with asserting, 'it was a shame that the government and the parliament did not take notice of such abuses; and that had the

master taylors done these things in queen Elizabeth's days, she would have *mastered* them with a vengeance, so she would.'

I confess I could not help smiling at this singular conformity of sentiments, and almost of expressions, of the master politicians, the master taylors, and the journeymen taylors. I am convinced that the two latter really and honestly believed what they said; it not being in the least improbable that their understandings should be the dupes of their interests: but I will not so peremptorily answer for the interior conviction of the political orator; though at the same time, I must do him the justice to say, he seemed full dull enough to be very much in earnest.

The several scenes of this day suggested to me, when I got home, various reflections, which perhaps I may communicate to my readers in some future paper.

No. 198. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1756.

Nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I beg your advice and assistance to enable me to get rid of one of the most impertinent companions that ever existed. I have tried every art and contrivance in my power to free myself from his odious conversation; the creature will press upon my retirement, and force himself upon me in spite of my teeth; though the *têt? à tête* is always the most

shocking and unmannerly you can possibly conceive. The thing is always meddling in my affairs in a manner to be quite intolerable; always setting them in such a light, as cannot fail to put me out of humour; and teazing me wiħh reflections that make me weary of my life. I am sure I could more easily bear the spiteful tongues of twenty witty females at a masquerade, than the impertinence of this animal for a quarter of an hour; and with concern I find, that the more pains I take to free myself from him, the more troublesome he grows.

Nor do I complain only for my own sake, but for the sakes of almost the whole circle of my acquaintance, as well female as male, who in general are pestered in a most unreasonable manner by this saucy intruder, whom all are forced to admit, though so few care for his company, and against whose presumption no rank or dignity, no quality or profession, can defend them. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickest darkness into the deepest recess; will travel with us by sea and land, and follow the wretch into banishment. In vain does the statesman hug himself in the success of his unjust schemes, or exult in the gratification of his ambition or revenge; unawed by his power, this haughty companion will check his career of transport, by placing before his eyes the instability of his situation, and the consequences of his actions. In vain does the flirt or coxcomb, when alone, endeavour to recollect with pleasure the *badinage* of the day; the creature will disturb their most delightful reveries, and by the magic of his intervention, convert all the imaginary *agrémens* into vanity, folly, and lost time. You cannot wonder then that so many avoid and fly him, and that the panic spread by him should extend itself far and wide; nor can you be

much amazed when I assure you, that it is no uncommon thing to see men of sense and courage fly from him without reason, and take refuge in those polite resorts, where dissipation, riot, and luxury, secure them from his visits, which they only decline because it is unfashionable to converse with him. It is surprizing what pains are continually taken, what contrivances have been used to get rid of this universal phantom. Some flatter him, some bully him, and some endeavour to impose upon him; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to resent them with severity.

The beaus and fine gentlemen seem to revere and adore him, pouring forth libations of sweet water, and offering him the incense of perfumes; cloathing him in dresses, elegant and expensive as those of our lady of Loretto, practising every art of heathen or popish idolatry, even torturing themselves for his sake; but all with no manner of success; for the brute in return is as unsociable and disagreeable to the pretty creatures, as the most savage squire, or the most formal pedant; so that, spite of their pretences, they are obliged to fly, as a plague, from what they appear most to admire. I cannot here omit a whimsical circumstance in this paradoxical character, that most people are reproached with loving him with the greatest partiality and fondness, and are greatly delighted to hear him praised, yet very few seek to come to the knowledge of him, or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greater part try all possible means to avoid encountering him.

Our modern philosophers pretend, by their systems to have silenced him, and by that means to have prevented his being troublesome to them or their acquaintance; but how fallacious these pretences are, is plain from their avoiding all opportunities of being alone with him, and the confusion

they express whenever by unavoidable necessity they are forced to it. Others, as he is a known enemy to the modern elegant tables, have exerted all the arts of the kitchen against him, lengthening the feast till midnight to keep him off; but, like the reckoning, he appears when the banquet is over, reproaching the bounteous host with his profusion, and the pampered guest with his wanton satiety: nay, so galling are his reprehensions, and so troublesome his intrusion, that there have not been wanting instances even in high life, of those, who not being able to keep him off otherways, have called in to their relief the halter, dagger, and pistol, and fairly removed themselves into another world to get rid of him; though certain queer fellows pretend that they are bit, and that he has followed them even thither.

The fair sex, though generally favourable to the impertinent, are so rudely attacked by this insolent intruder, that to keep him off, they have been obliged to call in to their assistance the relief of routs, balls, assemblies, operas, gardens, and cards: and all little enough for their protection. He might indeed pretend to some share of their favour, as, like themselves he is a severe censurer of his acquaintance; but there is this difference in their management, that the ladies are generally fondest of fixing their censure on the innocent, and their adversary is a judge that condemns none but the guilty. The Buck and the Sot seem to be least affected by his importunity; as the one, from his natural insensibility, can attend to nothing, and the other is always asleep.

In the city, those of the middling rank converse with him pretty familiarly; and the rich, to whom he might on some occasions prove troublesome, have a charm to keep him off. They place a num-

ber of bags, full of pieces of a particular metal, close together; or in their stead, some bits of paper, inscribed with certain cabalistical characters, which, with a Midas-like touch, they can transmute into gold. By the help of this charm, though they do not entirely get rid of him, they become quite insensible to every thing he can suggest. But as these materials are not always at hand, or are applied to other uses by the politer part of mankind, this magic is not properly understood or practised at the other end of the town; though it is said that some particular persons there had tried it with a proper effect.

Notwithstanding all I have advanced of this impertinent visitor, I cannot help owning that some have attempted to insinuate a better opinion of him. A certain old gentleman, for recommending his acquaintance, got the title of a wise man; a name at present but of small consideration; and I am told there never were but seven who were allowed that title. There are indeed some few persons of high rank of both sexes, that do vouchsafe to commune with him; but they are such sort of folks as are hardly fit to converse with any but one another; and very happily, one is seldom pestered with them at places of polite association; scarce a man among them knowing how to make a bett, to drink his third bottle, or that has spirit to aspire at the reputation of a *bonne fortune*. The ladies of this class are also so unfit for the conversation of the world, that not one in ten of them knows how to play a rubber at Whist, or dares to sit down to a party at Bragg.

I have now, sir, laid my complaints before you, and beg your advice how to get clear of my perplexity. My troublesome companion is, no doubt, too well known to you to require the insertion of

his name; but as some of your readers (particularly females) may be subject to the frailty of forgetting their most intimate acquaintance, I will inform them, that this ghastly phantom that intrudes so impertinently upon all sorts of people, this creature that we so seldom know what to do with, and wish so heartily to get rid of, is no other than ONE'S SELF.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LOITER.

No. 199. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1756.

AN extravagant passion for collecting flowers, and which obtained the name of *Tulipomania*, or Tulip madness, is said to have become, not many years ago, the subject of a restrictive law in one of the most frugal countries in Europe.

Indeed few nations or ages are without their madnesses; and as it is remarked by physicians that every year has its peculiar disease, so we may observe that every country, in the course of less than half a century, has its peculiar *Mania.*

At present the *Political Mania* is pretty violent in these kingdoms; but I believe, upon a little attention, that we shall find the *Genteel Mania* to have a long while extended itself with the most general influence among us.

The mere word *Genteel* seems to have had so singular an efficacy in the very sound of it, as to have done more to the confounding all distinctions, and promoting a levelling principle, than the philoso-

phical reflections of the most profound teacher of republican maxims.

To do the *genteel* thing, to wear the *genteel* thing, a *genteel* method of education and living, or a *genteel* way of becoming either a knave or a bankrupt, has ruined as many once worthy families as a plague or a civil war, and rooted out of this country more real virtues than can be replanted in it for many centuries.

A sense of duties in our several relations is prodigiously *ungenteel.* It is the prerogative of this age to do every thing in the *genteelest* manner. And though our ancestors were good honest people, yet to be sure their notions were very *ungenteel.* Nothing now seems duller than their apophthegms, and their reasoning is as unfashionable as the cut of their coats.

The imitating every station above our own, seems to be the first principle of the *genteel Mania*, and operates with equal efficacy upon the tenth cousin of a woman of quality, and her acquaintance who retails *Gentility* among her neighbours in the Borough.

So deeply are all ranks of people impressed with the *Genteel*, that Mrs. Betty is of opinion that routs would be very *genteel* in the kitchen; and it is no surprizing thing for a Monmouth-street broker to assure a basket-woman that the old gown he would sell to her is perfectly *genteel.*

This *genteel disease* shews itself under very different appearances. I have known a healthy young girl scarce a fortnight in town, but it has affected her voice, distorted her countenance, and almost taken away the use of her limbs, attended with a constant giddiness of the head, and a restlessness of being long in a place; till at last, repeated colds caught at Vauxhall, a violent fever at a ridotto,

something like a dropsy at a masquerade, and the small-pox in succession, with a general desertion of admirers, have restored her to her senses, and her old aunts in the country.

Florio made a good figure in the university, as a sensible sober young fellow, and an excellent scholar; till unluckily for him, a scheme to town inspired him with the notions of *Gentility*, usually contracted at the Shakspeare and a Bagnio. Instead of his once rational friendships at the seats of literature, his passion now was to enjoy the vanity of walking arm in arm with right honourables in all public places; to his former acquaintance (if it was sometimes impossible to avoid the meeting such disagreeable people) he scarce condescended to bow, and nothing under the heir apparent of an earl could make him tolerably civil. In a short time he became at the taverns of the first fashion the principal judge of true relish, and the umpire of debates in every party at Whist. His equipage, house, and liveries were the model of *Gentility*, to men who had less genius for invention, though more fortune than himself; till having reduced the little patrimony left him by a frugal father, he was cured of the *Genteel* by a proper regimen in the Fleet.

Dick Ledger was a plain honest man; his ancestors had been tradesmen for five generations, and to the fortune which they had already accumulated for him, Dick by his industry, had added about ten thousand pounds; when unfortunately the symptoms of the *Genteel Mania* appeared in the family. Mrs. Ledger's head was first turned, immediately after her paying a visit to a very distant relation of fashion at the other end of the town. Her daughter soon caught the infection; and it was unanimously determined by the voice of the whole family, notwithstanding Mr. Ledger's opinion to the

contrary, that it was right for a woman in *her* situation to make *some* appearance; that it was Mr. Ledger's duty, if he had any regard for her and his children, to live a *little genteel*, and introduce his family properly into life. That it was very absurd in Mr. Ledger to think of making Tommy a soap-boiler, and that a lad of his parts should be brought up to some *genteel* profession. The result of these important deliberations was a coach and four horses, as many footmen, a fine seat in the country, and a town house in Grosvenor-square for the residence of Mrs. Ledger.

Tommy, after taking lodgings for one year in the politest college at Oxford, spending there five hundred pounds, and becoming a perfect adept in tennis, set out upon his travels under the care of a French valet de chambre, to learn the Norman accomplishments at Caen: and at length, having left his modesty at Paris, his sobriety in Germany, his morality at Venice, and all religion at Rome, he returned, neither fit for a soap-boiler nor a gentleman, with too much pride for the former, and too little improvement for the latter. The sum of all was, that the reputation of the young ladies became somewhat equivocal, and Mrs. Ledger herself was thought to be no better than she should be. Mr. Ledger soon after saw his name among the numerous list of bankrupts in the Gazette. However, by returning into the air of the city, he quickly grew better; but it is thought that Mrs. Ledger will never recover.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I have a brother at Cambridge, who is a scholar, which I am not, because I am eldest. While he is writing a learned history of the fashions of the past

ages in polite antiquity, I am here in town inventing new ones for the ornament of the present. He has studied whole volumes as big as church bibles, about the shape of the Roman shoes, the half-moons upon senatorial buskins, and the grashopper *pompoons* worn by the ladies at Athens. Being well acquainted with busts and coins, he has settled with great critical exactness the origin of head-dresses, and the chronology of periwigs; and he says that he is now at last, after several years meditation and reading, able to convince the world, that caps and lappets were invented by the Egyptians, and that the Greeks used paste in dressing the hair. As to myself, I am the first man who introduced the long walking-sticks. As soon as the public comes into my fashions I quit them, and generally have the distance of the smartest young fellows about town in the novelty of my habit. I intend to introduce roll-up stockings and high heels this winter: by the following winter, if the mode should take, then I shall wear no heels at all, and a pair of trunk hose like my grandfather's picture in our great hall in the country. An old gentleman, with whom I condescend now-and-then to converse (who by-the-bye is my father) often remonstrates to me what a mad way of dressing I am got into. I answer, that I wonder he should reprove me, when he himself is a fop but of twenty years standing: and as my acquaintance assure me that I have the *genteelest* fancy in the world, pray now come and see me at George's (for you will easily know me) and tell me if you don't think so.

Yours,

NICHOLAS NOVEL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'This is to acquaint those who are inclined to encourage every *polite* attempt in this nation, that an academy will shortly be opened at a proper distance from the city, calculated in the *genteelest taste* for the reception of persons who would chuse to be *fashionable*. None whose families are in trade will be admitted, but the *best* company only. The price of boarding is a hundred guineas a quarter, and every thing else in proportion. All personal accomplishments are taught in the same manner as abroad, and great care will be taken to inspire them with the *genteelest* sentiments upon all subjects, whether political, moral, or religious. As to the latter, the young gentlemen may be brought up in any way their friends think most convenient. Several phaetons and curricles will be kept for their amusement; and as the conversation of ladies is so necessary to form the *douceur* of their manners, the *agrémen* of such a society will not be wanting. A gentleman, who has studied under Mr. Hoyle, will teach them to play at cards gratis.

'*N. B.* Judges, bishops, or any great officers that happen to be a little aukward in their address, may have an opportunity of learning to dance privately, or shall be waited upon at home, if they desire it.'

N° 200. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1756.

Δεινόν τὶ τὸ μηχανόεν
Τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχων. SOPH.

Stabant et Parii lapides, spirantia signa. VIRG.

I AM indebted to a very ingenious correspondent at Cambridge for the following ode, which in justice to

its merit, and for the entertainment of those of my readers who have a true taste for poetical composition, I have taken the first opportunity to make public.

AN

ODE

ON

SCULPTURE.

LED by the muse, my step pervades
The sacred haunts, the peaceful shades,
Where ART *and* SCULPTURE *reign:*
I see, I see, at their command,
The living stones in order stand,
And marble breathe through ev'ry vein!
TIME *breaks his hostile scythe; he sighs*
To find his pow'r malignant fled;
'*And what avails my dart,' he cries,*
'*Since these can animate the dead?*
Since wak'd to mimic life, again in stone
The patriot seems to speak, the hero frown?'

There VIRTUE'S *silent train are seen,*
Fast fix'd their looks, erect their mein.
Lo! while with more than stoic soul,
The * ATTIC SAGE *exhausts the bowl,*
A pale suffusion shades his eyes,
Till by degrees the marble dies!
See there the injur'd † POET *bleed!*
Ah! see he droops his languid head!

* Socrates, who was condemned to die by poison.

† Seneca, born at Corduba, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philosopher. He bled to death in the bath.

What starting nerves, what dying pain,
What horror freezes ev'ry vein!
These are thy works, O SCULPTURE! *thine to shew*
In rugged rock a feeling sense of woe.

Yet not alone such themes demand
The PHYDIAN *stroke, the* DÆDAL *hand;*
I view with melting eyes
A softer scene of grief display'd,
While from her breast the duteous maid
Her INFANT SIRE *with food supplies.*
In pitying stone she weeps to see
His squalid hair and galling chains;
And trembling, on her bended knee,
His hoary head her hand sustains;
While ev'ry look, and sorrowing feature prove,
How soft her breast, how great her filial love.

*Lo! there the wild** ASSYRIAN QUEEN,
With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien!
Revenge! revenge! the marble cries,
While fury sparkles in her eyes.
Thus was her awful form beheld,
When BABYLON'*s proud sons rebell'd;*
She left the woman's vainer care,
And flew with loose dishevell'd hair;
She stretch'd her hand, imbru'd in blood,
While pale Sedition trembling stood;
In sudden silence, the mad crowd obey'd
Her awful voice, and Stygian Discord fled!

* Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis sui occupatæ nunciatum esset Babylonem defecisse; alterâ parte crinium adhuc solutâ protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit: nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in potestatem suam redegit: quocircà statua ejus Babylone posita est, &c. Val. Max. de Ira.

With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,
The marble leaps, or shrinks, or burns,
As SCULPTURE *waves her hand:*
The varying passions of the mind,
Her faithful handmaids are assign'd,
And rise or fall by her command.
When now life's wasted lamps expire,
When sinks to dust this mortal frame,
She, like PROMETHEUS, *grasps the fire;*
Her touch revives the lambent flame;
While, Phœnix-like, the statesman, bard, or sage,
Spring fresh to life, and breathe through ev'ry age.

Hence, where the organ full and clear,
With loud hosannas charms the ear,
Behold (a prism within his hands)
*Absorb'd in thought, great** NEWTON *stands!*
Such was his solemn, wonted state,
His serious brow, and musing gait,
When, taught on eagle's wing's to fly,
He trac'd the wonders of the sky,
The chambers of the sun explor'd,
Where tints of thousand hues are stor'd;
Whence ev'ry flow'r in painted robes is drest,
And varying IRIS *steals her gaudy vest.*

Here, as DEVOTION, *heav'n'ly queen,*
Conducts her best, her fav'rite train,
At NEWTON'*s shrine they bow;*
And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,
With VIRTUE'*s purest vestal rays,*
Behold their ardent bosoms glow!
Hail mighty mind! Hail, awful name!
I feel inspir'd my lab'ring breast;

* A noble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, erected in Trinity-college chapel, by doctor Smith.

And lo! I pant, I burn for fame!
Come, SCIENCE, *bright ethereal guest.*
Oh come, and lead thy meanest, humblest son,
Through WISDOM'S *arduous paths, to fair renown!*

Could I to one faint ray aspire,
One spark of that celestial fire,
The leading Cynosure, that glow'd
While SMITH *explor'd the dark abode,*
Where WISDOM *sat on* NATURE'S *shrine,*
How great my boast! what praise were mine!
Illustrious sage! who first could'st tell
Wherein the pow'rs of MUSIC *dwell;*
And ev'ry magic chain untie,
That binds the soul of HARMONY!
To THEE, *when mould'ring in the dust,*
To THEE *shall swell the breathing bust:*
Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)
'*Stand next in place to* NEWTON, *as in fame.*'

No. 201. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1756.

OF all the improvements in polite conversation, I know of nothing that is half so entertaining as the *double entendre.* It is a figure in rhetoric, which owes its birth, as well as its name, to our inventive neighbours the French; and it is that happy art, by which persons of fashion may communicate the loosest ideas under the most innocent expressions. The ladies have adopted it for the best reason in the world: they have long since discovered, that the present fashionable display of their persons is by no means a sufficient hint to the men that they mean any thing more than to attract their admiration: the

double entendre displays the mind in an equal degree, and tells us from what motives the lure of beauty is thrown out. It is an explanatory note to a doubtful text, which renders the meaning so obvious, that even the dullest reader cannot possibly mistake it. For though the *double entendre* may sometimes admit of a moral interpretation, as well as a wanton one, it is never intended to be understood but one way; and he must be a simple fellow indeed, and totally unacquainted with *good company*, who does not take it as it was meant.

But it is one thing to invite the attacks of men, and another to yield to them; and it is by no means a necessary implication, that because a lady chuses to dress and talk like a woman of the town, she must needs act like one. I will be bold to assert that the contrary happens at least ten or a dozen times within the space of a twelvemonth; nay, I am almost inclined to believe, that when an enterprising young fellow, who, from a lady's displaying her beauties in public to the utmost excess of the mode, and suiting her language to her dress, is apt to fancy himself sure of her at a *tête à tête*, it is not above four to one but he may meet with a repulse. Those liberties indeed, which are attended with no ruinous contingencies, he may reasonably claim, and expect always to be indulged in; as the refusal of them would argue the highest degree of prudery, a foible, which in this age of nature and freedom, the utmost malice of the world cannot lay to the charge of a woman of condition: but it does not absolutely follow, that because she is good-humoured enough to grant every liberty but one, she must refuse nothing.

It may possibly be objected, that there is neither good breeding nor generosity in a lady's inviting a man to a feast, when she only means to treat him

with the garnish: but she is certainly mistress of her own entertainment, and has a right to keep those substantials under cover, which she has no mind he should help himself to. A hungry glutton may (as the phrase is) eat her out of house and home; and if he will not be satisfied with whips and creams, he may carry his voraciousness to more liberal tables. A young lady of œconomy will admit no such persons to her entertainments; they are a set of robust unmannerly creatures, who are perpetually intruding themselves upon the hospitable and the generous, and tempting them to those costly treats, that have in the end undone them, and compelled them ever after to keep ordinaries for their support.

From this consideration, it were heartily to be wished that the ladies could be prevailed upon to give fewer invitations in public places; since the most frugal of them cannot always answer for her own œconomy: and it is well known that the profusion of one single entertainment has compelled many a beautiful young creature to hide herself from the world for whole months after. As for married ladies indeed, who have husbands to bear the burden of such entertainments, and rich widows who can afford them, something may be said; but while gluttons may be feasted liberally at such tables, and while there are public ordinaries in almost every parish of this metropolis, a single lady may beg to be excused.

But to return particularly to my subject. The *double entendre* is at present so much the taste of all genteel companies, that there is no possibility either of being polite or entertaining without it. That it is easily learnt is the happy advantage of it; for as it requires little more than a mind well stored with the most natural ideas, every young lady of fifteen may be thoroughly instructed in the rudiments of

it from her book of novels, or her waiting maid. But to be as knowing as her mamma in all the refinements of the art, she must keep the very best company, and frequently receive lessons in private from a male instructor. She should also be careful to minute down in her pocket-book the most shining *sentiments* that are toasted at table; that when her own is called for, she may not be put to the blush from having nothing to say that would occasion a modest woman to blush for her. Of all the modern inventions to enliven conversation, and promote freedom between the sexes, I know of nothing that can compare with these *sentiments;* and I may venture to affirm, without the least flattery to the ladies, that they are by no means inferior to the men in the happy talent of conveying the archest ideas imaginable in the most harmless words, and of enforcing those ideas by the most significant looks.

There is indeed one inconvenience attending the *double entendre,* which I do not remember to have heard taken notice of. This inconvenience is the untoward effect that it is apt to have upon certain discreet gentlewomen, who pass under the denomination of old maids. As these grave personages are generally remarked to have the quickest conceptions, and as they have once been shocked by what they call the indelicacy of this figure, they are ever afterwards carrying it in their minds, and converting every thing they hear into wantonness and indecency. To ask them what o'clock it is, may be an ensnaring question; to pull off your gloves in their presence, is beginning to undress; to make them a bow, may be stooping for an immodest purpose; and to talk of bed-time, is too gross to be endured. I have known one of these ladies to be so extremely upon her guard, that having dropt her gold watch-case in a public walk, and being ques-

tioned by a gentleman who took it up, whether it was her's or not, was so alarmed at the indecency of throwing aside her apron to examine, that she flew from him with precipitation, suffering him to put it into his pocket and go fairly off with it.

This *false modesty*, which most evidently owes its birth to the *double entendre*, is a degree of impudence that the other cannot match. The possessors of it have unfortunately discovered that the most immodest meanings may be couched under very innocent expressions; and having been once put into a loose train of thinking, they are perpetually revolving in their minds every gross idea that words can be made to imply. They would not pronounce the names of certain persons of their acquaintance for the whole world, and are almost shocked to death at the sight of a woman with child, as it suggests to their minds every idea of sensuality.

It will doubtless be very astonishing to the reader to be told, that even the purity of my own writings has not at all times exempted me from the censure of these maiden gentlewomen. The Nankin breeches of poor Patrick the footman, in No. 130 of these papers, have given inconceivable offence. The word breeches, it seems, is so outrageously indecent, that a modest woman cannot bring herself to pronounce it, even when alone. I must therefore in all future impressions of this work, either dismiss the said Patrick from his service, or direct him to wait upon his ladies without any breeches at all. Other complaints of the like nature have also been brought against me, which, conscious as I am of the purity of my intentions, have piqued me not a little. It is from these complaints that I have entered at present upon the subject of this paper, which I cannot conclude without expressing some little dislike to the *double entendre*;

since with all the pleasantry and merriment it occasions, it has produced this *false modesty*, which, in my humble opinion, is *impudence* itself.

No. 202. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1756.

Th' adorning Thee with so much art
Is but a needless skill. COWLEY.

IT is a general observation, that the character and disposition of every man may, in some degree, be guessed at from the formation and turn of his features; or, in other words, that the face is an index of the mind. This remark is certainly not without foundation; nevertheless, as men do not make themselves, but yet are masters of their wills and actions, frequent instances happen, in which this rule is found to fail, and appearances contradict reality.

I have often thought that a surer way might be found of discovering the secret notions and bias of each person; and that if instead of consulting the physiognomy, we were to have recourse to such things as are the immediate objects of choice and fancy, we should arrive at a truer knowledge of the person who adopts them. The best clue we can lay hold of for this purpose is, in my opinion, the different modes of covering and adorning the body, or whatever is comprised under the idea of DRESS. The Spanish proverb says, 'Tell me what books a man reads, and what company he keeps, and I will tell you what manner of man he is.' It may be said with equal propriety, Tell me how such a person *dresses*, and I will tell you what he is. In fact, nature herself, by the appurtenances and ornaments which she bestows on different animals, seems to

shadow and point out their latent qualities. Who can see the peacock strut and spread his gaudy train, without conceiving an idea of the pride and vanity of that fop among birds? The lion, wrapped up in the majesty of his mane, fills us with notions of the grandeur and nobleness of its nature. It is the same with men. What nature gives to irrational animals, man, by the help of art, supplies to himself; and in the choice and arrangement of his DRESS, speaks his real notions and sentiments.

In a theatre, which is the glass of fashion, and the picture of the world, it is well known that a strict attention is always paid to what is called the *dressing* of the characters. The miser has his thread-bare coat; the fop his grey powder, solitaire, and red heel: each character hanging out a sign, as it were, in his dress, which proclaims to the audience the nature of his part, even before he utters a word. The impression which this outward appearance makes upon the mind, is so strong, that states and governments have availed themselves of it for good and wise purposes. It is certain that the ignorant and vulgar part of mankind are most easily captivated by what strikes the sight. Love, it is said, enters in at the eyes: and I am apt to think, that most of the other passions enter into the mind through the same passage. Hence the necessity of applying to this sense; and hence the origin of DRESS, and the pomp of kings, magistrates, and others, calculated (according to Milton) only to

Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape.

Among the numberless instances that might be brought in proof of this assertion, I have however remarked one, in which the means do not seem to me to answer the end proposed, or at least that

ought to be proposed by them. The instance I mean is the regimentals now worn in the army. One would imagine, from contemplating the profession of a soldier, that whatever could most contribute towards giving an intrepid masculine air and look, whatever could impress on the spectator's mind an idea of courage, fortitude, and strength, would be deemed most proper to furnish out the appearance of those who devote themselves to all the toils, fatigues, and dangers of war. And yet, who will say that our troops speak their profession in any degree by their dress? The red, indeed, in which they are cloathed, as it conveys the idea of blood, and appears as if stained with the colours of their trade, is most certainly proper. But what shall we say for all the other articles of their dress? Who that sees any of them so elaborately and splendidly equipped in all their trappings, would not be more apt to think by their appearance, that they were going to grace some public festival, or to assist at some joyful ceremony, than that they were men set apart to combat with every hardship, and to stand in the rough front of war? When Crœsus, the Lydian king, displayed his heaps of treasure to Solon, the philosopher told him, that whoever had more *iron*, would soon be master of all his *gold*; intimating that shew and pomp were of no account, compared to what was really useful, and that riches in themselves were of no value. To adapt this to our present purpose, would not a sort of dress, calculated to help and defend the wearer, or annoy the enemy, be more serviceable than all the pride and tinsel that runs through the army from the general to the private man?

The ancient rude Britons seem to have had a better taste, or at least more meaning in their method of adorning themselves, than their polished de-

scendants. As they were all soldiers, Cæsar tells us, they used to paint their bodies in such a manner as they conceived would make them appear terrible to their foes. Instead of powdering and curling their hair, they wore it loose, like the old Spartans, who always combed it down to its full extent; and as the admirable author of Leonidas expresses it, 'cloathed their necks with terror.' For my own part, I cannot look on our troops, powdered and curled with so much exactness, without applying Falstaff's expression, and thinking indeed that they are *food for powder*. Nor can I behold the lace, and all the waste of finery in their cloathing, but in the same light that I survey the silver plates and ornaments of a coffin: indeed I am apt to impute their going to battle so trim and adorned, to the same reason that the fine lady painted her cheeks just before she expired, that she might not be frightful when she was dead. To ask a plain question, Where is the need of all this finery? 'Will it (as Falstaff says of honour) set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or heal the grief of a wound? No. It has then no skill in surgery, and is a mere scutcheon.'

When I consider the brilliant, but defenceless state, in which our troops go to battle, I cannot help wondering at the extraordinary courage they have always shewn; and am pleased to find that they unite in their persons the ancient and modern signification of the word *brave*, which implied formerly only finery or ornament, but in its present acceptation, means courage and resolution. They are indeed both brave and fine; brave as it is possible for *men* to be, but finer than it is necessary for *soldiers* to be; so that what Cæsar said of *his* troops, may with great justice be applied to *ours*, *Etiam unguentatos bene pugnare posse;* in spite of their finery

and perfumes, they are brave fellows, and will fight.

I have been led to consider this subject by a short copy of verses lately sent me by a friend, presenting a picture of a modern warrior preparing for battle. Homer and Virgil described *their* heroes ARMING for the fight; but my friend exhibits *his* hero DRESSING for the fight; it being observable, he says, that our military gentlemen use at present no more armour in the day of battle, than they do when they go to church, or pay a visit to a mistress.

THE MODERN WARRIOR.

THE trumpet sounds. To war the troops advance,
Adorn'd and trim—like females to the dance.
Proud of the summons to display his might,
The gay LOTHARIO dresses *for the fight.*
Studious in all the splendor to appear,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of GLORIOUS war!
His well-turn'd limbs the different garbs infold,
Form'd with nice art, and glitt'ring all with gold.
Across his breast the silken SASH *is ty'd,*
Behind the SHOULDER-KNOT *displays its pride;*
Glittering with LACE, *the* HAT *adorns his head,*
Grac'd and distinguish'd by the smart COCKADE:
Conspicuous badge! which only heroes wear,
Ensign of war, and fav'rite of the Fair.
The graceful QUEUE *his braided tresses binds,*
And ev'ry hair in its just rank confines.
Each taper leg the snowy GUETRES *deck,*
And the bright GORGET *dangles from his neck.*
Dress'd cap-à-piè, *all lovely to the sight,*
Stands the GAY WARRIOR, *and expects the fight.*

Rages the war; fell SLAUGHTER *stalks around,*
And stretches thousands breathless on the ground:
Down sinks LOTHARIO, *sent by one dire blow,*
A WELL-DRESS'D HERO, *to the shades below.*
Thus the young VICTIM, *pamper'd and elate,*
To some resplendent fane is led in state,
With GARLANDS *crown'd, through shouting crowds proceeds,*
'*And dress'd in fatal* POMP, MAGNIFICENTLY *bleeds.*'

No. 203. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1756.

WHILST the generality of *moralists* maintain the utility of the passions, the generality of men complain of their inconveniency. For though speculation can easily confine them to proper objects, restrain them within proper bounds, and make them assistant and subservient to the greatest purposes, experience finds them impatient of the rein, and we are hurried by them into every kind of extravagance. In like manner batchelors lay down incomparable rules for the government of a wife, which the husband, whose province is Ου γνῶσις ἀλλὰ πρᾶξις, not theory but practice, may find extremely defective in the day of trial. The truth is, that no schemes can be formed, no directions can be delivered for the conduct of the passions, without a previous knowledge of their nature, the various circumstances that may excite them, and the strength they exert in every individual. Speculation may in some measure prepare, but can never sufficiently provide for practice. Thus a moralist may prescribe patience in the case of pain; but if the anguish arise

from an author's reading his own works, a patient ear, however useful in general, will serve only to aggravate the misery, and perhaps render it insupportable. And indeed such means as these will always be found either useless or fatal, for they will either have no effect upon the passion, or totally destroy it. Let us try therefore to find an expedient which shall preserve and nourish these elements of life, and at the same time prevent those evils which are so justly apprehended, and so frequently felt from them.

Aristotle has long ago observed that poetry is more philosophical than history; and Horace has not scrupled to prefer Homer to the philosophers themselves, even in points of instruction; in which all sensible men must unanimously concur. For the passions being a poet's peculiar province, he must indisputably be best acquainted with their nature, and best qualified to direct them. From the poets therefore we may expect information; and, if I am not much mistaken, every tragic writer will furnish us with the expedient we want. For there is scarce a single tragedy in which the passions of the hero have not full play, and yet by the substitution of proper objects, are artfully diverted from the production of those mischiefs that usually attend them. To instance in the tragedy of Fatal Constancy; the hero suspecting the cruelty of his mistress, or rather her obedience to her father, falls with the greatest propriety into the passion of anger, which thus bursts forth,

Curs'd be the treach'rous sex, curs'd be the hour,
Curs'd be the world, and ev'ry thing—but her!

Upon such a provocation as this, it was absolutely impossible to have prevented the passion; the poet therefore gives it free indulgence; and to

avert the fatal effects it might have upon the lady, as the immediate cause, or upon the more remote one her father, he supposes it employed in execrations against the sex in general, the hour, the world, and in short against every thing but his mistress. Now this artifice may I think be very advantageously removed from the stage to the world, from fictitious to real persons, as appears from the conduct of gamesters, who in an ill run, will with the greatest vehemence curse their fortune or their cards, and having vented their anger, will play on with the utmost composure and resignation, and be perfectly agreeable to their adversaries.

The ancients make mention of one Philoxenus, a celebrated eater, who instead of making his rivals at the table the objects of his passion, envied cranes for their length of neck; the short duration of pleasure being the only defect of his enjoyment. Mr. Pope too takes notice of a reverend sire,

Who envy'd every sparrow that he saw.

I produce these instances merely to shew the possibility of an innocent exercise of the passions, which must be employed to prevent a stagnation in the mind, and by these means may be indulged without injury to others. Thus rural 'squires, who are pure followers of nature, to keep their dogs and themselves in breath, trail herrings along the road, when the season will not admit of real business.

But to remove all doubts concerning the possibility of this method, and at the same time to shew its utility, I must introduce St. Austin to my readers. It is well known that the prevailing passion of this saint was love, and that an habitual indulgence had rendered it too formidable for a regular attack. He

therefore engaged by stratagem, where his utmost strength was ineffectual, and by forming a woman of snow for his embraces, secured his own character, and the honour of his fair disciples, from those devastations to which they must otherwise have been fatally exposed.

An example like this, is, I think, sufficient to confirm the principles, and recommend the practice of substituting objects for the exercise of the passions; but lest difficulties should arise from the choice, I shall point out such as will best correspond with some particular passions, that we may from thence be enabled to judge what will best suit with the rest. To begin with what is most important and most prevailing, Love. Should a young lady find herself unfortunately exposed to the unruliness of this passion, either by nature or education, by too close an attention to the study of romance, or too strong a confidence in the conversation of her friends, her condition must be very deplorable: for indulgence, the most obvious expedient, is prohibited by custom; opposition would always be found ridiculous, often impracticable, and sometimes fatal; and should she follow the example of poor Viola in Shakspeare,

> *—— who never told her love,*
> *But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,*
> *Feed on her damask cheek,*

her case must be desperate indeed: for the destruction of her charms would infallibly destroy the very means of happiness, and make her fit only for the incurables of a convent, for which our protestant country has not yet thought proper to provide. Now all these inconveniences will be removed by substituting some other object to engross her affection. Thus a lap-dog, a squirrel, or a parrot, may

relieve her distress, by being admitted to her bosom, and receiving those *douceurs* and caresses which her passion prompts her to bestow upon her lover. It is certain that the celebrated Antonia escaped the fatal effects of this passion, and preserved her character untainted amidst the slanders and corruption of the worst of courts, by fixing her affection upon a lamprey. In vain did the beaus of Rome offer up their vows; her tenderness was devoted to her favourite fish, on which she doted to that degree, that she fondly adorned it with her choicest ear-rings.

But if this method should not sufficiently answer the great purpose of giving exercise to the passion, I cannot forbear the mention of one more, and that is cards. A *parti carrè* at Cribbage or Whist will give full scope to the restlesness of its nature, and enable the fair female to indulge it in all its stages: for every deal will excite her affection or her anger: will inflame her jealousy, or restore her ease; will give her all the pangs of disappointment, or furnish the silent transports of success.

What has been hitherto proposed is designed for the unmarried ladies; the situation and circumstances of a wife, being in some respects different, may require a different treatment. If therefore what is here prescribed prove ineffectual, she may have recourse to St. Austin's remedy, which is always at hand; for by fixing her affections upon her husband, she may convert a lump of snow into a lover, and have the saint's exquisite pleasure of a mortifying indulgence.

I would now proceed to the other passions, and lay down rules for their regulation, did I not think it absolutely unnecessary: for several of them, such as *shame*, *fear*, &c. are become obsolete, and consequently unknown. Others may be constantly em-

ployed upon husbands, friends, and dependants: for these objects occur upon every occasion, and an ill choice can scarcely be made. Thus if anger be the passion of the day, a lady need not be told that she may exert it with the greatest safety and satisfaction upon a husband or a servant. Or should the fair one be under the influence of pride, on whom can it be exercised with greater propriety than upon a female friend, especially if poverty has reduced her to a state of indigence and dependence? For fortune has plainly marked such creatures for the use and amusement of her favourites.

No. 204. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1756.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

The season is now approaching when the wisdom of the nation provides the supplies necessary for the support of government. The two great questions commonly debated on such occasions, are the WHEREFORE and the HOW. The WHEREFORE, as the politician in the Rehearsal says, answers itself; but then as to the *quomodo*, or the HOW, here the invention of the ingenious lover of his country may, without offence, be exerted.

Certain unsubsidized pamphleteers have thought proper to observe, that scarcely a single tax can be devised which has not been already imposed, in order to strip this *beggarly* nation (as they are pleased to call it) even of its rags: for if we credit these gentlemen, the nation does indeed hang in tatters, and we must expect very speedily to hear Britannia crying out with a most lamentable voice in the

streets, 'Pray, your honour, do, good your honour, one single farthing to a poor distressed gentlewoman, with a great charge of helpless children.'

A certain emperor is reported to have offered a reward to any one who should discover a new species of pleasure; and it is hoped, that in imitation of that emperor, the ministry will make *some promises* to any one who shall invent a new tax.

For my own part, I flatter myself that I have discovered some methods of raising money by taxes, which have hitherto escaped the researches of projectors and politicians: but however various my *ways and means* may be, I shall content myself at present with communicating only one of my schemes, that from the reception it meets with from those in power, I may be tempted either to conceal or make public the rest.

There is a certain species of conversation, which is commonly termed *the saying of* GOOD THINGS. In this commodity almost every body deals. The cheesemonger's wife at a gossiping, and the haberdasher at the club, say GOOD THINGS as well as their betters, during the short intervals from Whist. This commodity has hitherto escaped the observation of the legislature; and yet no sufficient reason appears why a tax may not be imposed upon every GOOD THING which shall be said, uttered, or spoken, from and after Lady-day next.

It will possibly be objected, that some difficulties may occur as to the proper methods of levying this tax. The officers of the revenue, it may be said, cannot be supposed proper judges of what is, and what is not, a GOOD THING; and an appeal to the quarter-sessions in all probability would not much mend the matter. To this it may be answered, that in the case before us, the user or consumer may be safely trusted on his bare affirmation; an indulgence

which I should very unwillingly recommend on any other occasion. The method I would propose, is, that every person who says a GOOD THING, shall receive a certificate thereof on stampt paper, for which certificate the sum of two shillings and six-pence *only* shall be exacted: provided always, that he who says a VERY GOOD THING, may for such VERY GOOD THING demand a certificate as aforesaid, on payment of five shillings in manner aforesaid.

It may be further objected, as this tax is proposed to extend to the *writing*, as well as *saying* GOOD THINGS, that it will be of inexpressible detriment to many professed authors. Their interest and their vanity will incline them to contribute largely to the stamp duty; but it cannot in reason be expected that they should ever be able to raise a single half-crown for the purchase of a certificate. My intention, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is not to injure these gentlemen. I pity poor authors with all my heart. They 'who cannot *dig*, and who to *beg* are ashamed,' *must write;* far be it from me therefore to deprive them of an ingenious livelihood. To quiet their minds, I humbly propose that they shall not be obliged to tax themselves, but that their readers shall tax them for every GOOD THING which they may chance to publish. Thus will the tax become no intolerable grievance: indeed it will be scarcely felt, unless false English, low wit, and licentious scurrility be declared GOOD THINGS by public authority. All that I entreat is, that as I leave them the liberty of *writing* what they please, they will also allow me the liberty of *reading* what I please. By this means we shall have little intercourse, and consequently little occasion for quarrel.

This tax will indeed fall somewhat heavy upon you, Mr. Fitz-Adam: but in times of danger and

difficulty, every man must contribute according to his ability to the necessities of his country. However, to make this matter easy, I am willing to yield you the whole honour of my invention; and I doubt not but you may obtain a saving clause, empowering you to write GOOD THINGS without the expence of a certificate.

We are all of us apt to shew some degree of partiality to our own children; and this may perhaps induce me to be over-fond of my present project. Yet the most impartial must acknowledge, that no tax can be more extensive, or be levied with greater ease to the public and the subject. It will therefore afford me the highest satisfaction to see this my darling scheme enforced by the wisdom of the legislature. I can already in imagination rejoice over some future resolution of the honourable house, conceived in words to the following effect.

'Resolved, That the sum of one million sterling be raised by way of lottery on annuities payable out of the produce of the tax upon GOOD THINGS.'

It would be no less agreeable to me to read a paragraph in the London Evening Post, or some other loyal paper, importing that 'this day the worshipful company of Fishmongers dined together at their hall in Thames-street, where the tax upon GOOD THINGS said after dinner amounted to four hundred and ten pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, being the largest sum which had ever been collected on that occasion.'

I make no doubt but that great sums might be expected on this account from the common halls of our two learned universities; not to say any thing of the laudable society of Anti-Gallicans, the venerable order of Free Masons, and the numerous fraternities of Bucks, Bloods, and Choice Spirits.

It may possibly be insinuated that France will endeavour to avail itself of our example, and impose likewise a tax upon GOOD THINGS; but as freedom of speech is greatly restrained in all absolute monarchies, we have nothing to fear from such an attempt. Here then we shall be unrivalled, and shall be able for once to boast with justice, that we have *outwitted* our enemies.

If it should still farther be objected to this tax, that it will be a partial one, and grievously burthensome to the poor wit, while the rich alderman, the justice of the quorum, and the fine gentleman, will be totally exempted from it; I answer, that in these public-spirited times, and upon this particular occasion, every man will be ambitious of contributing his quota, whether he can be legally taxed or not; nay, I am humbly of opinion, that those who say the fewest GOOD THINGS, will generously make their demands upon the stamp-office for the greatest number of certificates.

I had once entertained thoughts of extending my project to the GOOD THINGS that people *do* as well as *say*; but upon consulting a few friends upon the matter, I was convinced that the benefits arising from such an addition would be too inconsiderable to be felt. I have therefore, for the good of my poor country, and the ease of those in power, made what haste I could to communicate my scheme as it now is, which I desire you to publish as soon as possible; and am,

SIR,

Your most faithful
humble servant.

No. 205. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1756.

Nunc adhibe puro
Pectore verba, puer, nunc te melioribus offer—— HOR.

Tendere ad Indos.
Auroramque sequi.—— VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the many reasons that were urged against entering into the present war, and the various clamours that have been raised since the commencement of hostilities, I do not find any body has considered the importance of a peace with France, in regard to the education of our young nobility; and I cannot but think our ministers would have been less hasty in their measures, had they paid proper attention to an object of so great moment.

This oversight is the more surprizing, as the dangers attending heirs apparent at home, and the necessity of travel from the age of seventeen to twenty-one, have long been notorious to all the world. Who would trust a son in the way of pedantry and tobacco, party and elections, fox hounds and Newmarket; of the bewitching glances that lurk beneath a pompadour hat at Ranelagh, or the unadorned, but not less dangerous charms of the curate's daughter near the mansion seat? On the other side, who is not aware that, abroad, national prejudices are destroyed, the mind is opened, the taste refined, the person improved? And what must be a farther consolation to parents, is, that the habits and manners contracted by young gentlemen in their travels, are likely to remain with

them all their lives after. It seldom happens that the Paris pump and Lyons velvet give place to the tight boot and short skirt; or that a man accustomed to the elegance and loll of a *vis à vis*, with cushions of down within, and the varnish of Martin without, is so absurd at his return, as to trot ten miles before day in a dreary winter morning, and pass the hours due to hazard or a mistress on the side of a bleak cover, shivering in expectation of a fox.

As it is far from my intention to stir up a clamour against the advisers of this war, I shall not enter farther into a discussion of the advantages of a foreign, or the evils of a domestic education, but hasten to my scheme for the improvement of youth, in spite of our enemies; the first hint of which arose accidentally in conversation with a friend, at whose house in the country I spent some days last month.

We were walking in a park, decorated with all the variety of Asiatic ornament, which at present so generally prevails among improvers of taste; when this gentleman, who is a leading man of that class, as well as a thorough zealot in the modern system of education, took occasion to consult me in regard to the disposal of his eldest son, a youth about sixteen years of age, heir to a very large fortune, and at present at one of our universities. My friend, I found, was very uneasy lest he should contract the rust of the college, and most pathetically lamented his ill-fortune, that the doors of France should be so critically shut against a lad formed by nature for all the accomplishments which so eminently distinguish that polite nation.

In reflecting upon the good man's embarrassment, and admiring the several temples, bridges, and other edifices of Chinese architecture which

surrounded me, I was led to consider whether to send our sons to PEKIN instead of PARIS, would not better answer all purposes of travel. And though you may start, as did my friend, at the first view of this proposal, I doubt not, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but upon deliberation you will agree with me in many of the circumstances that I think must render such a progress preferable to the other, more entertaining to the young gentlemen themselves, more suitable to the intentions of their parents and guardians, and more beneficial to their country.

Among the many considerations which immediately occurred to me upon this subject, I shall beg leave principally to observe, that the manufactures of China, which have hitherto reached us, bear the preference to most of our own of the same kinds, in spite of European pride: and I am persuaded those politer arts, which are the great objects of travel, are in a degree of excellence, well worthy our notice, among the ingenious people of that country, though they have hitherto made their way to us slowly and imperfectly, for want of proper travellers. The merchant and the missionary (almost the only visitors of so distant a region) attend merely to those observations which regard the commerce and religion of their nation and sect; the views of the one are too confined, and of the other generally too enthusiastic to produce the good effects which will accrue from the inquiries of men of more enlarged ideas and unprejudiced sentiments. The present juncture seems marked by the good genius of this isle for the most important discoveries. How many young men of fashion might be picked out, whom no one could suspect of prejudices either in favour of trade or religion! and surely a mettled fellow could not hesitate in his choice be-

tween this route and the old beaten one of France and Italy; where from a Calais landlord, to a Neapolitan princess, there is a sameness of adventure that is become extremely irksome to a polite circle in the recital. A traveller will be greatly disappointed who fancies the tour of Europe will entitle him to attention at Arthur's or an assembly. Alas! after four years of expence, danger, and fatigue, if he expects auditors, he must have recourse to his tenants in the country, or seek them about four o'clock on a bench in St. James's park. On the contrary, let us suppose a young nobleman just arrived with a dress and equipage *à la Chinoise*, what a curiosity would be excited in the town! what entertainment, what admiration would it afford! What triumph would he feel in entering a rout, to see at his approach the lover rise from beneath the hoop on the settee, the dowager quit her cards, and all

With greedy ears devour up his discourse!

It would be a severe blow to the French, Mr. Fitz-Adam, should the Chinese succeed to the empire of taste; and it is worthy remark, as I hinted above, and as others of your correspondents have done before, what advances they daily make toward it. Without doors, from the seats of our dukes, to the shops of our haberdashers, all is Chinese; and in most places within (at least where that sex which ought always to have the lead in elegance is concerned) Raphael and Titian give place to the more pleasing masters of Surat and Japan. Should their dress and cookery become as fashionable as their architecture and painting, adieu the most flourishing commerce of France: and I see no reason why they should not, if introduced by proper persons.

Novelty is the soul of both, and quickness of invention the surest recommendation to the cook, as well as the taylor. For my own part, I have commissioned my two nephews, who are actually preparing for their voyage next spring, to bring over one of the greatest men they can find in each of these capacities; and I flatter myself that *their* dress and *my* table will give the taste to the whole town. I have likewise desired these young gentlemen to contract for the best dancers now in Asia, whether monkies or men, and propose to oblige the managers of both theatres with a Chinese ballet, that I think will engage to them the support of the whole society of Anti-Gallicans.

If any young nobleman can want yet farther encouragement for this undertaking, let him consider how much greater scope there is to shew his genius in the construction of a vessel, than in that of a post-chaise; not to mention the many conveniences and comforts he will have about him, which a land-carriage cannot afford: for instance, his cook, his toad-eater, his set at Whist, and if he pleases, his girl: for, by the way, it would be cruel in a parent to deny a son, embarked on so useful a progress, any of those amusements or resources, so generally esteemed innocent in other travels, and which indeed I have seldom heard that the most scrupulous governor objected to in France or Italy. It is possible that the article of sea-sickness may alarm the tenderness of some mothers: but what is it more than the qualms of claret? and a youth who has shewn any spirit at college, cannot have much to apprehend from that complaint.

And here, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I cannot forbear hinting to our patriots, of what service such a system of education would prove to our marine, the great bulwark of the nation. I am persuaded it would

turn out as a good a nursery for sailors as the herring fishery: and what a resource would it be in an sudden emergency (like the present, for example if the numerous retinues of the gay and great wer able to go to a top-mast head! A set of fellows who now serve only to excite the contempt or in dignation of their industrious countrymen, woul become useful members, and be regarded as a hid den strength of the state. Who knows but some o the young gentlemen themselves might take a mor particular fancy to a blue uniform than to a re one? and I apprehend it would as soon entitle then to the esteem of their country, and not be less be coming in the eyes of the ladies.

But the point which will be thought of the mos importance by your serious readers, is still behind It has been remarked of late years (I fear with som truth) that the majority of our young travellers return home entirely divested of the religion of thei country, without having acquired any new one in its place. Now as our free-thinkers are universally known to be the strictest moralists, I apprehend the doctrine of Confucius might have a very good effect upon them, and possibly give them a certain plan which they have all along wanted. In time perhaps they might institute some form of public worship, and thereby remove the scandal of atheism, which our enemies abroad, from the behaviour of our travellers, are so apt to brand us with: and it is my private opinion, that if a Chinese temple were to be built by subscription, in a good quarter of the town for the worship of the polite world, it could not fail of success.

I now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, leave you to comment upon my project. If it is recommended from your pen, I doubt not but it will be followed. We shall then see the new and old route distinguished by the

title of the GRAND and LITTLE TOUR. It will be left to the ensign and the templar to trip to Paris, in absence from quarters and long vacation: plodding geniusses, admirers of the classics, philosophers, and poets, will reach Rome; while the noble youth of more extensive fortune and more general principles, the rising spirits, born to take the lead, and set a pattern to the world, strike out a path more worthy their genius, and more adapted to the enlightened age in which we live.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader and admirer,

C.

No. 206. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1756.

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis, ut omni parte laborent,
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas.

HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM.

As the history of my life may be of some service to many of your readers, I shall relate it with all the openness and simplicity of truth. If they give a due attention to the errors and mistakes of my conduct, they will pass over those of my style. I am no scholar, having had a private education under the eye of my mother. Instead of conversing or playing with other boys, I went a visiting with her; and while she and my tutor were at Cribbage, in which they passed a considerable part of the day, I read such books as I found lying about her room; the chief of which were the Atalantis, Ovid's Art of Love, novels, romances, miscellaneous poems, and plays. From these studies I contracted an early

taste for gallantry; and as nothing pleased me so much as the comedies of the last age, my thoughts were constantly engrossed with the enviable situation of the heroes of those pieces. Your Dorimants and your Horners struck my imagination beyond the brightest characters in Pope's Homer; and though I liked the gallantry of fighting ten years for a woman, yet I thought the Greeks might have found a readier way of making themselves amends, by visiting their friends at Troy, and taking revenge in kind. Such were the exploits to command my admiration, and such the examples which I looked up to: and having manifest advantages of person, I entertained most extravagant conceits of my future triumphs. Yet even in the height of those extravagancies, I had no hope of obtaining every favour that I solicited; much less should I have been persuaded that such uncommon success could be productive of any thing but consummate happiness. The history of my life will prove the contrary; and I chuse to record it, with a view of shewing what a succession of trouble, distress, and misery, arose from the very completion of my desires.

I was precipitately sent to Oxford, on being discovered in an intrigue with a young girl, whom my tutor had lately married, and who had a prior attachment to me. As my love for her was excessive, this separation was inexpressibly painful; and I learned from it, that past joys were no consolation for present disappointment. I found the university life so little suited to my taste, that I soon prevailed upon my mother to let me come to London. Before I had been a week in town, I was introduced to a young woman whom I took so great a fancy to, that the very violence of my passion made me despair of success. I was, however, so agreeably disappointed, that I could scarce conceal the transports

of joy which possession gave me: but this joy was more than balanced, when at the end of some months I was told of the condition into which this kind creature was brought by her compliance with my desires. My anxiety upon this event was too great to be restrained; and honour, which alone had stopped the overflowings of my joy, prompted me to give a loose to my concern. I bewailed with remorse and tears the shame and misery of deluded innocence, and cursed myself as the author of so much ruin and infamy. I spared no expence to render her unhappy situation as comfortable as it could be made, and shut myself up with her till the expected time of her delivery. That fatal hour infinitely increased our mutual shame, by giving birth to a little negro, which, though it delivered me at once from the pangs of conscience, put me to an immoderate expence in bribes to the nurses, to keep the secret of my disgrace.

This unlucky adventure had almost spoiled me for a man of gallantry; but I soon lost all remembrance of ill usage in the innocent smiles and gentle sweetness of a young lady, who gave me every mark of tender love and constancy. Our mutual fondness made it impossible for us to bear that separation which discretion required. As she gave up all her acquaintance for my sake, she soon found herself abandoned by them; so that our constant living together, which hitherto had been choice, was now become an absolute necessity. This confinement, though it did not abate, but, if possible, increased my tenderness, had so different an effect upon her temper, as to cause a total change of behaviour to me and all about her: she stormed day and night like a fury, and did every thing to drive me from her company: yet if ever I went from her upon the most urgent business, she would throw

herself into fits, and upbraid me with the most bitter reproaches. On my being sent for to attend my mother in her last moments, she threatened with horrid imprecations, that if I left her then I should never see her more. I had scarce broke from her menaces, when she flew from her lodgings in an agony of passion, and has not been heard of since.

Soon after the death of my mother, a lady of quality who visited her, and who had cast an envious eye upon her diamonds, which were not contemptible, took occasion to make some advances towards me. Whenever we met, her discourse always turned upon the great merits of my mother. and the taste which she shewed in the choice and manner of wearing her jewels: and this conversation as constantly ended in an assignation at her house. Though I was at first a little proud to find my presents meet so ready an acceptance, I was not exceedingly flattered in the progress of this amour; especially when I came to perceive, that the strongest recommendation I had to her favour was growing weaker every day. I found also that a declaration which I had made of not loving cards, did not contribute to strengthen my interest in that family.

My next affair was with a lady who was really fond of me; and I thought myself then at the height of my wishes: for she managed so discreetly, that we had not the least interruption from her husband at home; but her conduct abroad was a perpetual scene of indiscretion and tyranny. She obliged me to attend her every night to the opera, and never to stir from her side. She would carry me to the most frequented plays, and keep me in a whisper during the most interesting scenes. Not satisfied with this, she made me walk with her eternally in the park, the old-road and Kensington gar-

dens; and to complete her triumph, she dragged me, a miserable object! about the streets of London, with the same pityless ostentation as the inhuman conqueror trailed the lifeless carcase of Hector round the walls of Troy. To complete my misfortunes, it happened that the *beau monde* established a new mode of gallantry; and all knights amorous were required to make love after the new fashion, and attend their fair on horseback. Unluckily for me, my mother not suspecting that horsemanship would ever become, here, a requisite in gallantry, had made it no part of my English education: therefore being an absolute novice, I procured the quietest beast that was to be got, and hoped that I was properly mounted: but I soon found my mistake; for the dullness of the beast tended to bring a most disgraceful suspicion on the spirit of the rider; and I was obliged at all events to undertake a more mettlesome steed. The consequence was this: the moment I joined my mistress, she drew out her handkerchief, which fluttering in the wind, so frightened my horse that he carried me directly into the serpentine river. While I was taken up with my own danger and disgrace, her horse, which had started at the same time, ran a different way, and as she was no otherwise qualified for a rider, but by the consciousness of being a woman of fashion, she was thrown against a tree and killed on the spot. The remembrance of her fondness for me, though so troublesome while living, was the cause of great affliction to me after her death: and it was near a twelvemonth before I settled my affections on a new object. This was a young widow, who though she did not give me the same occasion of complaint as the last, created me no less pain by turning the tables upon me. Instead of requiring my constant attendance, she would complain that I haunted and

dogged her: and would frequently secrete herself, or run on purpose into suspicious company, purely to give me uneasiness. Though confessedly her favourite, I have frequently been denied admittance, when the most worthless pretenders have been let in: and when I have offered her tickets for a concert which she liked, she has refused them, and accepted a party to a dull play, with the most despicable of my rivals. When we have been at the same table at cards, she has made it remarked by the whole assembly that her eyes and her discourse have been industriously kept from me; and such has been her cruelty, that when I have desired the honour of walking with her the next morning, she has answered with a significant sneer, she was very sorry she could not have my company, for she intended to *ride*. With all this, who could imagine that I was the happy man? and yet, as I spared no pains or cost in the inquiry, I can venture to pronounce that no other person whatever shared her favours with me. Of all the tortures that can be devised for the punishment of poor lovers, there are none so excruciating as this inequality of behaviour.

Not to trouble you with a farther detail of the plagues and disquietudes, the discoveries, expences, fines, and dangers which are incident to gallantry in general, I shall only tell you that I at last perceived there was no peace or comfort for the votaries of Venus but under the auspices of Hymen. To overcome my inveterate prejudices against the conjugal state, so long despised, insulted, and injured by me, was the great difficulty: but as the thorough detection of the vanity and folly of every degree of gallantry had by no means extinguished my unalterable love for the sex, I found upon mature reflection, that marriage was my only resource, and that

I should run no great risque in exchanging the *real* for the *imaginary* pains of love.

Having taken this resolution, I stept into the ridotto, fixed my eyes upon a very engaging figure, and immediately advertised for the young lady in blue and silver; requiring only a certificate of her good-humour. I went to the coffee-house, received a letter for A. B. and in the space of a few months, from being a restless, tyrannized, tormented wretch, I found myself a husband, a cuckold, and a happy man. I lived ten years in a state of perfect tranquillity; and I can truly say, that I once met with a woman, who, to the day of her death, behaved to me with constant attention and complacency.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble servant,
T. Z.

No. 207. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1756.

The exorbitant exactions of servants in great houses, and the necessity imposed upon you, after dining at a friend's table, of surrendering all the money in your pocket to the *gang in livery* who very dextrously intercept every avenue to the street-door, have been the subject of a former paper. This custom, illiberal and preposterous as it is, neither the ridicule with which I have treated it, nor my more serious reprehension will, I fear, be able to abolish. My correspondents continue to complain, that though the hospitable door is opened wide for their admission, yet, like that of Pluto in Virgil, it is hardly pervious at their retreat; nor can they pass

the ninefold barrier without a copious shower of influencing silver. The watchful dragons still expect, and will expect for ever, their quieting sop, from his honour's bowing butler, with the significant napkin under his arm, to the surly Swiss who guards the vestible. Your passport is not now received by these collectors, as a free gift, but gathered as a turnpike toll; or, in other words, as the just discharge of your tavern reckoning. Thus the stile of invitation, which runs generally that 'Lord such-a-one desires you will do him the favour to dine with him,' is explained by dear-bought experience, to import, that you will obligingly contribute your quota to the payment of his servants' wages.

Yet this abuse, grievous as it is to the guest, and disgraceful to the master, is by no means the greatest inconvenience arising from a want of attention to œconomical regulations. The following letter, which I have only room to insert at present, but which, for the sake of my correspondent, I may possibly take under consideration at another opportunity, will sufficiently shew the necessity of such regulations.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I am a plain country gentleman, possessed of a plentiful fortune, and blest with most of the comforts of life; but am at present (not through any fault of my own, that I can recollect) in great distress; which I am as much at a loss how to remedy, as I was unable to prevent. Though I have loved peace and quiet all my life, and have endeavoured constantly to maintain good order and harmony in my family, I owe my grievances to the intrigues and jealousies which have unhappily subsisted for some time past among my servants. I give them good

wages, which I pay punctually; I indulge them in every reasonable request, from a desire to make them happy; and I have been told by all of them in their several turns, that I am, without exception, *the very best of masters.*

Yet, with all my care and kindness, I cannot establish a proper subordination amongst them; without which, I am sensible, no family government can long subsist; and for want of which (as they cannot find a decent and reasonable cause of complaint against me) they are perpetually quarrelling with one another. They do not, I believe, intend originally to hurt me; on the contrary, they pretend my advantage alone is the occasion of their disagreement. But, were this really true, my case is no less deplorable; for, notwithstanding the zeal they express for my service, and the respect and affection they profess to my person, my life is made miserable by their domestic squabbles; and my estate is mouldring away daily, whilst they are contending who should manage it for me. They are so obliging as to assure me, upon their honours, that their contests are only who can best serve so good a master, and deserve and claim the first place in his favour; but, alas! I begin to be a little apprehensive that their struggle is, and has been, who should get most VAILS, and have most POWER under me; or, as you may think perhaps, *over* me.

The first appearance of this intestine discord was upon the following occasion.

I have a very troublesome neighbour, who is continually committing encroachments upon my lands and manor. He attacks me first with his *pen*; and pretending to have found out some flaw in my settlements, he commences a suit of trespass against me; but at the same time, fearing lest the law

should happen to decide in favour of RIGHT, he sends me word, *he wears a sword*. Not long ago he threatened me that he would break into my park, steal my fish out of my canal, and shoot my hares and deer within my pales. Upon the advice of my steward and other servants, I sent to my estate in the north for a trusty gamekeeper (whose bravery and fidelity I could rely upon) to come to my assistance, that he might help to preserve, not only my GAME but my FAMILY, which seemed to be in no small danger. These orders were no sooner dispatched, than to my great surprize, my POSTILLION bolted into the parlour where I was sitting, and told me with all the warmth of a patriot, that he could not consent to FERDINAND the game-keeper's admission into the house, for that he humbly conceived it was neither for my honour nor my interest to be indebted for any part of my protection, or even safety, to a FOREIGNER; for you must know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that very unfortunately for me, my poor honest FERDINAND did happen to be born somewhere or other in GERMANY. You may imagine, however, that I paid little attention to this remonstrance of my POSTILLION; but dismissing him from my service, I sent for FERDINAND; who, upon the first summons, travelled night and day to come to my relief.

The next fit of affection that embarrassed me, broke out in my ambitious HELPER. He professed himself so excessively careful of my person, that he did not think it safe for me to be driven any longer by my old COACHMAN; on which account he grew impatient to ascend the box himself. But his contrivances to facilitate this removal, were plain indications that he attended to his own advancement, more than to my preservation: for I

have been informed, that he has often frightened the horses to make them start unexpectedly out of the quarter: at other times he has been detected in laying great stones in the way, with a design to overturn the coach; and in roads of difficulty and danger, was sure to keep out of the way himself; nay, at last, he tried to persuade the servants, that it was the COACHMAN's intention to drive headlong over them, and break all their necks. But when he found I had too good an opinion of old THOMAS to entertain any suspicion of his *honesty*, he came one morning in a pet, and gave me warning. I told him with great temper, he was to blame, paid him his wages, and bid THOMAS provide himself with another HELPER. But I leave you to judge of my grief as well as surprize, when THOMAS answered me with tears in his eyes, 'that he must intreat my permission to retire from my service: he found,' he said, 'he had many enemies, both within doors and without: my family was divided into various parties; some were favourable to the HELPER, and others had been wrought upon by the late POSTILLION; he should be always grateful for the goodness I had shewn him; and his last breath should be employed in praying for my prosperity.' It was with great reluctance that I consented to his request; he had served me honestly above thirty years, from affection more than interest; had always greased my wheels himself, and upon every one of my birth-days, had treated all his brother whips at his own expence: so that, far from being a gainer by my service, he had spent above half of what he had saved before he came into it. You may imagine I would willingly have settled a comfortable annuity upon him; but you will wonder at his behaviour on this occasion: in-

deed I have never met with any thing like it, in one of his low station: he declared, that he would rather live upon bread and cheese, than put my honour to any expence, when he could be no longer useful to me.

Thus have I been reduced, contrary to my inclination, to hire another COACHMAN. The man I have now taken bears a very reputable character; but he happens to be so infirm, that he is scarce yet able to get upon his box: and though he promises, and I believe intends to take all possible care of my horses, I fear he has not been accustomed to drive a set so restive as mine are, especially in bad roads. I have also been persuaded to take my POSTILLION again, as he is a great favourite of my present COACHMAN. Between them they are new modelling my family for me, and discharging those servants whom they happen to dislike. My experienced BAILIFF, who used to hold my courts, has left me; and my game-keeper, who has been obliged to lie during this hard winter in a tent in the garden, is ordered back again into the north, though he has given no sort of offence, but on the contrary, has been greatly instrumental in protecting me from the insults of my blustering neighbour; so unpardonable a crime is it to be born in GERMANY!

Good Mr. Fitz-Adam, advise me, as a friend, what course to take. WE MASTERS, as we are improperly called, are become of late so subservient to our servants, that I should apprehend this universal want of subordination in them, must at last be detrimental to the state itself: for as a family is composed of many servants, cities and countries are made up of many houses and families, which together constitute a nation. Disobedience in the majority of individuals to their superiors, cannot

fail of producing a general licentiousness, which must terminate at last in anarchy and confusion.

I am, Sir,
Your constant reader and admirer,
George Meanwell.

No. 208. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1756.

As the first of the following letters is written by a female correspondent, and the second intended for the service of that sex, I have taken the first opportunity of giving them to the public.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I am a young woman, and live in the country with an uncle and aunt, whose characters, as they are somewhat particular, may perhaps contribute towards the entertainment of your readers. My uncle is a man so full of himself, that he approves of nothing but what is done (to use his own words) *after his maxim*. About three years ago he caught a great cold; ever since which time he wears a great coat, and calls every man a fool that goes without one, even in the dog-days. The other day a relation coming to see him, was thrown off his horse, and broke his leg.——When he was brought into the house, and my uncle came to be informed that the accident happened by his passing through a bad lane, in order to call upon a particular friend in his way to us, he told him with an air of great importance, that it was always a *maxim* with *him*, 'ne-

ver to do two things at once.' He then introduced a long story about queen Elizabeth and lord Burleigh, which, after it had lasted above half an hour, concluded with lord Burleigh's telling the queen, that he had made it a maxim, 'never to do but one thing at a time.' Thus did he perplex the poor gentleman who lay all the time with a broken limb; nor would he suffer any person in the room to go for a surgeon till his story was told. While the leg was setting, and the patient in the utmost torment, my uncle stood by, and with all the rhetoric he was master of, endeavoured to persuade his kinsman that his misfortune was entirely owing to a neglect of those excellent *maxims* which he had so often taught him. He concluded his harangue with a string of *proverbs*, *mottoes*, and *sentiments*, of which he is so ridiculously fond, that there is no single action of his life that is not entirely governed by one or other of them. I have seen him in the garden, in the midst of a most violent thunder-shower, walking a snail's pace towards the house, because his friend lord Onslow's motto is *festina lente;* which words I have heard him repeat and explain so often, that I have them always in my head.

My aunt is truly one flesh with her husband. She approves of nothing but what is done after *her own example*, though she is unable to support her prejudices even by a *proverb* or a *saying*. As I am so unfortunate as to differ from her in almost all my actions, we are extremely liable to quarrel. *She* gets up at six, because she cannot *sleep;* and *I* lie in bed till nine, because I cannot easily *wake*. When we meet at breakfast, I am sure to be scolded for my drowsiness and indulgence, and questioned at least a dozen times over, 'why I cannot do as *she* does, get up with the sun?' 'Ay,' says my uncle, 'and go to rest with the lark, as the saying is.' But alas!

my aunt observes but part of the saying; for long before the lark goes to roost, she will fall asleep in her chair, unless kept awake by cards; though her usual bed-time is not till nine o'clock.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would fain know whether the hours between nine and twelve, provided you are quite awake, are not of equal use with those between six and nine, when you are half the time asleep? My aunt says No; for that *one* hour in the morning, is worth *two* in the afternoon; which I cannot for the life of me comprehend.

The old lady is one of those good sort of women who think every thing beneath their notice but family affairs and housekeeping: for which reason, if ever she catches me reading a volume of ihe Spectator or World, she immediately asks me if the *Art of Cookery*, which she made me a present of, is mislaid or lost; to which she is sure to add, that for *her part*, she does not see what good can come of reading such heathenish books; and that had *she* given up her mind to *nonsense* and *stuff*, my uncle and his family must have been beggars, so they must.

Am I really to be governed by these old folks, or may I go on in my old way, and laugh at their absurdities? I read your paper every Friday when the post comes in, and shall be glad to see this letter inserted in your next, with your opinion of the matter, that I may know which is the wisest, my uncle, my aunt, or Mr. Fitz-Adam's

humble servant

and admirer,

C. P.

SIR,

If we pay a due regard to proverbial expressions, which are oftentimes founded in good sense and

experience, the texture of the scull, particularly the extreme thickness or extreme thinness of it, contributes not a little to the stupidity or folly of our species. By a thick-sculled man we always mean a fool, and by a thin-sculled fellow, one without any discretion. May we not therefore suppose that the state of men, respecting their understandings, is pretty much this: when their craniums are extremely solid, they are generally idiots; when in a medium, persons of sense; when somewhat thinner, wits; and when extremely thin, madmen?

What has led me into these reflections, is the present practice among our ladies, of going bareheaded, and a remarkable passage in Herodotus, concerning the effect of that practice among the Egyptians.

This ancient and curious historian and traveller tells us, that passing by Pelusium, where there had been, many years before, a bloody battle fought between the Persians and Egyptians, and the sculls of the slain on each side being still in different heaps, he found, upon trial, that those of the Egyptians were so thick, they required a very strong blow to break them; whereas those of the Persians were so thin and tender, they scarcely resisted the slightest stroke. Herodotus attributes the thinness and tenderness of the Persian sculls, to their wearing warm caps or turbans; and the thickness and hardness of the Egyptions, to their going bareheaded, and thereby exposing their heads to heats and colds. Now if this opinion of Herodotus, and the foregoing remarks, be well founded, what rueful effects may the present fashion of our ladies exposing their heads to all weathers, especially in the present cold season, be attended with! Instead of sensible, witty, and ingenious women, for which this country has

so long been famous, we may in a little time have only a generation of triflers.

By what has happened to a neighbouring nation, we have the more reason to dread the like misfortune among ourselves. And happy are those who take warning by the misfortunes of others. Formerly, when the Dutch kept their heads warm in furred caps, thay were a wise and brave people, delivered themselves from slavery, and established a wealthy and formidable republic: but since they have left off this good old fashion, and taken to French toupées, whereby their heads are much exposed, they are become so thick-sculled, that is, so stupid and foolish, as to neglect almost every means of national benefit and preservation.

Though the ancient Greeks were some of the wisest and most acute people in the world, yet the Beotians were remarkably ignorant and dull. What can we ascribe this difference between them and their fellow Greeks to, but the different conformations of the seat of knowledge? I wish our society of antiquaries would endeavour to find out if this did not proceed from the Beotians following the Egyptian fashion above-mentioned.

Are we to suppose that the only motive of our eminent physicians and great lawyers for wearing such large periwigs as they generally do, is merely to *appear* wiser than other people? Have they not experienced that these warm coverings of the head greatly contribute to render them *really* so? One apparent proof of their being wiser than most others is, that the former very rarely take any physic, and the latter never go to law when they can avoid it. However, we must for the sake of truth acknowledge, that too many of these gentlemen of both professions, seem to have carried the practice of keeping their heads warm to such an excess, as to

occasion a kind of madness, which shews itself in so voracious an appetite for fees, as can hardly be satisfied. But as we frequently see good proceed from evil, may it not be hoped that these extravagancies of physicians and lawyers will put people upon making as little work as possible for either, by substituting temperance in the room of physic, and arbitrations instead of law-suits?

Whether your female readers will take warning by the examples here set before them, or much esteem your advice or mine, I know not; but surely such of them at least as go to church, and there say their prayers, will pay a proper regard to St. Paul, who tells them that 'every woman who prayeth with her head uncovered, dishonoureth her head.'

In one of the islands in the Archipelago (I think it is Naxos) there was formerly a law that no woman should appear abroad in embroidered clothes, or with jewels, unless she were a professed courtezan; nor be attended when she walked the streets, with more than one waiting-maid, except she was in liquor. Now what I would propose is, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, should issue out an edict, that none of the fair sex in our island shall for the future be seen in public without a cap, but such as are known to be ladies of pleasure; unless you shall be pleased to except those who are apt to tipple a little too much, and therefore go in this manner to cool their heads.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

No. 209. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1756.

THE public will no doubt be a good deal astonished, that instead of the great name of Adam Fitz-Adam to this paper, they now see it written by a poor weak woman, its publisher, and dated from the Globe in Pater-Noster-Row. Alas! nothing but my regard and veneration for that dear good man could have got the better of my modesty, and tempted me to an undertaking that only himself was equal to.

Before these lines can reach the press, that truly great and amiable gentleman will, in all probability, be no more. An event so sudden and unexpected, and in which the public are so deeply interested, cannot fail to excite the curiosity of every reader; I shall therefore relate it in the concisest manner I am able, not in the least doubting but my defects in style will be overlooked, and that grief and concern will prevent criticism.

The reader may remember, that in the first number of the WORLD, and in several succeeding papers, the good old gentleman flattered himself that the profits of his labours would some time or other enable him to make a genteel figure in the world, and seat him at least in his ONE HORSE CHAIR. The death of Mrs. Fitz-Adam, which happened a few months since, as it relieved him from the great expence of housekeeping, made him in a hurry to set up this EQUIPAGE; and as the sale of his paper was even beyond his expectations, I was one of the first of his friends that advised him to purchase it. The EQUIPAGE was accordingly bespoke and sent home; and as he had all along promised that his first visit in it should be to me, I expected him last Tuesday

at my country-house at Hoxton. The poor gentleman was punctual to his appointment; and it was with great delight that I saw him from my window driving up the road that leads to my house. Unfortunately for him, his eye caught mine; and hoping (as I suppose) to captivate me by his great skill in driving, he made two or three flourishes with his whip, which so frightened the horse, that he ran furiously away with the carriage, dashed it against a post, and threw the driver from his seat with a violence hardly to be conceived. I screamed out to my maid, 'Lord bless me!' says I, 'Mr. Fitz-Adam is killed!' and away we ran to the spot where he lay. At first I imagined that his head was off; but upon drawing nearer to him, I found it was his hat! He breathed indeed, which gave me hopes that he was not quite dead; but for other signs of life, he had positively none.

In this miserable condition, with the help of some neighbours, we brought him into the house, where a warm bed was quickly got ready for him; which, together with bleeding and other helps, brought him by degrees to life and reason. He looked round about him for some time, and at last, seeing and knowing me, inquired after his CHAISE. I told him it was safe, though a good deal damaged. 'No matter, madam,' he replied; 'it has done my business: it has carried me a journey from this world to the next: I shall have no use for it again.' Here his speech failed him, and I thought him expiring; but after a few minutes, recovering as it were from a trance, he proceeded thus. 'Mrs. Cooper,' says he, 'you behold in the miserable object now before you, a speaking monument of the folly and madness of ambition. This fatal CHAISE was the ultimate end of all my pursuits; the hope of it animated my labours, and filled me with ideas

of felicity and grandeur. Alas! how has it humbled me! May other great men take warning by my fall! The WORLD, Mrs. Cooper, is now at an end! I thought it destined to a longer period; but the decrees of fate are not to be resisted. It would indeed have pleased me to have written the last paper myself; but that task, madam, must be yours; and however painful it may be to your modesty, I conjure you to undertake it.' He paused here for a moment or two, as if waiting for my answer; and as well as I could speak for sorrow and concern, I promised what he asked. 'Your knowledge as a publisher, madam (proceeded he) and your great fluency of words, will make it perfectly easy to you. Little more will be necessary than to set forth my sudden and unhappy end; to make my acknowledgments to the public for the indulgence it has shewn me; and above all, to testify my gratitude to my numerous correspondents, to whose elegant pieces this paper has been principally indebted for its uncommon success. I intended (with permission) to have closed the work with a list of those correspondents; but death prevents me from raising this monument to my fame.'

A violent fit of coughing, in which I feared the poor gentleman would have gone off, robbed him of his speech for more than half an hour: at last, however, he came again to himself, and, though more feebly than before, proceeded as follows. 'I am thankful, madam, that I yet live, and that an opportunity is given me of confessing the frailties of my nature to a faithful friend.' I winked at Susan to withdraw, but she would not understand me: her stay, however, did not prevent Mr. Fitz-Adam from giving me a full detail of the sins of his youth; which as they only amount to a few gallantries among the ladies, with nothing more heinous than

a rape or too at college, we bid him be of comfort, and think no more of such trifles. 'And now, madam,' says he, 'I have another concern to trouble you with. When I was a boy at school, it always possessed my thoughts, that whenever I died I should be buried in Westminster abbey. I confess freely to you, madam, that this has been the constant ambition of my riper years. The great good which my labours have done to mankind will, I hope, entitle my remains to an interment in that honourable place; nor will the public, I believe, be disinclined to erect a suitable monument to my memory. The frontispiece to the WORLD, which was the lucky thought of my printer, I take to be a most excellent design; and if executed at large in virgin marble, must have an admirable effect. I can think only of one alteration in it, which is, that in the back ground I would have, in relief, a one-horse chair in the act of overturning, that the story of my death, as it contains a lesson for the ambitious, may be recorded with my name. My epitaph, if the public might be so satisfied, I would have decent and concise. It would offend my modesty, if after the name of Fitz-Adam, more were to be added than these words,

He was the deepest PHILOSOPHER,
The wittiest WRITER,
AND
The greatest MAN
Of THIS AGE *or* NATION.

I say, madam, of *this* age and nation, because other times and other countries have produced very great men; insomuch that there are names among the ancients, hardly inferior to that of Adam Fitz-Adam.'

The good old gentleman would have proceeded, but his speech failed him again, and he lay as if expiring for two whole hours; during which interval, as I had no time to spare, and as all I had heard was then fresh in my memory, I sat myself down to fulfil the promise I had made. When I had written thus far, he again attempted to speak to me, but could not. I held up the paper to him, and asked if he would hear it read. He nodded his assent, and after I had gone through it, his approbation. I desired him to signify by some motion of his hand, if there was any thing in it that he wished to have altered. He nodded his head again, and gave me a look of such complacency and regard, as convinced me I had pleased him. It is from a knowledge of this circumstance that I shall now send what I have written to the press, with no other concern than for the accident which occasioned it: an accident, which I shall never think of without tears, as it will probably deprive the public of a most able instructor, and me of a worthy friend and constant benefactor.

Globe, Pater-Noster-Row, Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1756. MARY COOPER.

P. S. Wednesday night, ten o'clock. Mr. Fitz-Adam is still alive, though in a dangerous way. He came to his speech this morning, and directed me to inform the public, that as the WORLD is now closed, he has ordered a general Index to the folio volumes to be printed, and given gratis in a few days at Mr. Dodsley's in Pall-Mall, and at M. Cooper's at the Globe in Pater-Noster-Row.

A
WORLD
EXTRAORDINARY.

The following paper having been transmitted to Mr. Fitz-Adam's bookseller on the very day of that gentleman's misfortune, he takes the liberty to offer it to the public just as it came to hand.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

As the contagion of politics has been so prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't say, infected, but at least) infused itself into the papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam, perhaps I may not make him an unacceptable present in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his disorder (for I must consider political writings as a distemper) and at the same time will cool, not increase, any sharpness in his blood.

Though the author of this little essay is retired from the busier scenes of life, he has not buried himself in such indifference to his country, as to despise, or not to attend to, what is passing even in those scenes he has quitted; and having withdrawn from inclination, not from disgust, he preserves the

same attachments that he formerly made, though contracted even then from esteem, not from interest. He sees with a feeling concern the distresses and distractions of his country; he foresees with anxiety the consequences of both. He laments the discord that divides those men of superior genius, whose union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the crisis of our affairs. He does not presume to discuss the grounds of their dissentions, which he wishes themselves to overlook; and he would be one of the last men in England to foment division, where his interest as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a Man, he might be a Stoic, if even these inclinations were equally balanced: his admiration may be suspended, his heart will be partial. From these sensations he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of personalities: he sees with grief the greatest characters treated with the greatest licentiousness: his friendship has been touched at finding one of the most respectable aspersed in the most injurious manner. He holds That person's fame as much superior to reproach, as he thinks himself inferior to That person's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his testimony to the reputation of a man, with whose friendship he has been long honoured. This ambition, Sir, has occasioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago; designed then as private incense to an honoured name; and ever since preserved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addressed. I will detain you no longer than to say, that if this little piece should be accused of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the subject of it was no minister of state, and that it is

published now (and should not else have been published) when he is no minister at all.

I am,
SIR,
Your humble servant,
H. M.

To the Right Honourable Lady C. F.

MADAM,

I have been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and think I have in some degree succeeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myself, I choose to submit to your ladyship's judgment, whose prepossession for the person represented is likely to balance what fondness I may have for my own performances. As I believe you love the person in question, as much as ever other people love themselves, the medium between the faults you shall find, and the just resemblance that I see in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about* three-and forty: as you see all the fondness and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyship may take him to be but three-and-twenty: but I, whose talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority, should at first set him down for threescore, upon the strictest inquiry can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and understanding. His person decides rather on my side, for though he has all the ease and amiableness of youth, yet your ladyship must allow that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in

* This was written in the year 1748.

vain, and for which it will scarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I should give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with insipid smiles and unmeaning benignity: but this would not be a faithful portrait: a florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at first lets one into the vast humanity of his temper; or than an undistinguishing smile would supply the place of his manly curiosity and penetration. To paint him with a chearful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation bestows, which, by not being promised, doubly satisfies one's self-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by persuading you that he discovers some in you.

He has the true characteristic of a great man, that he is superior to others in his private, social, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this superiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unnecessarily: on the contrary, you only perceive his pre-eminence in those moments by his being more agreeably good-natured, and idle with more ease, than other people. He seems inquisitive, as if his only business were to learn; and is unreserved, as if he were only to inform; and is equally incapable of mystery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the house of commons he was for some time an ungraceful and unpopular speaker, the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: but the force of his reasoning has prevailed both over his own defects and those of his audience. He speaks with a strength and perspicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleased. But his vanity cannot satisfy it-

self on the terms it could satisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unless he were conscious of deserving it. But he carries this delicacy still farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himself fame and honours by pursuing a regular and steady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made those fear him, who now only love him—if a party can love a man whom they see is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may discover another littleness in his conduct: in the affairs of his office* he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the same post; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the solicitation and interests of others in his province, as if he were making their fortune, not his own; and to the great detriment of the ministry, had turned one of the best fine-cures under the government into one of the most laborious employments, at the same time imagining that the ease with which he executes it, will prevent a discovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who address to him with as little pride as if he were secure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illustrious birth is a blemish, which some of the greatest men have wanted to make them completely great: Tully had it; had the happiness and glory of raising himself from a private condition; but boasting of it, might as well have been noble: he degraded himself by usurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cause nor prevent.

I say nothing of his integrity, because I know no-

* Secretary at War.

thing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by suspicion: it will be time enough to vindicate it, when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as those who colour over timidity with gentleness of manners, and as bravely sincere as those who take, or would have brutality taken for honesty; but though his greatest freedom is polite, his greatest condescension is dignified with spirit; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindness to his friends. Yet though he has more spirit than almost any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his passions, by the intimate connection that it always preserves with his understanding. Yet his passions are very strong: he loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableness of his behaviour to her, is only equalled by hers to him——But as your ladyship would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I shall lay down my pencil, and am,

MADAM,
Your LADYSHIP'S
most obedient
humble servant,
VANDYKE.

END OF VOL. XXIX.